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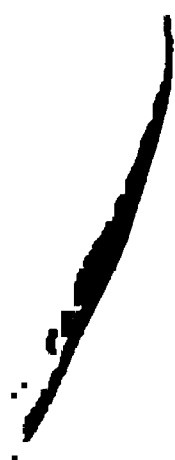
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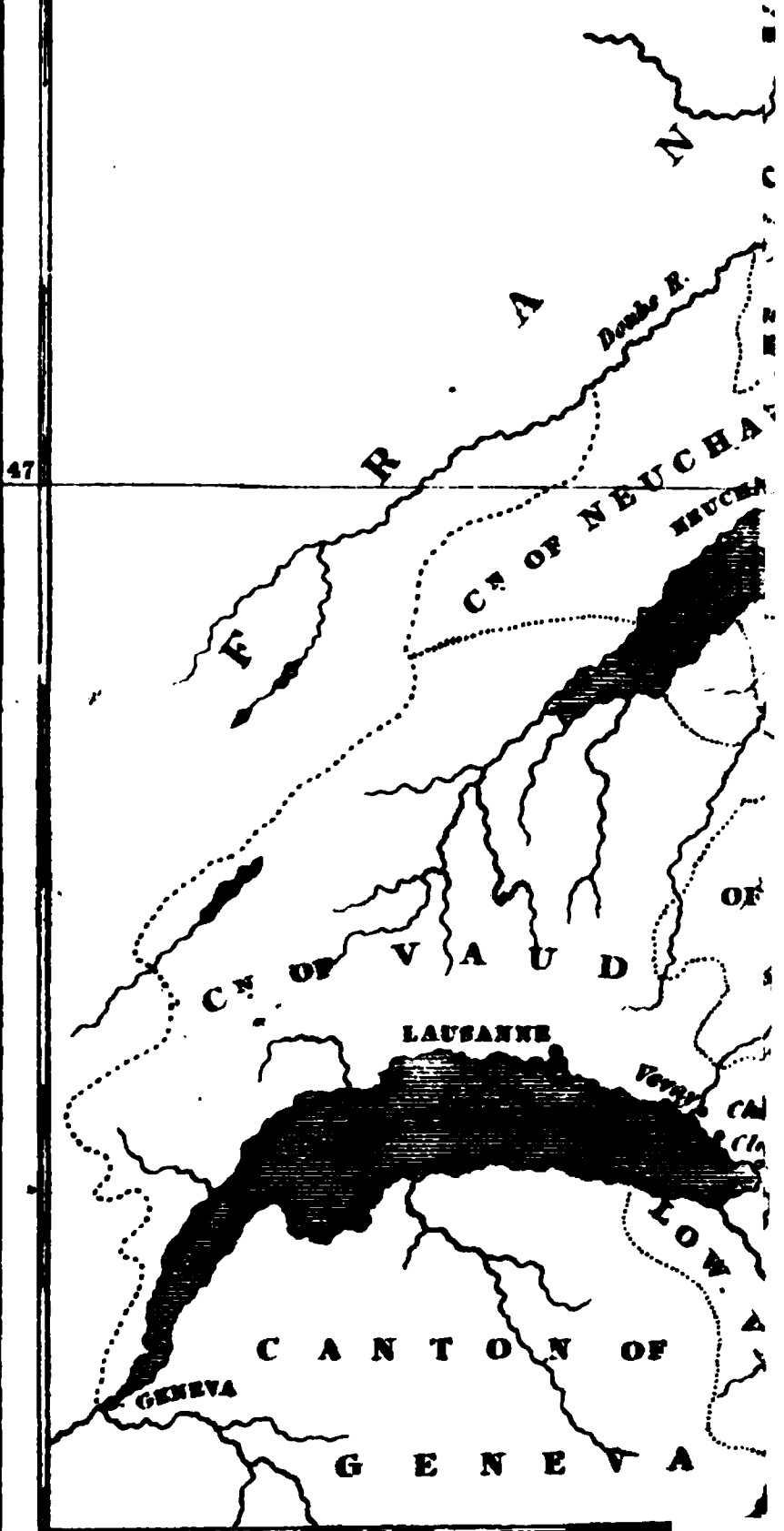
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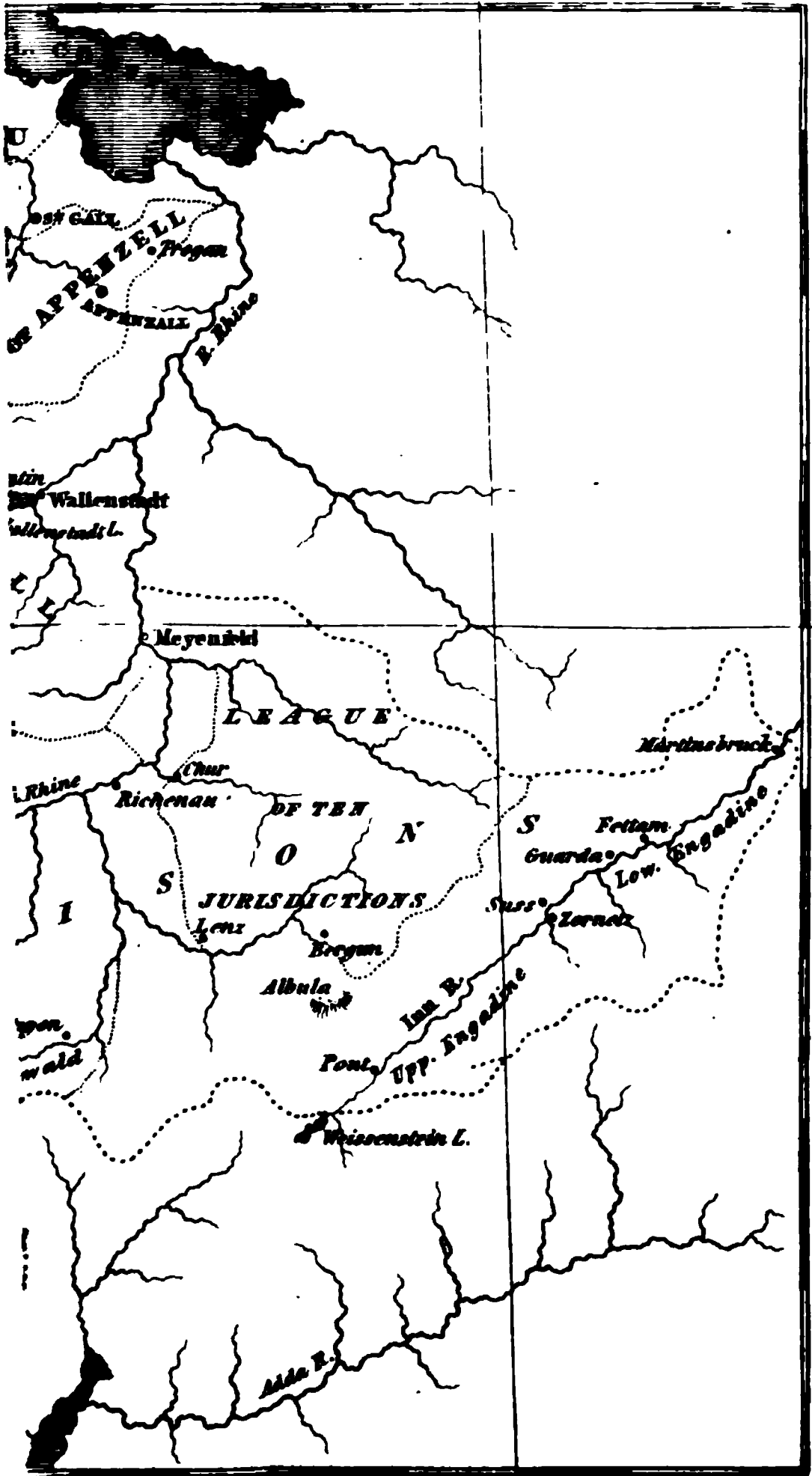


SWITZERLAND,
THE SOUTH OF FRANCE,
AND
THE PYRENEES.

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AND
THE PYRENEES.**

SWITZERLAND.





SWITZERLAND,
THE SOUTH OF
FRANCE, AND THE PYRENEES,

IN

M.DCCC.XXX.

BY DERWENT CONWAY,
AUTHOR OF "SOLITARY WALKS THROUGH MANY LANDS," &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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INTRODUCTION.

THERE is something so curious in the spectacle of a Federative Republic, situated in the midst of the great European powers, that a few words, explanatory of its origin and constitution, seem almost a necessary introduction to the perusal of any book treating of Switzerland.

The basis of that Federative Republic, which was secured to the twenty-two Cantons of Switzerland by the peace of 1815, was laid so early as the beginning of the 14th century ; for it was at that epoch, that the small territories of Uri, Schwytz and Unterwald, bound themselves in a holy league, to shake off the fetters imposed upon them by their Austrian masters ; and the attempt of this petty confederacy having proved successful, it was

strengthened, before the middle of the 14th century, by the accession of Lucerne, Zurich, Glarus, Zoug and Berne. The basis of this ancient league was a love of independence; and the separate states were bound together by no other general laws, than by that simple treaty of alliance, whose foundation, strength and object, consisted in the love of freedom. Gradually, as success in arms more and more assured the liberties of the Confederates, they sought to consolidate the league, by the enactment of wise laws among themselves, and to strengthen it, by an alliance with neighbouring states. Accordingly, St Gall, Bienne, the Grisons, the Valais, Geneva, Neuchâtel, part of Basil, and Appenzell, became the allies of the Confederated States, though not at first forming a part of the league.

Many reverses were experienced by the Confederated States during the centuries that followed, in defence of the principle that had first united them; and there is certainly not exhibited in the history of any other people so unconquerable a love of liberty, as that which has continued to animate the Swiss during a period of four centuries—shown in success and in adversity; nor forgotten even at those epochs, when security had begotten repose, and when the spoils of war had spread the entanglements of luxury.

Although at first the ancient league showed some jealousy in admitting other states to a participation in all its privileges, this narrow policy speedily yielded to more enlarged views. Fribourg and Soleure were admitted among the Confederates soon after the important victory gained at Morat over the renowned Duke of Burgundy, in the reign of Louis XI. ; and, about twenty years later, Basil, Shaffhausen and Appenzell, strengthened the league, by their accession to it.

After some ages of peace, the Swiss Confederacy became endangered, not by ambition of foreign foes, but by the designs of some of its most powerful citizens ; and the league would probably have offered another example of the fate of republics, if the French Revolution, so fertile both in good and evil, had not led to its partial conservation. Napoleon, in 1803, promulgated his act of mediation ; which, although failing to establish the Swiss Confederacy upon a secure basis of liberty and union, yet had the effect of preserving it from the designs of the ambitious. A feeble attempt to establish an oligarchy in some of the cantons, and an aristocracy in others, was made at the time when the last struggle between France and the rest of Europe spread a feeling of uncertainty throughout the Continent, and when Switzerland was inundated with foreign troops. But

public opinion opposed the design; and the fall of Napoleon soon after, led to the general settlement of the affairs of Europe, and to the act of confederacy, framed in 1814, and ratified by the Congress at Vienna, by which all the conquests of France were restored to Switzerland, with the exception of the valleys of Chiavenna, Bormio, and the Valtelline; and this federal act was sanctioned by the oaths of the Swiss deputies, assembled at Zurich on 7th August 1815.

The following are the principal points embraced by the federal act :—The Cantons, forming the Swiss Confederacy, are declared to be united, for the defence of their liberties and independence, against the attempts of foreign enemies, and for the maintenance of internal concord—their respective territories and constitutions are reciprocally guaranteed, and declared inviolable—and they are bound respectively to furnish certain contingents in troops and money, according to a scale of their population and riches. The military chest, and the funds arising from the entry of foreign merchandise, are placed under the direction of certain Commissioners named by the Diet; and, in case of danger, any individual Canton may demand assistance from the neighbouring Cantons. The Cantons of Zurich, Berne, Fribourg, Basil, and Geneva only, are permitted to have a permanent

military force; and that force is so small, that the liberties of Switzerland are certainly not endangered by a standing army. The whole force amounts but to 728 men. In the other Cantons, there is a small militia in which the citizens serve. The great Diet of Switzerland is composed of deputies from the twenty-two States, every Canton possessing one voice through its principal representative, which he gives according to the instructions he has received, and upon his personal responsibility. To the Diet, which assembles every year, belongs the right of declaring war and peace; and of concluding foreign alliances, of naming ambassadors, and of providing generally for the safety of the league against foreign and domestic enemies. In important matters, such as a question of peace or war, three-fourths of the Cantons must sanction the proposal; but in ordinary matters, a plurality suffices. The Presidency of the Cantons is shared by the Cantons of Zurich, Berne, and Lucerne, who alternately enjoy the distinction. The Cantons are sovereign and independent of each other, and are each governed by constitutions peculiar to themselves; but, although they have the power of individually forming treaties with neighbouring foreign states, these must be in accordance with the federal act, and not inconsistent with the privileges of other Cantons.

The principle of free trade between the Cantons is fully provided for; and the only other article necessary to be mentioned is, that the existence of the convents, of ecclesiastical rights, and the security of church-property, are guaranteed. Such are the heads of the Act of Confederacy, which was accompanied by another act, signed by the Plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, France, Austria, Russia, Prussia and Portugal, by which the Federative Republic of Switzerland is expressly acknowledged, and its territory guaranteed.

SWITZERLAND,
THE
SOUTHERN PROVINCES OF FRANCE,
AND
THE PYRENEES.

CHAPTER I

**THE TOWN AND CANTON OF BASIL, AND THE
CANTON OF ARGOVIE.**

Arrival in Basil—General aspect of the Town and its Inhabitants—The Dress of the Women—The Bridge of the Rhine—The Cathedral, and the View from its Terrace—An Historical Anecdote—Productions and Constitution of the Canton, and the Domestic Economy of the Inhabitants—Journey from Basil to Zurich—Baden—Strange Law respecting Dancing—A Wedding Party—The Village of Dietikon, and its freedom from bigotry—Arrival at Zurich.

I WALKED into Basil amid torrents of rain; the streets were almost entirely deserted; and, being Sunday morning, the shops were closed. Every thing, in short, wore a cheerless aspect; but the consciousness that I was in Switzerland—the novel appearance of every thing around—the glimpses which, at sudden openings, I occasionally caught of the majestic Rhine rolling its vast va-

lume of water parallel with the street, and sweeping the gardens of the citizens—left no room for repining at the unfavourable circumstances under which I made my entrance into the Swiss republic: an excellent breakfast too, at the *hotel de Cigogne*, where I tasted good bread for the first time since leaving England, still farther reconciled me to a wet day, and a Swiss sunday. But soon after mid-day the sun broke out, and in a moment the aspect of every thing was changed. The morning service, too, being ended, the streets were filled with the devout Basilois hastening from church to dinner, which, throughout almost every part of Switzerland, is served precisely at half past 12. Let this piece of information be a caution to the traveller who wishes to enjoy his dinner, not to breakfast late, or indulge too freely in the luxuries of a Swiss *Fruhstuck* or *dejeuné*, because every one is not able to adopt the maxim laid down by a certain French gastronome, which says, “Breakfast as if you were not to dine; and dine as if you had not breakfasted.”

Basil, although well built, charmingly situated, and containing many fine edifices, is not one of the most interesting of the Swiss towns: it is too near France to exhibit a true picture of a Swiss town, either in its external aspect, or in the manners of the inhabitants. Yet, to the traveller who arrives in this part of Switzerland by way of France, there is much both to admire and to interest. Descending into the street from the hotel, with the intention of finding my way to the cathedral, I was forcibly struck with the superiority of the Swiss women over the French;

both in features and in dress. I would say in form, too; but this would scarcely be just, because the French female peasantry dress in such wretched taste, that it is possible many a perfect form may be disfigured by the imperfections of its covering; and let us charitably suppose that such is the fact. The *coiffure* of the women of Basil pleased me. In place of tying a handkerchief close round the head, as is the almost invariable custom in the French provinces, or of covering the hair with tinsel ornaments, as is usual on the German frontier, the Swiss, at least the *Basilois*, adopt the simple mode of fixing a bow of broad black riband a little forward from the crown of the head, allowing the two vandyked ends to fall halfway down the forehead. This does not disfigure a pretty face, and sets off a plain one. I did not find the taste of the Basilois so conspicuous in every thing else. Although the rain had ceased, they still carried their umbrellas unfurled, to dry them; and these exhibited more than all the colours of the rainbow. The favourite colours were bright red, yellow, and pink; nor did the ladies of Basil show more taste in colours, than the women in humbler ranks. Their parasols exhibited quite as gaudy an array, and, being silk, the colours were even brighter.

In walking through the streets of Basil, I found that scarcely one was without its fountain, which jetted the clearest water, in three or four streams, into a large oval stone basin, full to the brim; this, if it does not actually diffuse coolness, is at least associated with it, and is, at all events, refreshing to the eye. In place of making

my way to the cathedral, I found myself upon the bridge—a level wooden bridge supported by stone abutments, which crosses the Rhine, and leads into the territory of Baden. I found this a charming promenade: the streets being wet, the inhabitants had resorted to it in preference. I had thus the advantage of seeing, at the same time, the prospect up and down the river, and the inhabitants of Basil in their Sunday clothes. The river flows with such rapidity, and with so much force beneath the bridge, that one almost trembles for its security.

I had the pleasure in the afternoon, of partaking of the hospitalities of ———, to whom I carried a letter of introduction, and whose magnificent mansion is situated upon an eminence commanding a charming view of the Rhine, and the adjacent country. This gentleman possesses one of the finest collection of pictures in Switzerland. I found among them choice works of Guido, Rubens, Andrea-del-Sarto, Carlo Dolce, Wouvermans, Ruysdael, Cuyp, Berghem, Rembrandt, and many others. I would strongly advise the traveller to visit this gallery: he will find, in the two pictures of Ruysdael alone, ample compensation for his time.

A little before sunset, I found my way to the neighbourhood of the cathedral, where a terrace planted with chestnut-trees overhangs the Rhine, which flows about two hundred feet below. Here I enjoyed a charming prospect, not altogether of a Swiss landscape, but in which were mingled some of the features of Swiss scenery. A delightful little plain, covered with thickets and small

country-houses, extended from the opposite bank of the river to the foot of the hills which stretch through the territory of Baden. These formed a fine back-ground, chequered as they were by sunshine and shade. Up and down the Rhine, the gardens of the citizens, full of choice shrubs and flowers, sloped down to the river-side; while on one bank, the picturesque buildings of Little Basil, and on the other the superb edifices of the rich merchants, extended as far as the eye could follow the curve of the river. Switzerland seemed still to lie beyond; for, as the sun continued to sink, it suddenly disappeared behind a lofty range of mountains which bounded the horizon, and which form an appendage to the Jura.

In returning to the hotel, I again passed and repassed the bridge; and, observing upon the stone tower above the archway, facing the Baden side, a figure with the tongue thrust out of the mouth, I naturally inquired the origin of so singular a fancy. The cause is this:—The Rhine divides the city into Great and Little Basil; and in former times, these towns were not always in harmony with each other. It happened that Little Basil, which was not able to cope with Great Basil in open warfare, laid a scheme, by which Great Basil was to be entered by stealth, and surprised during the night; but the scheme being in some way discovered, and the attempt frustrated, the inhabitants of Great Basil caused a figure to be placed above the archway which looks over to Little Basil, with the tongue thrust out of the mouth, in derision of so contemptible an enemy. I have been told, that the inhabitants of

Little Basil would gladly have this insolent tongue removed ; but the inhabitants of Great Basil still enjoy the jest, and insist upon keeping the tongue where it is.

The environs of Basil are very pleasing. How can they be otherwise, with the Rhine for a neighbour ? Charming country-houses are every where scattered about ; and well laid out gardens mingle with fine meadows, fertile fields, and abundance of wood.

The public edifices of Basil are not extremely interesting. The Cathedral, built of a reddish stone, which has the appearance of brick, contains nothing within it worthy of notice, excepting the tomb of Erasmus ; and the Hotel de Ville is the only other building of any importance. Basil has always maintained an honourable place in the republic of letters, which is sufficiently attested by the names of Euler, Bernouilli, Holbein, and others ; and the University of Basil is the only one in Switzerland. Exertions have lately been made to give to the University a higher rank in science and literature ; and, as the first and best preparatory step, several men of talent and erudition have been called to fill the vacant chairs. The library of the University contains nearly 80,000 volumes (including the library of Erasmus), besides a number of valuable manuscripts, and pictures of Holbein. There are also preserved in it an immense number of Roman medals, and a considerable assortment of other antiquities and natural curiosities, none of which, however, seemed to me to possess very high interest.

Basil is quite a commercial city ; and its situa-

tion, between France, Germany, and Switzerland, is very favourable to commercial enterprise. The manufactures of Basil are chiefly of silk and ribands, and these occupy upwards of 3000 hands. There are also some manufactories of excellent paper in Basil. The Canton of Basil contains about 12 square geographical miles, and about 49,000 inhabitants, professing the Protestant religion, with the exception of between 5 and 6000. Like all the other Swiss Cantons, the occupations of the inhabitants vary with the nature of the country in which they live. In the mountainous parts, which, however, form the smallest part of the Canton, they are employed in the feeding of cattle, and in the preparation of cheese; while in those parts skirting the Rhine, wine, grain, and fruit are cultivated.

The Great Council of the Canton consists of 150 members, and exercises the sovereign power. This Great Council elects two smaller Councils, composed of its own members;—one of 25, which executes the laws—and the other of 12 members, which exercises the judicatory power. In Basil, no families possess any exclusive privileges, all the citizens enjoying equally political rights. The clergy of the Reformed Church are all upon an equality; and the affairs of the Church are managed by a General Assembly of its members, assisted by some of the laity, who, as magistrates, have a right to a seat.

Throughout the Cantons of Basil and Argovie, farming out land is unknown, with the exception of gardens near the large towns. The properties of those who are considered respectable Swiss

peasants (for all proprietors who are not noble are called peasants), run from 10 up to 40, or at most 50 acres; and good land is considered to yield 10 per cent. profit. Many of the peasants have amassed considerable fortunes; but accession of fortune is never made apparent in their mode of living. From 100*l.* to 300*l.* per annum is the usual range of expenditure for persons living, as we should say, in easy circumstances; and I learned from authority that admits of no doubt, that not a single individual in all Switzerland spends 1000*l.* per annum. Transference of land is not usual in the Cantons of Basil or Argovie; but when it is brought to the market, 86,000 square feet of good land will bring about 50*l.* Sterling. All land pays one-tenth part of the produce to government in name of taxes.

I left Basil for Zurich soon after sunrise. The road for at least ten miles lies along the south bank of the Rhine, and passes through a country rich in grain, and thickly studded with cherry, apple, and walnut-trees; the north bank of the Rhine, exposed to the sun, being covered with vineyards. I stopped to breakfast at a small inn by the river-side; and while breakfast was preparing, I walked into the churchyard close by, where I found not only the usual crosses, and the complement of fresh flowers, but also a small wooden vessel upon each grave, half full of water, which, upon inquiry, I found to be holy water—sadly adulterated, I fear, by the heavy rain that had fallen the night before.

Before reaching Brugge, a small town lying about two leagues from Baden, where I intended

passing the night, I caught the first distant view of the snow-clad Alps of Glarus, distinguishable from clouds only by their greater whiteness. From Brugge, the road lies all the way by the side of the Limmat, which runs a short and rapid course from the Lake of Zurich to the Rhine. The country through which I passed was truly charming; picturesque villages climbed up every declivity; white churches, with tapering green spires, topped every height. The course of the river was through a succession of little plains, among which it coquetted from one side to the other; and these, rich in grain or herbage, were bounded by charming slopes, bearing vines below, and clothed with wood above. About six o'clock I walked into Baden, where, at the sign of the Lion, I found an excellent supper in preparation for a wedding-party, which had come from Zurich to make merry at Baden;—and there was a good reason for this—*Dancing is not permitted in the Canton of Zurich*, unless by special permission of the government; and this is almost always refused. In order that the pleasure of a dance may be enjoyed without incurring the penalties, a certain number of persons must subscribe a paper declaratory of their intention. This is handed to the Council; and if the conservators of public morals in the Canton of Zurich think the dance may be allowed, and the republic preserved in purity notwithstanding, permission is accorded. But I learned from the very best authority, that a refusal is generally the result. The marriage-party at Baden, however, free from the restraints of Zurich, seemed to en-

joy their privileges ; and while they continued their festivities, I walked to the summit of a neighbouring hill, crowned by a ruined chateau, and then wandered till supper-time among the adjacent heights, through some charming paths, where I gathered columbine ; periwinkle, white, blue, and purple ; thyme ; sweetbrier ; mint ; and sweetwilliam—all growing wild.

A pleasant and lively party at supper was an agreeable finish to the evening. The bridegroom gallantly replaced upon the head of his bride the garland of white flowers, which had been laid aside previous to the dance ; and I could not help remarking, that, in the behaviour and bearing of the bride, there was certainly less *embarras*, than would have been shown by an English girl upon a like occasion. In saying this, I do not mean it as a compliment to the English ; it is a mere fact, and may be taken either way ; for modesty or affectation might produce the like result.

The Baden of which I am speaking, I need scarcely say, is not the Baden-Baden frequented by the English ; but the Swiss Baden is also a watering-place, and much frequented by the inhabitants of Basil, Zurich, and other places in the north of Switzerland. The baths are situated at a very short distance from the town, upon the bank of the Limmat ; and a number of pleasant cottages, for the use of strangers, are scattered upon the neighbouring heights. The waters are sulphurous, and are much recommended in rheumatism. I was told, that, at the Hotel du Statdorf, there are sometimes as many as seventy or eighty persons assembled at dinner ; and as dancing is

permitted in the Canton of Argovie, there are balls once a week. I should think Swiss Baden a pleasant place to spend a week or two in, with an agreeable party.

The Canton of Argovie, in which Baden is situated, is one of the most fruitful of the Cantons; and this is the only one in which more grain is grown than is consumed within it. Argovie, now one of the federative body, belonged formerly to Berne, Zurich and Baden, and has only been independent since the year 1798. The population of this canton is equally divided between Catholics and Protestants; and from this arises the law, by which its supreme council must consist of members of both religions in equal numbers.

With the bright morning sun for my companion, I left Baden for Zurich. I breakfasted at Dieteken, a little village about two leagues distant, where I had great pleasure in hearing of the excellent feeling that exists between the Protestant and Catholic inhabitants, and the absence of bigotry and prejudice by which both are distinguished. One church serves both for the worship of God. The Catholic of Dieteken does not feel that his prayer will be less acceptable, because the prayer of a heretic rises from the same shrine; nor does the Protestant fear the displeasure of God, because he offers his devotions in a temple consecrated to the Romish faith. Would that all Catholic priests were like the priest of Dieteken, and that all Protestants were tolerant as those who worship in the same temple with his flock!

I reached Zurich before mid-day, and, intending to remain a week or ten days in the neigh-

bourhood, I immediately made my way towards the lake, in the hope of finding some agreeable place to reside in. Never was search more fortunate; for in a charming house, situated close to the lake, and surrounded by the most beautiful scenery, I found precisely what I desired; and, as some guide for future travellers, I may mention, that I there put myself *en pension*, at the rate of three francs and a half, or about three shillings per day; and for this I had breakfast, dinner and supper, a charming apartment, and the use of a boat. While resident here, I enjoyed ample opportunities of observation; and in the next chapter I purpose speaking at some length of the city, the lake, the canton, and the people of Zurich.

CHAPTER II.

THE TOWN, LAKE, AND CANTON OF ZURICH.

The Pilgrims of Einsiedeln—Extraordinary Industry of the Inhabitants of Zurich in the Cultivation of the Soil, and Proofs of it—Zurich Society and Amusements—General aspect of the Town, its Edifices, &c.—Zurich as a Residence, Price of Provisions, &c.—The Lake, and its Scenery—An Evening Prospect—Swiss Music—Constitution of the Canton, and Domestic Economy of the Inhabitants—Excursions to the Neighbourhood—The Grieffen-See.

BEFORE entering upon my new residence, I returned to the town, to make some little preparations ; and here a spectacle awaited me, which quickly put to flight the pleasant images that had dwelt in my mind since breakfasting at Dieteken—the village of concord, light, and charity. The quay at Zurich was crowded with a host of miserable-looking beings, whose dress and aspect at once distinguished them from the inhabitants of the canton. They were mostly women ; their hats were of bright yellow straw ; their garments, a union of rags ; a scrip, with seemingly scanty provision, hung over the shoulder of each ; and in the hand of each was a rosary. Several boats

were preparing to receive them; and they were soon, to the number of at least a hundred, disposed in the different boats, and were immediately rowed down the lake. These were pilgrims—poor, misguided, deceived pilgrims—who were on their way to the Church of our Lady at Einsiedeln, in the Canton of Schwytz, to pay their adorations to a miraculous image of the Virgin, and to receive absolution. They had, many of them, come from distant parts of France, Germany, and even Belgium. They had left home and friends, and what to them were doubtless comforts, to journey upon foot some hundreds of miles, and to spend upon this pilgrimage the savings of years. Those have a heavy account to answer, who have aided the delusion of these miserable devotees. I shall speak farther of Einsiedeln when I have visited it.

In walking any where in the neighbourhood of Zurich—in looking to the right or to the left—one is struck with the extraordinary industry of the inhabitants; and if we learn that a proprietor here has a return of 10 per cent., we are inclined to say, “he deserves it.” I speak at present of country labour, though I believe that, in every kind of trade also, the people of Zurich are remarkable for their assiduity; but in the industry they show in the cultivation of their land, I may safely say they are unrivalled. When I used to open my casement between four and five in the morning, to look out upon the lake and the distant Alps, I saw the labourer in the fields; and when I returned from an evening walk, long after sun-set, as late, perhaps, as half-

past eight, there was the labourer, mowing his grass, or tying up his vines. But there are other and better evidences of the industry of the Zürichers, than merely seeing them late and early at work. It is impossible to look at a field, a garden, a hedging, scarcely even a tree, a flower, or a vegetable, without perceiving proofs of the extreme care and industry that are bestowed upon the cultivation of the soil. If, for example, a path leads through, or by the side of a field of grain, the corn is not, as in England, permitted to hang over the path, exposed to be pulled or trodden down by every passer-by; it is every where bounded by a fence; stakes are placed at intervals of about a yard; and, about two and four feet from the ground, boughs of trees are passed longitudinally along. If you look into a field towards evening, when there are large beds of cauliflower or cabbage, you will find that every single plant has been watered. In the gardens, which, around Zurich, are extremely large, the most punctilious care is evinced in every production that grows. The vegetables are planted with seemingly mathematical accuracy; not a single weed is to be seen, nor a single stone. Plants are not earthed up, as with us, but are planted in a small hollow, into each of which a little manure is put, and each plant is watered daily. Where seeds are sown, the earth directly above is broken into the finest powder. Every shrub, every flower, is tied to a stake; and where there is wall-fruit, a trellice is erected against the wall, to which the boughs are fastened; and there is not a single twig that has not its appropriate resting-place,

In Zurich it is all work and no play ; there are no amusements of any kind, nor probably do the inhabitants feel the want of them. There is no theatre, there are no public concerts ; balls, in a canton where leave to dance must be asked, are out of the question. There is a good deal of visiting indeed among the inhabitants ; but it consists either in dinner-parties, to which relations only are invited, and which take place at stated times in each other's houses, or in *soirées*, the amusement of which consists in tea and talk for the ladies, tobacco and talk for the gentlemen ; for upon no occasion do the ladies and gentlemen mingle together. I attended one *reunion* of gentlemen, but I never attended a second. The outdoor amusements of the inhabitants are scarcely more captivating or more refined. About a quarter of a mile from the house in which I had taken my pension, a celebrated *traiteur* lived ; a fine promenade and garden skirted the lake, and there the inhabitants occasionally repaired in the evening to enjoy themselves. This enjoyment consisted in seating themselves upon benches, and eating, drinking, and smoking. On Ascension day, a *jour de fête*, several hundreds were assembled, and all seemingly for the same purpose. Some had hot suppers, some cold ; but the business of the evening was eating. How differently would such an evening have been spent in France !

The great object of the Zurichers is to get money ; and, when they have got it, their great ambition is to build a country-house. It is to these two passions that the Lake of Zurich is so much indebted for its beauty, for none of the other.

Swiss lakes can boast of so great a number of charming country-houses upon their banks. The society of Zurich used, in former times, to be divided into three *grades*:—1st, the magistracy or councillors; 2nd, those of the learned professions, and men of education; and, 3d, the merchants, among which last class there were of course many distinctions; but at present, riches have got the ascendancy, and distinction in wealth is the chief distinction of rank known in Zurich. Literature, however, has kept its place in Zurich; and in no where perhaps in Europe is the study of the classics more general than in this city. The French and English languages now also form part of a good education. The language spoken in Zurich is an abominable patois; but good German is every where understood, and spoken upon occasions. If, for example, a stranger should appear in society, every one speaks German; but the moment he retires, patois is again resorted to. There are in Zurich two newspapers published; one appearing weekly, the other twice a week; and there is also a monthly literary journal.

The general aspect of Zurich is more interesting than its public edifices, though these are not to be altogether passed over. The situation of the town at the foot of the lake, and the two rivers that flow through it, cannot fail to give to Zurich much of the picturesque; and, although the streets are but indifferently built, the suburbs abound in handsome houses and charming gardens. The inhabitants pique themselves upon the beauty of their promenades, and with some reason. One, called the walk of Gesner, is a fre-

quent resort of the upper classes ; but there needs no other promenade than the roads which skirt the lake.

Among other places pointed out to strangers as worthy of notice, I visited the arsenal, where one may receive a lesson of humility, in attempting to wield the sword, and to carry the armour, borne by the warriors of other days. I of course handled the bow said to be the bow of William Tell ; and the identical arrow that pierced the apple is also shown. I cannot conceive of what materials the sinews of that distinguished patriot were made ; for the degenerate men of our time are obliged to use a machine, with the power of the lever, to draw the cord even half way to the point at which the arrow is discharged. There is a vast collection of ancient armour preserved, and modern equipments for more than all the able-bodied men in the canton.

The city library I found a spacious airy building, containing about 70,000 volumes, well arranged, and in excellent condition. Here, one may see pictures of all the Burgomasters that ever swayed the rod of office. Here, also, is a marble bust of Lavater, the most ingenious of philosophers ; and here is a bas-relief of a great part of Switzerland, by which, if one were allowed time to study it, the traveller might be saved the expense of either guides or road-books. I saw no other edifice worthy of mentioning, excepting the tower of Wellenberg, which is situated in the middle of the river Limmat, where it flows out of the lake. No place could have been better contrived for a prison than this. It is now used as

the prison for capital felons, and in former times enclosed within its walls, the Count Hans de Habsbourg, the Count of Rapperschwyl, and many other important state-prisoners.

It would not be fair to pass entirely over the claims of the people of Zurich to public spirit and benevolence. There are various institutions for the cure of moral and physical evil, and for the culture of intellect. There is an academy in which theology, and various other branches of philosophy, are taught; another academy where students are prepared for entering into the former; an institution for the medical sciences and for surgery; another for the education of merchants; an institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and for the blind, the model of which was considered so excellent, that Napoleon formed that of Paris upon it; an academy of artists; an academy of music; a society called the Swiss Society of Public Utility; and many schools for instruction in languages, and for the education of the poor. This is a fine catalogue; but the number of persons composing these societies is small, and several of them scarcely exist but in name. The funds necessary for their maintenance does not therefore trench greatly upon the riches of the merchants of Zurich, though in some of these institutions, particularly in that for the care and instruction of the blind, they feel so much pride, that there would be no difficulty in obtaining double the sum required for its maintenance.

To those who are desirous of selecting an agreeable and cheap residence, I dare not recommend Zurich. Agreeable it is indeed in one sense—I

mean, as regards the beauty of the neighbourhood; but a winter's residence could not be otherwise than *triste*, in a city where amusement is confounded with crime, and where men and women have no intercourse in society; and as for the expense of living, if house-rent were out of the question, one might live cheap enough at Zurich, or in its neighbourhood. Beef usually sells about 3d. per lib.; mutton about 2½d., and veal a penny higher. Fowls average about 1s. 6d. per pair. Butter, when I was at Zurich, sold at 7d. per lib., and eggs at two dozen for 10d.; but these are articles, the price of which varies with the season. Fish sold at no less than 10d. per lib.; but this must be far above the average price, as certain fisheries were at that season forbidden. As for fruit and vegetables, both are abundant and cheap, with the exception of asparagus, which is brought all the way from Basil. But the reasonable price at which most of the necessaries of life may be obtained at Zurich, is more than neutralized by the high rent of houses. They are, in fact, scarcely to be had at all; and, if some proprietor of a *maison de campagne* should be tempted, by his belief in English alchemy, to let his house to a stranger, he will ask at least three times the sum that would command the same accommodation in England. For a small house, pleasantly situated, containing five or six rooms, and without any garden, L.80 sterling will be asked; and the proprietor will not abate a florin of his demand.

It is the Lake that must ever be the chief pride of Zurich, and the attraction to strangers;

and, living as I did, close to its margin, I had ample opportunities of appreciating its beauty, and of visiting the many charming sites that lie along its shores. The Lake of Zurich is the Winandermere of Switzerland; its character is beauty—beauty of the very highest order, but mingled with the picturesque; and although the banks of the lake never approach the sublime, yet the snow and cloud-capt Alps of Glarus and Uri rise above them, and form a back ground such as Switzerland alone can offer. I cannot do better than slightly sketch the Lake from the window at which I am now sitting. It stretches out before me in a fine curve of about fourteen miles. A moment ago it was entirely still, touched only by some light airs that here and there crept over its surface. Now a slight breath of wind has fanned it into a ripple; and the boats, scattered up and down, have raised their little sails, and may be seen gently gliding past the trees. The opposite bank, all the way along, slopes gently from the water; and the Lake not being more than a mile or two broad, I can distinctly see every enclosure, and can distinguish the vineyards, the gardens, the meadows, and the corn-fields from each other. The whole of the slope is thickly studded with white cottages and country-houses; and I can count four churches with reddish-coloured tapering spires, half way up the slope, the villages straggling down to the water's edge. Behind this slope, and separated from it by a narrow valley, rise the heights of Albis, about 800 or 1000 feet above the Lake, rocky, and wooded to the summit. Below my

window, a beautiful plain about two miles square; stretches back from the Lake, scattered with fruit-trees, and broken into gardens and meadows, in which the hay harvest is begun; and behind this plain, and along the lake-side, orchards, vineyards, almond-tree groves, cottages and villages, are all touched with gold, for the sun is nigh setting; and there is a charming tranquillity over all the landscape. I cannot see the foot of the lake from my window, else I would describe the effect of the city of Zurich rising out of the water; but I see what is far more magnificent, but far beyond my powers of description. I see the mountains of Glarus and Uri rising above all. It is something if a writer know the limits of his strength. To this praise I lay claim, for I leave the Alps to their silence and solitude.

Scarcely a day passed while I resided by the lake-side, upon which one or more boats were not seen filled with pilgrims on their way to Einsiedeln. A monotonous muttering of prayer came over the water, according ill with the smiling scenery around, and the glorious sunshine that lighted them on their way, and in strange and disagreeable contrast with the Swiss echo-song, which had just arisen from a boat freighted with light hearts, and with the notes of a sweet pipe floating from the opposite shore. Boats laden with pilgrims passed from, as well as to, Einsiedeln; but the laugh and the jest, instead of the prayer, were heard among them; for they had bowed at the shrine of our Lady, and had no more occasion for prayer!

The Swiss music of this part of Switzerland.

is not entitled to much commendation. I had several opportunities of hearing what were considered the choicest airs ; but they appeared to me to be monotonous ; nor were they executed in the best taste. Probably, as I get farther into the country, I may find reason to speak in higher terms of Swiss music.

The history of the city of Zurich possesses some interest. After having had the honour to be intrusted with the direction of the interests of the Swiss Confederation, it allied itself with Austria, and was besieged by its former allies ; but, subsequently, it made its peace with the Confederates, and was restored to its former rank, and afterwards justified fully the confidence placed in it, by the courage its citizens displayed in the wars in which the Confederation was engaged against Burgundy, Austria, and the French. In the history of the Reformation, too, Zurich is distinguished ; for, about the same period at which Luther promulgated his doctrines in Germany, Zwingli stood up the champion of the Reformation at Zurich, which soon became the centre of the new doctrines in Switzerland.

The canton stands the first in the Confederation ; and, along with Lucerne and Berne, it enjoys the honour of being invested with the presidency every fifth year. The inhabitants, with but trifling exceptions, profess the Protestant religion ; and, to their general character for industry and moderation, I need add nothing to the proofs I have already given. None of the Swiss Cantons is so little under the yoke of superstition as Zurich. The produce of the soil is not the

only source of the prosperity of this canton ; there are extensive manufactories of cotton-stuffs, muslins, silks and cloths, occupying upwards of 50,000 hands. In this canton, as in Basil, good land returns 10 per cent.; and transference of property is rare. Large estates are sometimes in the market, but small properties almost never, because every one possessing a few acres of land, hopes some day or other to build a house upon his property. As in Basil, too, a tenth of the produce is claimed by the government; and there is, besides, a trifling tax for the support of the militia. In this canton, as well as in some others in Switzerland, every individual is obliged by law to insure his house—a law in which there appears to be much wisdom. The sum paid for insurance is extremely trifling, being only one two-thousandth part (10s.) upon 1000*l*.

The Great Council of Zurich consists of 212 members, of whom 82 are elected in the first instance, the remaining 130 being elected by the Council itself. The Executive and Judicatory Councils are the same both in numbers and in powers, as in the Canton of Basil. The regulation of the church is also similar to that of Basil.

While residing on the banks of the lake, I made many delightful excursions both by land and water. It is impossible to walk in any direction, without catching images of beauty at every glance, or to make a few strokes with your oars from shore, without the most ravishing view being laid open. On every part of the neighbouring heights, too, upon either side of the lake,

the most charming prospect is enjoyed,—none more charming than that from the ruins of the Castle of Marmeck, formerly a favourite rendezvous of the Troubadours, at the epoch when Roger Marmes was its possessor. Little more than the walls are now left to recall those images of romance ; but Roger Marmes and his companions must have enjoyed rare pleasure, listening to the war and love-songs of their days, and at the same time looking from the windows of the chateau upon a scene so lovely as that which lies at its feet ; nor could they have much to complain of, if they had no other wine to drink than that produced upon the east bank of the lake. It is very pale, but with a slight vermilion tint, pleasant in flavour, and not wanting in strength. For the wine which I drunk, and which was eight years old, I paid twelve sous. When speaking of the lake, I omitted to say, that the colour of its waters corresponds well with the character of the surrounding scenery. The dark hue of the water of some lakes, is in perfect unison with the sublime images that lie around ; but the clear blue of the Lake of Zurich harmonizes perfectly with the gay character of the landscape. The reason is obvious ; depth is a source of sublimity, as well as height, and their union is natural. The Lake of Zurich, for several hundred yards from its banks, is seldom more than from six to twelve feet deep. It teems with fish, which, owing to the extreme clearness of the water, are seen in all their number and variety. It used to amuse me much, when breakfasting close to the lake, as I did every morning, to see

the fishes disputing possession of the crumbs I threw to them.

To the Grieffen-See, one of those small lakes which lie a little out of the usual road, I made an excursion from Zurich. It is about two leagues and a half distant. The walk to it afforded many beautiful views over the Lake of Zurich, and lay through a highly fertile and picturesque country. The character of this lake also is beauty. The banks are a succession of knolls, every where highly cultivated, and prettily diversified. The lover of eels will find his taste gratified at the small auberge in the village of Mur. So high a reputation do the eels of the Grieffen-See enjoy, and so well is this reputation supported by the *aubergeste* of Mur, that the *gastromomes* of Zurich occasionally dedicate a day to the Grieffen-See and its eels. Like every thing cooked within the Canton of Zurich, to me they tasted more of mace than any thing else. Whatever one eats at Zurich has this flavour; because soup and meat, and fish and vegetables, and preserved fruit, are all prepared with quantities of it.

CHAPTER III.

THE TOWN, LAKE, AND CANTON OF ZOUG.

Walk to Zoug—More Proofs of the extraordinary Industry of the Zurichers—An Anecdote that may teach humility—The Town of Zoug—Its Inhabitants and Environs—A hint to Phrenologists—Prices of Provisions at Zoug—Expenses of the Government, and Constitution of the Canton—Return to Horgen.

BEFORE leaving Zurich, I devoted a few days to an excursion to Zoug. There are two roads from Zurich to Zoug; one following the margin of the lake for about ten miles, to a little town called Horgen, from which a tolerable road leads to Zoug; the other crossing the heights of Albis, which run parallel with the lake. I chose the latter route, purposing to return by the other. I crossed the lake about 5 o'clock, on as fine a May morning as ever dawned upon the mountains of Switzerland; and at so early an hour as this, I found the Zurich militia on their march from the town to a field at some little distance, where a review was to take place. They appeared to be well-sized, good looking men, and were neatly dressed in white trowsers, and short

blue coats, with black facings. In walking through the fine fertile valley that lies beneath the heights of Albis, I found new proofs of the extraordinary industry of the inhabitants of this canton, in the cultivation of their land. I observed a field of lettuce, containing at least an acre, in which every individual plant was tied round the top, to prevent it running to waste, and to preserve it for use. Peas, too, which are not planted in rows, but in little clumps about a foot distant from each other, were bound to the stake that supported each clump, by three, four, or five thongs, according to the height of the plants, which in many cases rose to seven and eight feet. In the agriculture of this canton, particularly in the cultivation of gardens, there is one thing I must not omit to mention, as being particularly unpleasant to a stranger. The produce of the byres is collected, and employed in daily libations to the soil; and in the distance to which it is carried, another proof of industry is seen; but this practice, however beneficially it may act upon vegetation, acts most unpleasantly upon the olfactory nerves of one who expects, in walking through a garden, to be regaled by the sweet perfume of flowers.

Many charming glimpses are caught of the Lake of Zurich, in ascending to the Auberge of Albis, which stands about 1000 feet above the lake, and about 2300 above the sea, and where an excellent breakfast may be had—and ought to be enjoyed—after a morning walk of two leagues and a half. In descending the other side, a beautiful mountain-lake is discovered to the right.

glistening through the firs; and the lake of Zoug is seen gleaming in the distance.

In walking towards Zoug, a little circumstance occurred that helps to illustrate the difficulty of pronouncing a foreign language correctly, and may suggest a doubt, whether our proficiency in this accomplishment be so great as we suppose it to be. The road separated into two, diverging at an acute angle; and being totally at a loss which to pursue, I addressed myself to three young persons who were standing near, pronouncing the word Zoug, and pointing to the two roads; but, though one would imagine there could be little variety in the pronunciation of a word consisting only of three or four letters, and although I pronounced it in every possible way, Zoug, Zug with the *u* short, and Zug with the *u* long, I could not make myself understood; at length, an old man who was looking out of his window, hearing that something unusual was going forward, came to our assistance; and, by writing the word with a pencil, he at once understood me; and then all the four exclaimed in a tone of surprise, "Zoug!" as if they would have said, "How should any one suppose that he meant Zoug?" and yet, to my ear, there was scarcely any difference between their pronunciation of the word and mine.

The road, for at least a league before reaching Zoug, passes through orchards of apple-trees, beneath which, an abundant hay-crop was gathered into heaps, and pleasantly perfumed the air; and about 12, I reached the *Hotel de Cerf*. More than one traveller has remarked the desolate aspect of the town of Zoug, and has inferred, from the

deserted appearance of the streets, a want of industry and activity in the inhabitants; and to account for this, we are told that Zoug is a Catholic canton. As for the deserted appearance of the streets, it must be recollected that there is no trade in Zoug, and that the inhabitants are all agriculturists. Most of them are therefore in the fields; and those who are not, have the good sense to keep within doors in bad weather, which it happened to be when I visited this town, and which it may very probably have been when other travellers made the observation. With respect to the industry of the people of Zoug being affected by their religion, I hesitate as yet to give any opinion, until I have had an opportunity of contrasting the state of the other Catholic and Protestant cantons. I shall only observe here, that I saw no want of industry in the cultivation of the soil around Zoug; and that, in Catholic Normandy, reproach might be gleaned for some Protestant districts in England.

I like the situation of Zoug, lying beneath the hill so prettily variegated with forest and fruit-trees, and the lake washing the houses. The banks of the lake are in general soft; every where cultivated, and plentifully wooded; but on the side of Lucerne, Mount Rigi looks down upon it; and Mount Pilate, although at some distance from the lake, seems to rise from the water-edge. Zoug is the highest of the Swiss lakes; for it lies no less than 1800 feet above the level of the sea.

The churches of the town of Zoug are the objects most deserving the notice of the traveller. The principal church is St Michael, which stands

upon an eminence situated about a quarter of a mile from the town. The cemetery, which lies around the church, was covered with millions of pinks and white lilies when I visited it, in rather odd contrast with the multitude of bright gilt crosses, one of which stands at the head of every grave. At the side of the cemetery is a *Golgotha*, where are thousands of skulls piled upon one another, each with a label bearing the name of the owner. What a field this for the Phrenologist! and with such advantages, what a blaze of light would be thrown upon the science, by the establishment of a Phrenological society at Zoug! The interior of St Michael is handsome and showy, covered with gilding, and containing images and pictures without number, but none of them beyond price. In the church of the Capuchins, however, and in St Oswald's, there are two good pictures, one of them said to be by Annibal Carracci. In the latter of these churches the treasury is displayed to the curious: it contains innumerable images, crosses, salvers and candlesticks of silver, sufficiently testifying the devotion of the worthy Catholics by whom these were bequeathed.

In the appearance of the inhabitants of Zoug, I observed nothing very different from the appearance of the Zurichers, excepting that the women were better looking, but worse dressed. In the town of Zoug, meat sells about 3d. per lib., fish about 5d., butter about 7d., and a pair of fowls about 1s. 6d. In the proper seasons, woodcock and other kinds of game are plentiful; and vegetables and fruit are at all times remarkably cheap.

In the Canton of Zoug, which is the smallest in the Confederation, there are scarcely any manufactures. The cultivation of fruits, from which cider, and a species of kirchwasser are made, both of which are exported in considerable quantities, employs a number of the inhabitants; and the breeding of cattle is also pretty extensively followed. Wine does not succeed well in this canton. The constitution of Zoug is purely democratic—the people at large electing the *Landsgemeinden*, or Council, which consists of 54 members. There is no tax of any kind in the Canton of Zoug. The whole expenses of the State, amounting to about L.160 sterling, are defrayed from the general Swiss fund, drawn from the entry of foreign merchandise, and from a monopoly in salt, which is farmed by government, and which brings about L.80 a year. The councillors in this canton are paid for their services, at the rate which can be afforded by the commune that sends them. The sum paid by the town of Zoug to its representatives, is four *louis d'or* each per annum; and besides this, every councillor entering Zoug to attend a council, which takes place about once a month, receives about 9d. English. This is all that some of the councillors receive, for several of the communes are not able to afford any thing to their representatives.

The respectable inhabitants of the canton are not in love with democracy; and the same may be said of most of the other democratic cantons. Law, in Zoug, is merely ancient usage; and as this requires intellect and knowledge to apply it, it is scarcely to be supposed, that the representatives

of so ignorant a body as the majority of the whole inhabitants must be, every one of whom has a voice, should be capable of applying ancient usage with any probability of doing justice. Several highly respectable individuals in Zoug have, accordingly, told me, that they would gladly exchange democracy for a species of government, which, though less free in name, is better calculated to ensure the rights of those who live under it.

I now left Zoug for Horgen, a little town charmingly situated on the Lake of Zurich, lying on the road from Zurich to Einsiedeln, to which I intended going next day. I reached Horgen at nightfall, and just in time to have escaped a severe thunder-storm, which in a moment changed the face of the lake, shrouded the mountains, and lighted up the firmament.

CHAPTER IV.

EINSIEDELN.

Journey through the Canton of Schwytz to Einsiedeln—A Rencontre—The Abbey, Church, and Village of Einsiedeln—Concourse of Pilgrims—Dresses—Customs—Procession—The Fair—Particulars respecting the Convent—The Miraculous Image—The Adorations paid to it—Bull of Pope Leo VIII—The Revenues of the Abbey, and their various sources—Credulity of the People—Effects of the Pilgrimage upon the Agriculture of the Catholic Cantons of Switzerland—Journey from Einsiedeln to Glarus—Rapperschwyl Bridge—Beggars, and Swiss Independence—The Mountains of Glarus.

THE morning being ushered in with rain, I did not leave Horgen for Einsiedeln till after breakfast. In the course of a sixteen miles walk from Horgen to Einsiedeln, one cannot complain of sameness in the scenery. There are, first, five or six miles of continued garden and orchard, enlivened, every few hundred yards, by neat houses and village-churches; then the ground rises, and the road passes through fine fir-woods, checquered with other forest-trees; and for some miles before reaching Einsiedeln, the country is altogether pasture-land, with patches of trees of hardy growth here

and there, while naked rocks, the crevices filled with snow, are seen jutting behind the nearer elevations that bound the prospect.

A trifling circumstance occurred on the road, from which the traveller in Switzerland may glean a little advice. A tremendous storm having overtaken me, I took refuge in an auberge by the road-side ; and almost at the same moment, a traveller seated in a caleche with one horse drove up. " I have reason to envy you, sir," said I, " travelling at ease in your caleche, and sheltered from the storm." "*Ma foi,*" replied he, " you have little cause to envy me. I engaged a caleche with one horse in place of two, by way of saving six francs a day, and I have been obliged to walk almost all the way, and yet pay for a carriage." The burden must be very light indeed, if one expects, with a single horse, to perform a journey among the Swiss mountains.

The first view of Einsiedeln is striking ; for one scarcely expects, in the midst of a desolate plain, situated almost three thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean, to see the magnificent towers of a church, flanked by a range of building that, both in splendour and extent, would do honour to a capital city. The church and convent of Einsiedeln are larger than the town, which straggles down from the gates of the former like a mere appendage to them. And if the traveller be struck with the appearance of Einsiedeln before he enters it, he will be tenfold more surprised when he walks up the one street that leads to the Abbey. In place of the deserted aspect generally presented by a remote country town,

Einsiedeln presents the appearance of a great fair, and the most novel, perhaps, in its general features, of any that is to be seen in Europe. I found the street and the square in front of the church, crowded with pilgrims; and they being of all countries, the most picturesque effect was produced by the different dresses in which they appeared. There might be seen the costume of almost every canton in Switzerland, as well as that of nearly every one of the kingdoms bordering upon it—Bavaria, Baden, the Tyrol, Alsace, Swabia—besides many more distant countries. The head-dresses of the women, in particular, offered the greatest and most singular variety;—some with the ancient bodkin, shaped like a dart, passing through the hair, the head in the form of a diamond, and studded with glittering stones; others, with a coiffure made of plaited and stiffened lace, and placed upon the head upright, like a cock's comb, or a large fan. Some might be seen with a broad circular piece of straw, placed flat upon the head, with flowers tastefully disposed in the centre; and many with the hair merely plaited, an infinity of beads and other ornaments interwoven in it. Almost all the old women carried staffs, and most of the young, red umbrellas. It needed but a slight glance at the scene before me, to undeceive me in one respect. It was not of the miserably poor only that the pilgrims consisted; there were many of the middling classes, nay, even some of the upper ranks; and after the religious services of the day were concluded, I observed not a few leave the scene of humiliation in their own carriages. It was evident also, from the number

of purchases made by the pilgrims, that with many of them money was not scarce. In the *place* in front of the church, booths are erected on every side, with shops full of a gaudy display of trinkets, rosaries, books, crucifixes, prints of saints, popes, and martyrs, images of the Virgin, and other emblems of the Roman Catholic faith. Some few of the shops provided for the wants of the body, as well as for the longings of the spirit; for they exhibited to the weary pilgrim an array of various kinds of cakes, cheeses, dried tongues, and even household bread. Nor was the proverbial thirst of a pilgrim unremembered—wine, lemonade, and pure water, ministered to his necessity. But I must do the pilgrim the justice to admit, that I saw a hundred crucifixes bought for one morsel of bread, or drop of wine. Almost every one carried a small wooden box, into which the trinkets, or sacred remembrancers, were deposited.

Having satisfied myself as to the general aspect of Einsiedeln, I repaired to the Abbey, which consists of what are called the convent and the church. The convent is of the Benedictine order; and when I visited it, there were fifty-four resident friars. The whole is upon a scale of great magnificence. The eating-room is more like a *salle à manger* for Louis XIV, than for the Benedicts of Einsiedeln. The sleeping-rooms of the brethren are comfortable, and simply fitted up; with two chairs, a straw mattress on a bedstead, and the incitements to devotion usually found in those places which are dedicated to religion. I saw no provision against the rigours of winter;

which must be scarcely endurable without some defence, in a spot which lies little less than 3000 feet above the level of the sea. I observed, upon the door of each room the engraving of a saint—no doubt the favourite saint of the inmate. It was a cold day when I visited the convent, although in the month of May; and I could not help thinking, as I heard the wind howling along the corridors, that if I were to choose a retreat from the vanities of the world, it should be where the severity of climate made no part of the penance. In one of the cloisters, I observed an engraving of Oliver Cromwell—a strange enough object for the devotion of a monk.

The church, which occupies the centre of the convent, I have no intention of describing. To do this in detail would exhaust my powers, and the patience of the reader. It is, however, one of the most gorgeous churches I ever entered—rich in gilding, and painting, and marble, and decoration of every description: there is not a foot of either walls or roof without some kind of adornment. But the great attraction of the church—that which has made the fortune of Einsiedeln, by drawing the devout to it from almost every corner of Europe—is the Holy Chapel, containing the miraculous image of the Virgin. The chapel is of black and gray marble, and stands within the church; and in a niche in this chapel, erected for the purpose, is deposited the sacred image; and at all hours of the day, from the earliest dawn till deep twilight, hundreds may at all times be seen prostrated before the iron gate, through which the devotee may catch a glimpse of the object of his pilgrimage.

But there is more of the miraculous in the history of the Abbey of Einsiedeln, than the image which, in the middle ages, is believed to have worked miracles. The church is declared to have been consecrated by God himself, as witness the following copy of the bull of Pope Leo VIII.

“ Nous, Leon, Evêque, serviteur des serviteurs de Dieu, faisons savoir à tous les fidèles de la sainte eglise de Dieu, présens et à la venir, que notre vénérable frère l'Evêque de Constance, nommé Conrad, nous a intimé en présence de notre très cher fils Otton, Empereur, d'Adelaide, sa chère épouse, et de plusieurs autres princes, qu'étant appelé en un lieu dans son territoire, nommée Cellule de Meinrad, l'an de l'incarnation de notre Seigneur 948, il y était allé pour y consacrer le 14 Septembre, une chapelle à l'honneur de la très sainte, et toujours Vierge Marie ; mais que s'étant levé selon sa coutume, environ à minuit pour prier Dieu, il avait, avec quelques frères religieux de se même lieu, ouï un chant très doux, et qu'ayant voulu remarquer diligemment ce que c'était, il avait reconnu véritablement, que les anges avaient tenu le même chant et orare en la consécration de la même chapelle pour laquelle il était venu, que les Evêques ont coutume d'observer en la dedicace des eglises, et que le lendemain matin, toutes les choses nécessaires à l'action ayant été apprêtées, et lui retardant toujours et différant jusqu'environ midi, les gens impatiens d'attendre, entrèrent dans la chapelle, et le prièrent de commencer l'office, qu'il avait promis de faire, et comme il resistait, et exposait la vision qu'il avait vue, ils le reprirent assez aigrement,

jusqu'à ce qu'enfin ils entendirent par trois fois, une voix claire, qui disait : ' Cessé, mon frère, elle est divinement consacrée ; ' alors tout épouvantés, connoissant que la chose était passéé comme il l'avait dit, ils y donnerent leur approbation, assurant depuis ce temps-la avec toute certitude, que cette chapelle était consacrée du Ciel." Who can be surprised, that the credulous and ignorant should need little incitement to make a pilgrimage to Einsiedeln ?

I thought it fortunate, that in the afternoon of the same day upon which I arrived at Einsiedeln, a procession of the pilgrims took place. Preceded by banners, and the other emblems of the Romish church, and by all the inmates of the Abbey, among whom appeared two friars of the order of Capuchins, with hair-shirts and sandals, were seen all the pilgrims then congregated at Einsiedeln. The men walked first two and two, the women followed ; and, when I say that I counted 8220, it will not be considered any exaggeration if I assert, that the line of procession, if drawn out, would have occupied nearly a mile. There was something certainly imposing in the spectacle ; though to many, feelings of contempt, perhaps even of disgust, might have been engendered by it. For my own part, pitying, as I do, the ignorance and credulity that could lead to a spectacle like this, I find in it no cause of mirth or disgust. I have no reason to doubt, that the devotion which appeared in the deportment of by far the greater number of the pilgrims, was unfeignedly sincere ; and although I am far from believing that penance and pilgrimage are, in

themselves, acts of devotion pleasing in the eye of God, yet I believe that the Deity cannot look with aversion upon any homage that is rendered in sincerity. After the procession had made a considerable circuit, it entered the church, where a discourse was preached by one of the Capuchins, who seemed to possess great fluency of expression ; and, what is still higher praise, a power of persuasiveness that was seen in the sobs and tears of his auditory.

The number of pilgrims who resort to Einsiedeln is not upon the decrease. In 1817, there were 114,000 ; in 1821, 114,000 ; in 1822, 132,000 ; in 1824, 150,000 ; in 1825, 162,000 ; in 1828, 176,000. What do the Reformation Societies say to this ?

Several times during the day and the evening I entered the church, and always found it crowded, the hum of prayer rising from every niche where the image of a Saint reposed ; and next morning, when I looked from my chamber-window at half-past three, the square was already filled with the devout, hastening to their early orisons. Several of them, in passing the fountain which stands before the Abbey, and which has fourteen jets-d'eaux, drank of every one of them ; because, believing that Jesus Christ drank at one of the fourteen, the pilgrim, not knowing which of them has been thus sanctified, drinks of them all.

I was happy to learn that the religieux of the Abbey possessed the good opinion of the people of Einsiedeln and its neighbourhood, and that they merited it, from their extensive charities.

and from the other acts of kindness which they perform. There is scarcely any evil without some attendant good, scarcely any folly that benefits nobody; and, when I saw the hundreds that beset the door of a little chapel into which they were admitted at short intervals one by one, to purchase masses for the repose of the dead, it was pleasant to think, that the money meant for the dead was destined for the use of those who had more need of it. The revenues of the Abbey cannot be otherwise than enormous; for, independently of the sums paid for masses, besides many other contributions never forgotten by the devout, they receive a large accession from the benedictions bestowed upon rosaries, crosses and images. Thousands and tens of thousands of these are bought by the pilgrims, and are carried to the *Abbé*, who, for the kiss bestowed upon each, receives one, two, or more francs, according to the means of the possessor. There is another thing to be considered in estimating the revenues of Einsiedeln; many of the poorer pilgrims are the bearers of the offerings of others. Those who would willingly benefit by the virtues of the sacred image at Einsiedeln, but whose temporal concerns interfere with the duties of a pilgrimage, seek out some poor pilgrim whose earthly kingdom is less, and whose piety is greater, than theirs; and to him the duties of a representative are confided. Two or three florins are generally given for his prayers, and other sums for the purchase of masses for the souls of friends; all of which, let us charitably hope, find their way into the channel intended for them. In after-

wards travelling through another part of Switzerland, I heard of a woman resident in the neighbourhood, whose reputation for sanctity was so great, that she had obtained the lucrative appointment of representative *aupres de la Sainte Vierge* at Einsiedeln, for all the wealthy people in the *commune*, and that she made four pilgrimages every year to the sacred shrine upon their account. It would be better for the Catholic cantons of Switzerland, if this representative system were more common; for, when we learn that a hundred and fifty or sixty thousand persons make a pilgrimage to Einsiedeln yearly, two-thirds of whom at least are understood to be from the Catholic cantons of Switzerland, we find an additional reason why these cantons are behind the Protestant cantons in cultivation—a fact of which I have now no reason to doubt. Few pilgrims spend less time than a week at Einsiedeln, and even from the neighbouring cantons another week is required for the journey; and although many have money to spare for the expenses of a pilgrimage, while the expenses of some of the poor are provided for, by far the greater number are neither so rich as to render the expense a thing of no importance, nor so poor as to make their journey depend upon the piety of others. These, almost all engaged in agriculture, must amount to 60,000 or 70,000 persons, the expense of whose journey, purchases, masses and largesses, and the waste of whose time, must all be charged against the cultivation of their land. Nothing can be more absurd than to suppose that there is any thing in the Catholic religion itself disposing its

professors to indolence. The Catholic is, no doubt, just as industrious as his Protestant neighbour; but the number of holidays which his religion enjoins or countenances, and in Switzerland, this pilgrimage to Einsiedeln, neutralize that industry, however great it may be. The difference, therefore, perceivable in Switzerland between the state of the Catholic and the Protestant cantons, is not chargeable against the spirit of the Catholic religion, but merely against the injunctions of the church.

I left Einsiedeln, at an early hour, for the Canton of Glarus; and, as I found the road rapidly descending, felt no regret at leaving the sharp wind then blowing over the snow-hills, for a more congenial climate. After a walk of about three hours, I reached Lachen, situated charmingly at the foot of the richly variegated hills that rise above the upper Lake of Zurich, and at no great distance from the bridge which crosses the lake to Rapperschwyl. After having breakfasted, I hired a small vehicle to conduct me by the bridge to Rapperschwyl. The bridge and the town are both worth a visit, especially the former, which, as far as I know, is the largest bridge in Europe. It is no less than 4800 feet long, and the breadth is sufficient to allow a carriage to pass along. It is certainly a very useful and praiseworthy work, and is said to have cost the town of Rapperschwyl upwards of 300,000 francs. The town itself is pretty; but, in Switzerland, situation is every thing; and many an attractive little Swiss town, were it transplanted into the fens of Lincoln, would lose all its charm by the change.

The road, on leaving Lachen for Glarus, is in-

teresting, winding among the picturesque hills that extend between the Alps of Glarus and the Lake of Zurich. Here I found the houses built entirely of wood; the roofs tiled, with beams laid across, and stones of immense size laid upon the roof, at about a foot distant from each other, as a security against the blasts of wind that sweep with great violence through the valleys. It was in this walk, too, that I was first beset by beggars, in the shape of children, who left off their play to assume the whining tone of practised mendicants, and to request half a batzen for a multitude of prayers in reversion. I could not but feel surprised that republican independence could stoop to this. I do not speak of the children, but of their parents, Swiss peasants, who were often standing by, and who encouraged their children to ask the alms which they did not stand in need of.

It was in travelling between Basil and Zurich, that I first saw in the distance the snowy mountains of Switzerland; and now I found myself almost at their feet. The day was misty—clouds rolled upon the mountain-sides—now they shrouded one point, and now they revealed another—now a snowy peak rose above the dense vapours, and now a sudden gust of wind laid bare the dark precipice and the belt of gloomy firs from which it rose. It was with this prospect before me that I entered the valley of the Canton of Glarus.

CHAPTER V.

THE CANTON OF GLARUS.

The Valley of Glarus—The Town—Character of Swiss Inns—Anecdote—Singular Laws in the Canton—Laws respecting Inheritance—Laws respecting Education—Poor Laws—Protestant and Catholic Clergy—Salaries of Clergy and Schoolmasters—Revenues of the Canton—Taxes and Expenditure—Extraordinary Laws respecting Marriage—Prices of Provisions in Glarus—Journey up the Linthall—Character of the upper part of Glarus—Details respecting Schabzieger Cheese—Condition of the Inhabitants of the Valley of the Linth—Pantenbrugge—Scenery at the Head of Glarus—Return to Glarus—Excursion to Klenthall—and Journey to Wesen.

GLARUS is one of the most singular of the Swiss cantons, both from its geographical position, and from the singularity of some of its laws and usages. It consists but of one long narrow valley, into which there is but one road, and of two small lateral valleys, to neither of which there is any entrance, but by the principal valley. At the entrance to the canton, the valley is not above a mile broad; and, as one proceeds onward, it seems as if the journey would soon be terminated by the

rocky and almost perpendicular mountains that stretch across ; but the valley winds round them ; and, after a most interesting journey of about four hours, I reached the town of Glarus—the only place in the canton deserving the name of a town. Seeing the church-door open, I stepped within the porch ; but there seemed to be nothing in it particularly attractive : if I had known, however, that here, as in the little village of Dieteken, the same church serves for the devotions of both Protestants and Catholics, it would have given rise to feelings far more pleasing than any that could have been awakened by the contemplation of the most splendid monuments. The Protestants of Glarus, being the richer and the more numerous, offered, some time ago, to purchase from the Catholics the right of using the church, thinking that it might be more agreeable to the Catholics to erect, with the purchase-money, a chapel of their own ; but the Catholics said they were contented that things should remain as they were ; and so they have ever since.

The town of Glarus is remarkable for nothing, but its situation ; unless I may be allowed to add, for its very excellent inn, *l'Aigle d'Or* ; but, indeed, there is nothing to complain of in any of the Swiss inns. They are all excellent, and all uncommonly clean—decidedly cleaner than those of any other of the European countries, not even excepting England. In afterwards travelling through the Canton of St Gall, I breakfasted at a country inn, where not only the floor, but the walls, which were also of wood, were scoured ; and where the tables, made of the walnut-tree, were so bright

with rubbing, that I mistook the lustre upon them for French polish. 'I have also almost always found the utmost variety, and, in general, good cookery in the Swiss bill of fare, with the exception of Zurich and its neighbourhood, where certain spices are used in too great abundance. At the inn at Glarus, where one might scarcely expect the handsomest entertainment, my dinner consisted of soup, fish, and five dishes of meat, two dishes of vegetables, and seven of a dessert. It has often occurred to me, when dining at any of the best-served tables in the inns of the Continent, how great must be the surprise of a foreigner, when, having asked for dinner in England for the first time, a beef steak perhaps, and a few potatoes, are placed upon the table. A Swiss gentleman whom I met at Wesen informed me, that the first evening he landed at Brighton, he asked for supper; and a huge piece of cold beef being soon after placed upon the table, he supposed that the company at supper would consist of at least twenty persons, for abroad he had been accustomed to see little more of one dish served up than sufficed for the company. In the expectation that the company would arrive, he waited long; and at length being told that the beef was intended for no one but himself, he cut one thin slice, marveling much at the extraordinary appetites of Englishmen, and expecting six or eight as ponderous dishes to follow. The sequel needs no telling.

I have mentioned, that the Canton of Glarus is remarkable not only on account of its geographical position, but also for the peculiar laws which are in force within it. A few details respect-

ing these may not be unacceptable. One of the most remarkable laws in that canton is, that only a son or a daughter can inherit property. If a man who has inherited his property from his father, dies, leaving neither son nor daughter behind him, his property reverts to government, and cannot even be devised by testament, to any other more distant relative. If he has purchased his property, he has the right of disposing of it. This law, by which the government becomes the holder of large portions of land, has given rise to another usage, of which no one can complain. Government lets out this land to the poor, at the rate of fifteen batchen, or 2s. 1d. for thirty-six feet square. A very considerable portion of land is held in this way, and is generally planted with potatoes, or with the herb used in the manufacture of the well known *Schabzieger* cheese. I heard no one complain of the law respecting the inheritance of property; and the purpose to which the property of government is applied, gives universal satisfaction.

In the Canton of Glarus, there are one or more schools in every commune, according to its population. The schoolmasters are paid by government, and receive each about 35*l.* per annum—a handsome provision in a country where every article of sustenance is to be had at a very reasonable rate; but the most important regulation connected with these schools is, that the law does not leave education to the choice of individuals. Parents are obliged to send their children to school; nor can this be called a hard law, since all instruction is given gratis. Reading, writing, and arithmetic,

are the branches of education taught in these schools. In this canton, there are also schools in each commune every Monday for religious instructions—one for Protestants, another for Catholics; and there is also a Sunday school in every commune, meant for the instruction of those whose avocations on other days of the week prevent them from profiting by the daily schools. In these Sunday schools, all the ordinary useful branches of education are taught.

Although there are no poor laws in the Canton of Glarus, there is something which closely resembles them. Every Sunday there are voluntary subscriptions for the poor, at least so they are called; but if any one, known to have the means of giving, be observed not to give, he may be summoned before the council upon the information of two citizens, and be compelled to contribute.

Both the Protestant and Catholic clergy are paid by government. The first Protestant minister receives 800 florins (about 64*l.*), which, with fees upon marriages, &c. is swelled to about 80*l.*: he has also a free house, well furnished; and whatever articles of furniture may happen to be destroyed, injured, or worn out, they are renewed by the government. It may perhaps be asked, from what sources arise the funds which are employed in paying the clergymen, schoolmasters, &c., and the ordinary expenditure of government. To provide for all these, there are two taxes; a tax upon the head, of four batzen (about 6*d.*); levied upon every one arrived at the age of 16; and another, a property-tax of two batzen (3*d.*) upon every 1000 florins. The expense of

the government forms but a small charge upon the revenue, the chief magistrate having only 20*l.* a year. But every thing is upon a proportionate scale in Glarus. A person possessing property to the amount of 3000*l.* is considered very wealthy, and there is not one individual in the canton worth 8000*l.*

The laws peculiar to this canton respecting marriage, &c. are unusually strict, and somewhat curious. Whatever may be the age of persons desirous of marrying, they cannot accomplish their wish without the consent of their respective parents. A man of fifty must still remain a bachelor, if his father of seventy-five should so determine. The absurdity of this law has given rise to a laxity in morals, unknown in any other part of Switzerland; and this, again, has produced another, and a very wholesome law, which in part neutralizes the absurdity of the other. If it should so happen that a young woman becomes *enceinte*, the person in fault is obliged to marry her; and in case of a refusal, he is declared incapable of being elected to a seat in the council; his evidence is inadmissible in a court of justice; and, in short, he is deprived of civil rights. It is quite consistent with all this, that, if the marriage takes place, which, with such penalties in case of non-compliance, is almost always the case, the female should be received into society, and that no stain should be supposed to attach to her. All laws whose tendency is to defeat, and not merely to regulate the laws of nature, must fail in their object; and accordingly, other laws equally, or still more absurd, are required to regulate the evils that arise.

All these laws, and all the law in this canton, stand upon ancient usage; and every new judgment is recorded, as well as the facts upon which it has proceeded.

When I visited Glarus, the following were the prices of different articles. Beef and veal, 8d. per lib.; mutton, 1½d.; Chamois, 2d.; fish, 6d.; a heath-cock about 2s. 4d.; butter, 4½d.; cheese, 3½d.; bread, four batz. (6d.) for 5 lib. A house with seven or eight rooms, stable and good garden, may be had for 7l. or 8l. per annum. A common female servant receives 4l. wages, a good cook twice as much; so that in Glarus, a house and a cook are at par. A labourer receives about 10½d. and his breakfast.

Having collected all the information I could respecting the peculiar customs of this canton, I prepared for a journey to the head of the valley, where the canton is hemmed in by the mountains which separate it from the Grisons. It was a cloudy morning when I walked out of Glarus, taking the right bank of the *Linth*, which flowed beneath in an impetuous but very limpid stream. Heat, that in other countries dries up the rivers, in Switzerland swells them—those at least which rise in the High Alps. This fact the traveller without a guide should bear in mind; because, if he supposes, from a long course of hot, dry weather, that he will find streams fordable, he will often discover his error. This observation has no particular reference to the river Linth; but, as it occurred to me at present, I thought it best not to omit it.

The valley of the Linth I found fertile in beau-

ty, and full of population. It is environed, indeed, by images of grandeur and sublimity; but the high mountains being veiled in the mists of the morning, nothing could at first be seen beyond the immediate boundaries, which were simply picturesque. The proximity to the region of snow was seen, however, in the diminished fertility of the soil, and the scanty assortment of garden productions. From Glarus to the little hamlet of Linthal, three leagues distant, the valley seldom assumes a greater breadth than two miles. I passed through no fewer than six villages; and the sides of the hills were thickly dotted with the *chalets* of the cow and goat herds, whose flocks were grazing on the mountains. I did not see a blade of corn. The pasture-land was only diversified by small fields of thyme, and other odoriferous plants for the bees, the honey of Glarus being much esteemed; by patches of potatoes near the cottages; and by little enclosures, where the plant used in the manufacture of cheese was cultivated. I noticed that, among the little appendages of every house, one small building was appropriated for the reception of withered leaves, which form the basis of the manure used in the valley, and which are also used exclusively for litter.

At Linthal, the last village in the canton, is one of the principal manufactories of the *Schabzieger* cheese, well known and highly esteemed in many parts of Europe. I of course, visited it. The peasants, who feed their cows in the mountains, bring down the curd in sacks, each containing about 200 lib., and for which they receive thirty-six francs French. The herb (*klé*) which

gives it the green colour, and its peculiar flavour; having been previously dried and crushed to powder, about 6 lib. of it is put into the mill, along with 200 lib. of the curd; and after being turned for about two hours and a half, the mixture is ready to be put into shapes, where it is kept until it dries sufficiently to be ready for use. When sold wholesale, it fetches about 3½d. per lib. This is considered a very lucrative trade; and the richest people in the canton are cheese-manufacturers. It is a common belief in England, that *Schabzieger* cheese is made from goats' milk; but this is quite a mistake. The foundation of this cheese is in no respect different from that of the English cheeses; its peculiar character is owing merely to its conjunction with the herb, and to its being kept till it is fit for grating.

Notwithstanding the existence of something akin to poor-laws, I saw many signs of poverty among the persons who were labouring in the fields, or in the little gardens. They were generally without shoes or stockings, and were otherwise but ill protected against the cold blasts of the mountains. A Swiss mountaineer, or even a goatherd, may be very picturesque in a landscape, or may even be introduced into fiction with effect; but it is a sorry occupation to sit from morning until night, with a scanty flock of goats, and without shoes or stockings, among the rocks of the Glarus mountains, where, even in summer, bitter blasts occasionally sweep the hill-sides, and where the warmest sun is often obscured by showers of snow and sleet, that in the lower valleys descend like summer dews.

There are many gradations in riches among the peasants of Glarus; from one goat or one cow; up to fifty or sixty. The possessor of twenty, or twenty-five cows, is considered to be in very easy circumstances, and yet the value of his whole property does not amount, in Glarus, to more than 160*l.*; for the usual price of a cow is about 7*l.* or 8*l.* at most. But, with six cows, a peasant is not in poor circumstances; and, even with a single cow and a little potato land, he is not numbered among the poor. Six or seven goats are also looked upon as a tolerable independence; and a man owning three goats is not a pauper.

Linthal is only a few straggling houses, but there is a prospect of this remote place rising into some importance; for, at the foot of the Stackelberg, a mineral water has lately been discovered, which has already obtained some celebrity; and a handsome hotel and baths are now erecting for the use of strangers. This would be a charming retreat during the month of June for the disciples of Isaac Walton. I never saw a stream more like a good trouting stream, than the Linth; it is neither too deep nor too shallow; there is little or no wood upon its banks; it is neither too lazy nor too rapid; and, every now and then, it forms those delightful eddies which so pleasantly animate the hopes of the angler: And let not the thorough angler despise me utterly if I add, that I never tasted more delicious trout than those which had been drawn out of the Linth.

Beyond Linthal there is no village up the valley to *Pantenbrugge*, which is the *ne plus ultra*. I left Linthal for this bridge after breakfast, and

soon entered upon the narrow defile, which is all that remains of the canton of Glarus. Every step the scenery became more and more striking—the rocks more precipitous—the cascades, great and small, more frequent—the stream of the Linth more impetuous—and the mountains behind more gigantic; the glaciers of the *Roxen Piz* rising above them all. The road, or rather path, continued gradually to ascend, till I found it powdered with the snow that had fallen during the past night; and, after a most interesting walk of about two leagues, I reached the Pantenbrücke. I was fully repaid for my labour. One arch is thrown over the Linth, from rock to rock, and, at the depth of 196 feet below, the river bursts from its mountain-gorge to seek a wider channel. The scenery around is of the wildest description. Terrific precipices rise on every side, and the resting-places of the eternal snows are beyond.

From Pantenbrücke a mountain-path leads into the Grisons; but when I visited this part of Switzerland, the season was not far enough advanced to render this path practicable; and, besides, I purposed reaching the Grisons by a more circuitous route. It rained torrents as I returned to Glarus, where I spent the night; and, next morning, I left it to visit Klonthal, a small Alpine valley of the canton. Mist and sunshine maintained a charming conflict all the way; they were conquerors alternately. One moment it seemed as if the sunshine were vanquished beyond recovery; the next, a bright gleam would flash athwart the mists, and drive them from their strongholds;

dark vapours again rolled upward from nobody knows where, and triumphed in their turn. It is a very interesting walk to the Klonthal, chiefly because the result is unlooked for ; for who could expect, after following the course of an impetuous stream upward, suddenly to enter upon a little paradise ? A desolate Alpine valley one might look for, or a dark mountain tarn ; but not a smiling vale, surrounding a fine gentle lake, imaging, in its tranquil breast, green meadows and quiet cottages ; and yet this sweet valley is close to the regions of snow ; for on all sides rise the summits of Glarnisch and its compeers. The same evening, I left Glarus for Wesen.

I have nothing more to add respecting Glarus, excepting that the constitution of the canton is democratic ; and that, although there are in the canton seven times as many Protestants as Catholics, the council is composed of equal numbers of both.

CHAPTER VI.

CANTON OF ST GALL—THE GRISONS.

The Wallensee—Journey to St Gall—Pilgrims—St Gall and its Manufactures—Peculiar Laws of St Gall—Cheapness of Property—Voyage from Wesen to Wallenstadt—Character of the Lake, and Accident by the way—Arrival at Chur—Chur and its neighbourhood—The Bishoprick—State of the Inhabitants, Merchants, Lawyers, Physicians—Journey from Chur to the Engadine, across Mount Albula—An Anecdote—Details respecting Grison Liberty, and the National Character of the Grisons—Revenues and Expenditure of the Canton.

THE little town of Wesen lies at the head of the Wallenstadt Lake; and, from the windows of the inn (l'Epée), there is a truly charming prospect. The Wallenstadt is not one of the very celebrated among the Swiss lakes; and yet it seems to me deserving of a very respectable place. It has not, indeed, the sublimity of Uri, nor the majesty of Geneva, nor the beauty of Zurich; but it has charms of its own. There is a quiet seclusion about its shores, that partly atones for the absence of glaciers, and which, to many, may be more pleasing than the prospect of gardens and *maisons de campagne*. I shall

return to Wesen and its lake, after making an excursion to St Gall.

This little journey occupied me three days, one of which I spent at St Gall. Between Wesen and St Gall I found all the inns full of pilgrims; and, by the by, these pilgrimages sufficiently account for the extraordinary number of inns to be found in most parts of Switzerland. At the inn where I breakfasted, upwards of sixty arrived and departed during the hour that I remained. Some few looked as if they could have very well afforded a *dejeuné à la fourchette*, or, at all events, a comfortable cup of coffee, for the morning was cold and wet; but they all breakfasted alike upon a morsel of coarse bread (which most of them produced from a wallet), and half a bottle of sour wine. I presume a certain moderation in eating is considered indispensable towards the success of the pilgrimage.

The country between Wesen and St Gall I did not find very interesting; its character is scarcely Swiss; and, excepting in the neighbourhood of Lichtensteg, a pretty clean town, there is nothing very striking anywhere. Nor did I find much to captivate me at St Gall, though, to the manufacturer, this town will be the most interesting in Switzerland; for it is there that the most extensive manufactories of muslin are carried on. I heard great complaints of the state of trade;—the Italians had not bought as usual. Several establishments had ceased working, and many hundreds were out of employment; so that trade may go amiss even in countries where there is no national debt, and where there are annual

parliaments and universal suffrage. But St Gall is distinguished for more than its muslins; it is the place where, *on dit*, the only manuscript of Cicero's works, *de Legibus* and *de Finibus*, was found; and where, also, the Nibelungenlied is preserved among the manuscripts, in which the libraries of this town are rich.

The origin of St Gall is the same as that which still ensures the prosperity of Einsiedeln—superstition. St Gall has since raised its prosperity upon a nobler basis, but, as it would appear, one less enduring; for while, in St Gall, the results of industry and ingenuity have proved uncertain, in Einsiedeln the fruits of credulity and ignorance have been unfailing and abundant. The inhabitants of St Gall had better restore the Abbey of Benedictines, and raise a splendid tomb above the ashes of their Patron Saint.

The Canton of St Gall resembles, in some of its laws, the Canton of Glarus, particularly in that respecting the consent of parents to the marriage of their children; but, in St Gall, there is a pleasant way of getting over the difficulty: the case is laid before the council, which deliberates upon the refusal of consent; and if the councillors consider it to be "frivolous and vexatious," they advise the parents to let the young people have their own way; and so the affair is adjusted. In St Gall, this occurs very frequently. The council (for the present year at least) do not happen to be of the school of Malthus; and both living and house-rent being reasonable in this canton, "the prudential principle" operates but feebly. The price of houses is indeed

incredibly low, especially country-houses; one was pointed out to me, charmingly situated, about three miles from the town, which had lately been sold for little more than 1000*l*. It contained twenty-two rooms—had every kind of outbuilding; besides eleven acres of land.

Having returned to Wesen, I engaged a boat to carry me down the lake to Wallenstadt. I left Wesen at five in the afternoon, allowing four hours for the passage of the lake. I had engaged the smallest boat I could find, and only one rower; because, having some knowledge of the oar myself, I thus ensured a pleasure and a profit at the same time. For an hour or two, all went well, and we made good progress; but when we had accomplished about half our voyage, my oar snapped in two, and we were thus left in rather an awkward predicament; because, with only one oar, it was more probable that I should breakfast, than sup at Wallenstadt. My labour being no longer needed, I had nothing to do but to enjoy the prospect around me. I was nearly opposite to the village of Quinten, the situation of which is in the highest degree picturesque; for the rocks in its neighbourhood dip perpendicularly into the water; and above them, at a height of at least 1200 feet, might be seen numerous herds of cattle and goats, browsing upon a beautifully green herbage, spotted with the *chalets* of the shepherds; while various cascades, although not great enough to produce much effect upon the landscape, yet sweetly harmonized with the other gentle sounds of eventide. My companion tugged hard with his one oar, and I oc-

casionally relieved him. It fell dark, however, when we yet wanted a league of Wallenstadt ; but there was nothing to regret, as I watched the shadows gradually creep over the hills, till deep night covered the landscape, and the dark still surface of the lake was gemmed with the thousand stars of heaven.

It was about midnight when we reached Wallenstadt, where I found myself engaged in a warm dispute with the boatman respecting the broken oar, which he insisted I should pay for ; and although I well knew that the oar had borne about it the infirmity that had come to so untoward a crisis, yet, as the crisis had arrived, and terminated fatally, while the oar was under my care, I consented to pay the half of what was demanded.

Whatever may be the merits of the Wallenstadt Lake, in point of natural beauty, it will yield to no other in point of utility ; for it is by this lake that all the commerce between Zurich and Italy is carried on—a transit that would otherwise be extremely circuitous. The Wallensee is famous for its excellent fish ; and as some wonderful tale is generally current about every lake, I must not omit to say, that it never freezes.

My anxiety to get into the country of the Grisons increasing as I approached it, I only remained at Wallenstadt to breakfast, and for once deviated from my pedestrian habits, by closing with the offer of a voiturier to take me to Chur, the Grison metropolis, in five hours. The construction of the voiture was such, that, even if

the weather had been favourable, I should have been punished for my effeminacy by the limited prospect ; but it was a consolation to see the country enveloped in so dense a mist, that nothing was lost by my manner of travelling. At Mayenfield, I again found the Rhine, which I had left at Basil ; and the fog allowing me to see dimly the opposite bank, I could discover that, although not the majestic river which sweeps the territory of Baden, the Rhine is, even at Mayenfield, a fine, large, and beautiful stream.

About a league before reaching Chur, the mist cleared away, and a heavy rain succeeded. The lower country, and half way up the mountains, were now visible ; and I therefore forsook the voiture, and walked to Chur, which I soon discovered lying in a deep hollow among the mountains, with several valleys diverging from it, each of them traversed by a river ; and in about half an hour I was received at the *Auberge* of Daniel Denz, with that amenity for which innkeepers, all over the world, are distinguished.

Chur is a very small place, to be the metropolis of so large a district as the country of the Grisons. Less than three hours suffice for seeing all that is worthy of notice in it. If you walk ten minutes in a straight line in any direction, you will leave the town behind you. Almost every house in Chur has its garden, and every garden its clump of vines, from which they make a very weak but pleasant wine. In accordance with the Grison character, of which I shall speak more fully by and by, there is not an inch of ground in any garden, or in the neighbourhood of Chur, that

is not made subservient to utility; and this necessarily produces an appearance of greater fertility than might be expected from the climate, and the elevated position of the country.

The Catholic church at Chur, and the residence, or palace, as it is called, of the Bishop, occupy the most elevated part of the town; but even from the highest pinnacle of his church, this ecclesiastic cannot see the bounds of his diocese. It is the greatest in Switzerland—extending not only over the greater part of the country of the Grisons, and of the Canton of St Gall, but even embracing, in its paternal arms, parts of Suabia, the Tyrol, and the northern parts of Italy; and it was but recently that the head of the Church of Rome, finding it advisable to provide for some of its deserving sons, took off three slices from the benefice of Chur—namely, the Cantons of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden, which, till then, had been comprised within the limits of this bishopric. It is somewhat curious that so much power should be possessed by the Catholic bishop of a Protestant canton—for such the country of the Grisons is always considered—two-thirds, at least, of the inhabitants professing the reformed religion.

In walking through the streets of the little town of Chur, one is surprised to find so much bustle and animation as are every where visible, so different from the silence and repose and inertness that distinguish most small provincial towns: But this is easily accounted for, when we recollect that the manufactures of St Gall, Glarus and Zurich, are sent to Italy through this town, and by the Splügen; and it is here that the transit of mer-

chandise is undertaken. No fewer than 100,000 quintals pass yearly ; and several persons engaged in the transport of this merchandise have realised considerable fortunes, and are indeed considered to be the wealthiest persons in the canton. This trade is supposed to occupy at least one-third of the inhabitants, as innkeepers, waggoners, porters, horse-proprietors, and the other subordinate trades, such as blacksmiths, wheel-wrights, ropemakers, &c. : the rest of the inhabitants are shopkeepers, small land-owners, and professional men—the last the poorest ; for law in this neighbourhood is much superseded by arbitration ; and the fees of the medical gentlemen are so low, that nothing but an epidemic can afford the least hope of a competency : their usual fee, from respectable people, is one franc per visit. Living, however, is not expensive : meat costs about 5d. ; butter 8d. ; and wine, vegetables and fruit, at least a third dearer than at Zurich.

Chur lies on the outskirts of the Grisons ; and a residence there can give the traveller little information as to the country, or the people who inhabit it : it is the remoter and central valleys he must visit. These are, the Upper and Lower Engadine, the Albula, and the valley of the Upper Rhine ; and accordingly, after resting one day at Chur, I left it to visit the Engadine. There is no road from Chur to the Engadine, excepting very high and difficult mountain-passes, practicable only for a pedestrian ; so that, had I been a Russian prince, I must have been contented to travel as I did on foot.

The road from Chur conducted me, through a

finely wooded and hilly country, to the little town of Lenz, where I arrived about mid-day, just in time to partake an indifferent dinner with the proprietor of a forge situated three or four leagues farther on. There, a little incident happened worthy of relating. Several peasants of the lower order were regaling themselves in another room ; and the news having circulated among them, that a stranger, who had come through France, was then in the house, I was interrupted, in the midst of my repast, by the entrance of an old sturdy peasant, who expressed his extraordinary good fortune in having met me ; because, as I had come from France, I could probably give him some intelligence respecting his son at Toulouse. This reminds me of a fact, that to my certain knowledge occurred in Scotland, and upon which the reader may implicitly rely. A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Banff, travelling to the metropolis in his own carriage, offered the spare corner to a worthy corporation-man of that burgh, who happened to have some business in the South ; and, early one morning, the travellers reached Edinburgh, entering by the west end of Princes' Street. It so happened, that a cat, returning from a nocturnal ramble, was walking leisurely along the pavement ; and the untravelled inhabitant of the northern burgh, to whom every dog and cat within his own town were familiar, struck with the beauty of this early wanderer, awoke his companion from a sound sleep with this interrogatory, " What a bonny catty ! fa's catty's that ? "

The individual with whom I dined offered me a seat in his cart (for the roads in this part do not

admit of vehicles with springs) as far as his road and mine lay together ; and I accepted the offer, for the sake of benefiting by his conversation, for he seemed both intelligent and communicative. The information I received in this and other quarters, during my residence among the Grisons, respecting the political constitution of the country, I shall record in this place ; for, between Lenz and Bergun, where I passed the night, nothing occurred to swell my personal narrative.

I have never travelled in any country where the people talk so much about liberty, as in the country of the Grisons—above all, in the Engadine. “ This,” said a peasant to me at a little village in the *Ober Engadine*, where I shall by and by conduct the reader, “ this is the only republic in the world, and we are the only free people ! ” and I have no doubt he spoke as he believed. “ Touch the very smallest of our rights,” said another in the village of *Pont*, “ and revolt would instantly follow.” If the rights vaunted by these people did really exist, their determination to preserve them might be easily accounted for. The Engadine is shut out from the rest of the world by high and almost impassable mountains. The defile of the *Finstermuntz*, on the side of the Tyrol, might be defended by a handful of resolute men ; and if a single rock were blown up in the pass from Chur by Mount Albula, the only vestige of a road would be swept away ; and the only entrance to the country would then be by the tremendous chasm below, and up a cataract of two or three hundred feet. But the liberty so much spoken of by the Grisons, and of which they are

so proud, has no existence. When we say that the country of the Grisons is a republic, that no distinction of rank is ostensibly recognised, and that every individual has a voice in the election of representatives, we enumerate all its pretensions to the enjoyment of perfect political liberty; but much more than this is wanted, before a country can be said even to approach such a state of political liberty as is compatible with the existence of any organized government; and in all beyond what I have enumerated, the Grison republic is deficient. That first and greatest safeguard of the rights of a free people, the liberty of the press, is unknown. Nothing is published that is not previously read by the public authorities, and approved; and so far off are the Grisons from trial by jury, that the courts of law hear and determine with closed doors. So far, indeed, is this principle carried, that the council, or representative body of the canton, holds its deliberations in secret. There are some things, indeed, of a public nature, with which the Grisons have much reason to be pleased, though these by no means result from their form of government, but from the smallness of the state. I allude, particularly, to the absence of taxation. There is no imposition or tax of any kind. The expense of the government, &c. is defrayed by the dues charged upon the transit of merchandise through the canton; so that the Grisons themselves pay nothing for the maintenance of their State. This is doubtless very agreeable; but those who cannot congratulate themselves upon such a state of things, have fortunately an equivalent.

But the Grisons are not only proud of being a republic, but of being in themselves a federative republic; for the country is divided into no fewer than thirty jurisdictions, each, in many important respects, independent not only of the others, but even of the Supreme Council. In each of these thirty jurisdictions, there is a power of life and death in criminal cases, and this power is sovereign and without appeal. The common law is different in each jurisdiction. Every one has its own peculiar laws and its own usages; and by these, the questions arising within their boundaries must be determined. From these, indeed, there is a court of appeal at Chur, the judges of which must necessarily be presumed to have a sufficient knowledge of the laws peculiar to every one of the thirty jurisdictions. It is almost needless to say, that all this works ill, and that this federative republic is not only deficient in the very essentials of liberty, but is also wanting in some of those advantages that are to be found in states where there are no pretensions to it. It is but right to say, that I met with one or two individuals, and but one or two, who had the courage or the candour to admit that the Grison government was not perfect; and that it would be better to live under more assured laws, even if a king were the fountain of justice. I was informed, that the insecurity of the law, and the imperfect administration of justice within the jurisdictions, had led many to resort to arbitration; but from this also there is an appeal to Chur; so that the greatest advantage of arbitration does not exist.

Before resuming my narrative, let me add, that

the revenues of the Grisons amount to 150,000 francs (6000%), and that the whole expense of the government, salaries of public officers, pay of militia, maintenance of public buildings, roads and bridges, and allowance to the councillors, who receive six francs per day during their sittings, amount to about two-thirds of this sum. The surplus has been employed, for some years past, in paying off a small public debt; and when I travelled through the country, I found every one alive to the important question, what government meant to do with the surplus revenue (2000%), at the redemption of the debt—a period to which the Grison politicians looked forward with impatience and anxiety, as one well calculated to try the fidelity of their representatives. I trust the reader will excuse these minute details, respecting a people whose public debt is on the eve of redemption, by the annual surplus revenue of 2000%.

CHAPTER VII.

COUNTRY OF THE GRISONS.

Bergun—Scene in a Village Inn—Traits of Character—Grison Enjoyments—The Passage of Mount Albula—Valley of Albula, Ascent, and Scene of Extraordinary Sublimity—Descent towards the Engadine—Charming Prospect—Visit to a Mountain Dairy, and Details—Arrival in the Ober Engadine.

FROM the little town of Lenz, where I had dined, the road gradually ascended, and, about two leagues from Bergun, which I had fixed upon as my night's quarters, I was left to pursue my journey on foot. It was almost quite dark before I reached Bergun, and with some difficulty I discovered the auberge, which was filled with the villagers discussing their evening allowance of wine, and congratulating themselves upon the excellence of their privileges. Among these there was one portly old gentleman, whom I at first mistook for the aubergiste, and who welcomed me in tolerable English; but who afterwards informed me, that he was one of the many sons of these valleys who leave their paternal homes in early youth in quest of fortune. This old gentleman had found it. He had travelled, during twenty years, in the

capacity of a valet, through all the countries of Europe ; and having scraped together the savings of his services, he had at last opened a confectioner's shop in Bayonne, where, in ten years more, he acquired sufficient means to enable him to return to his native valley, there to spend the remainder of his days. Even there, however, it was not inactivity that he sought. The Grisons are never inactive, nor ever regardless of their pecuniary interests. He had opened a shop at Bergun, and retained a share in that at Bayonne, and seemed to be one of the most influential persons in his native village. It is not at all unusual to find persons in the remote villages of the Grisons proprietors of shops in more than one distant city.

I found myself fortunate in meeting this person, because I was now arrived where the *Roman* dialect only is spoken ; and although the auberge at Bergun could furnish but little to tempt the epicure, the culinary skill of the *of-devant* valet supplied a hundred deficiencies. He said he knew the English were accustomed to live well at home, and begged I would permit him to prepare supper, to which I need scarcely say I consented ; and the result was, an omelet and some fried trout, both quite good enough to have provoked an appetite that needed a provocative.

The scene in this inn afforded a fair specimen of Griston enjoyment. Fourteen villagers were seated at a long table ; each with his cap on, which each no doubt fancied the cap of liberty. A small wooden plate, with some bread and cheese, and a small bottle of wine, stood before

each. The conversation was energetic and grave ; its theme was politics—the politics, not of the world—not of Europe—not even of Switzerland,—but of their own canton. One, seemingly the most respectable of the group, perceiving that I listened to the conversation, and suspecting that I was unacquainted with the language in which it was carried on, commanded silence, and addressing me in French, told me, that I had here a specimen of the manner in which the Grisons spent their evenings. “ When the labour of the day is ended,” said he, “ we assemble here—we order our chopin of wine, and discourse upon the privileges we enjoy. You have no liberty in England to compare with ours ;” and yet, the man who was the eulogist of liberty, was himself the village tyrant :—so the person who spoke English informed me. Greater boldness, and a somewhat stronger intellect, perhaps, had raised him above his fellow-villagers, and destroyed, as it must ever do, that phantom equality, which is incompatible with the nature of man.

I received a piece of information from this person at Bergun, which may be worth mentioning. *Two individuals in this remote Grison village have money in the British funds ; one, 1000*l.*, another somewhat less.* This fact might furnish a commentary for some of our parliamentary economists.

From Bergun to the valley of the Ober Engadine, the only passage is across Mount Albula. Several of the interior passes in Switzerland are higher, and more difficult than any of those better known passes which lead into Italy : the pass of

Mount Albula is one of these. A series of geometrical observations was made at Chur about a year ago, by which, the elevation of the mountains, villages and roads, throughout the country of the Grisons, was ascertained; and from the inspection of these results, I found that the Pass of Mount Albula attains the height of 7648 feet; exceeding, by exactly one hundred feet, the highest point of the Pass of Mount St Bernard. The other celebrated passes into Italy are considerably lower; the Hospice of St Gothard is situated 6390 feet above the level of the sea; the passage of the Simplon is 6174 feet; and that of the Splugen (an interior pass) is somewhat higher than St Gothard. But before I enter upon my morning's journey across Mount Albula, let me not forget to mention, that having promised to breakfast with my new Grison friend, I found him waiting my arrival on the steps of his door, before 6 o'clock. The breakfast was rather an extraordinary one; for, with the exception of fish and eggs, it consisted entirely of pastry. He had informed me the night before, that he intended giving me a specimen of the articles by which he had made his fortune at Bayonne; and I suspect, from the variety of the repast, he must have occupied the whole night in its preparation. But I repaid him for his labour, for I permitted him to fill my pockets with the specimens of his art; and remarking, as I rose to take leave, some hesitation in his manner, I recollected what I had heard of Grison hospitality, and pressed ten batzen upon his acceptance.

At seven o'clock I left Bergun, and immedi-

ately began to ascend. From Bergun to the first interior valley, there is a road practicable for small carts; for there some hamlets are scattered, and there, too, lies an Alpine village. This road mounts by the side of a torrent, skirting some little fields of scanty produce, and soon enters a narrow gorge, which affords room only for the torrent and the narrow road that is excavated out of the tremendous rock that towers above it. There is here the cheapest road-maker in the world. The mountain is the road-maker, and never relaxes in its labours: it is of a crumbling nature, and, by incessant contributions, it constantly fills up the cavities which are formed by the rains. When the road had wound round this rock, I found myself entering a tolerably extensive Alpine valley, on all sides surrounded by the rocky peaks and snowy summits of the Albula. Here, too, as at Bergun—here too, as in the more fruitful valleys—man had found a home; and felt that life was sweet. There was his habitation—there the flocks, his riches; and if there was no village-inn where the Grisons might assemble to congratulate each other upon their privileges, there was the little bridge that spanned the torrent, or the fir-tree that lay by the way-side.

This valley is about a league in length; and, after having traversed it, the path—for it is no longer a road, ascends a narrow defile among the bald rocks that lie around the little Lake of Wassenstein. I found the ascent laborious; but the scenery around amply compensated the labour, for it was of the most varied and striking character. Fine girdles of dark fir spanned the waists of

the rocks, whose gray and rugged heads rose in vast amphitheatre. Below the firs, and among the lower rocks, lay the freshest verdure, watered by innumerable rills that were seen higher up in white threads of foam among the rocks. Here and there was a chalet—here and there a little flock; but these became rarer. The path surmounted the fir; and at a sudden turn, I found myself on the borders of the little lake, and beside the chalet, where the traveller may find mountain fare. This lake lies extremely high, and possesses the character of every lake found in such elevations—a character, in something, perhaps, slightly varying, but whose general features must necessarily be alike. A few stunted firs were scattered about the lower end, where the water was shallow; but on all the other sides, it lay still, and dark, and treeless, beneath the frightful precipices that towered above.

The ascent from the lake is extremely rapid; it remains in sight more than an hour, and is then shut out by a ledge of the higher rocks that are connected with the summits of the mountain. And now, a scene opened before me, to whose sublimity, I fear, I shall be able to render but imperfect justice. When I speak of this scene, I do so with a perfect recollection of other scenes that I have beheld in other parts of the Alps, in the Pyrenees, in the Carpathian mountains, and in Norway; and I feel that I may do perfect justice to all of these, and yet assert the superiority of this part of Mount Albula, in all that constitutes that kind of sublimity which arises from the presence of desolation. The defile I had now en-

tered was from one to two miles broad, and three or four in length ; it was environed by the highest summits of the mountain. These rose almost perpendicularly from the defile, in some places showing precipices of two or three thousand feet ; in other places, presenting a front of towers and pinnacles, and displaying enormous gaps, where nothing but the torrent had entered, and vast caves, where the eagle only had ever rested. Above all, the highest peaks, powdered with snow, but too ragged and pointed to allow it a resting-place, jutted into the sky, leaving to the spectator below a horizon as limited as the defile. But all that I have yet spoken of, though of itself sufficient to form a picture of great power, falls infinitely short of what yet remains to be described. Within the whole of this bounded horizon, not one blade of verdure was to be seen—not one of those mountain-plants—those alpine flowers, that often bloom on the borders of eternal winter, and that, springing in the chasms of the baldest rocks, lend, at times, the charm of gentleness and beauty to the most savage scene. But here, desolation had reared his throne, and ruin lay around it. The whole extent of the defile was one mass of enormous stones that lay piled upon each other ; it was as if two mountains of rock had here waged war, and been shivered in the conflict. Do not suppose, in figuring these scenes to yourself, that rocks and stones lie scattered over the extent of this defile. This would be but a very imperfect conception of what it is. In many places, the stones are piled upon each other to the height of some hundred feet ; and to what depth they may

He even on the track by which you pass, no one can tell. This, however, I know, in ascending higher than this defile; the river is seen to enter it in several concentrated streams; and below the defile, it is again seen to enter the lake I have mentioned; and, in passing through the defile, at some deep openings and gaps, you may hear the distant rush of waters far below, indicating, by the faintness of the sound, the great depth at which they find a channel.

I have never been more strongly impressed by any scene than by this. It realized, more than any scene I have ever beheld, the conception of chaos, "treeless, herbless, lifeless." Not even the fowl of the desert could here have found one fruit of the wilderness, nor one gushing stream whereat to slake his thirst. This curse of utter sterility I myself experienced. The breakfast I had made at Bergun was not well calculated for a journey in a hot dry day across the mountains; and in this defile, where not a breath of air could enter, and where the sun shone down with great power, a well of the desert would have been welcome. I found, however, a shelter from the sun's rays; and it is only amid scenes like these, that we are able to understand the force of the expression, "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

When I had traversed this defile by a gradual ascent, I entered upon the third and last division of the pass. Here I found the stream, which, in a succession of rapids and cataracts, comes from the highest interior valley, where the snow is accumulated to a great depth. The ascent here is

extremely rapid ; and the scenery, although it has lost that character of utter desolation which presides lower down, yet retains much grandeur, mingled with a few of those graces that are found in Alpine scenery. . . . Here and there I found a scanty herbage, and innumerable beautiful mosses. The ranunculus and the mountain-anemone bloomed at my feet ; and the rocks, ashamed of their nakedness, were covered with the crimson blossoms of the rhododendron.

.. About an hour and a half after leaving the defile, the highest part of the pass is attained. Here one is still in a valley, though its sides do not rise more than a thousand feet above it. I found a good deal of snow, and occasionally some difficulty in passing it ; but, after an hour's walk, I began to descend, and a scene soon opened below, very different from that which I have attempted to describe. The southern interior valleys of Mount Albula are among the most esteemed in all Switzerland for the pasture of cattle, which are brought there even from some of the remoter cantons. In the country of the Grisons, every village has its mountain, or its part of a mountain, to which the inhabitants have free access for the grazing of their cattle ; and when herds arrive from places beyond its liberty, they are permitted to graze, upon payment of a certain small portion of the produce of the dairy, to the village enjoying the liberty of the mountain.

.. It was a beautiful sight to look down the southern side of Mount Albula ; the most charming verdure covered the slopes and the valleys, and the flocks of a hundred hills seemed there to

be congregated. The distant, and not unmusical, chime of their thousand bells, mingled with the faint lowing, came sweetly up the mountain; and the beauty and interest of the scene was greatly increased by the recollection of the lifeless and desolate wilderness that I had newly quitted. Scenes of grandeur and sublimity are indeed glorious; and by them we are called from the littlenesses of life, to a contemplation of the majesty of that which is more enduring. Unutterable, indeed, is the charm that holds us in the depth of the silent valley, and among the dark and mighty mountains; but still there is, in pictures of life and happiness, in scenes of a more tranquil and gentler kind, a language that speaks more universally to the human heart; and this I found in the contrast between the desolate grandeur of the defile, and the green and life-like aspect of the mountain-slopes.

Less than an hour brought me among the cattle, and another hour led me to their habitations. For the double purpose of quenching my thirst, and of seeing the interior of these mountain-dairies, I left the track to visit one of them. One or two large and fierce-looking dogs opposed my entrance; but a shepherd, who had doubtless his own interest in view, smoothed the way, and conducted me into the interior. In the outer part of the chalet, there was room for upwards of three hundred cattle; and the inner part consisted of two rooms, one where the milk is kept, and the other where the cheese is made. There is, besides, a kind of loft where the men employed in the dairy sleep. For every fifty cows, there is ge-

nerally one man. They are each allowed about 16 florins per month, which, at the value of a florin in that country, is about 29s. They are, of course, allowed nourishment besides, which consists of salted meat, bread, and as much cheese, butter, and milk, as they please. The term of their employment is usually about four months. It is evident, therefore, that the occupation of a shepherd of the Alps requires some knowledge. It is not merely looking after the cattle, and leaning upon his crook: he must know all the mysteries of the dairy, which are neither few nor simple; and, judging from the excellence of its productions throughout the greater part of Switzerland, these shepherds must be well versed in their trade. I found those of Mount Albula civil, communicative, and tolerably intelligent. They seemed to feel considerable pride in showing me their utensils, which indeed they well might; for nothing could be cleaner, or in more excellent order, than the utensils which contained the produce of the dairy, in all its varieties of milk, cream, butter, and cheese. Every traveller has spoken of the excellence of the milk he has drunk among the Alps; and I must needs add my testimony to that of others; though I must acknowledge that I thought it inferior in richness to the milk I have drunk in Norway, and, I may perhaps add, in the Highlands of Scotland. It is certainly no recommendation to the thirsty traveller—at least it ought to be none—that milk is rich. It is indeed a delicious, but scarcely a refreshing beverage; and if the traveller will take my advice, he will follow my example, and drink

the milk which has been already deprived of the cream.

After leaving the dairy, I went rapidly down the mountain, and, passing through the region of fir, I found myself, in about two hours, in the lowest defile, from which I occasionally caught glimpses of the valley below; and, about five in the afternoon, I reached the village of Pont, in the *Ober* or Upper Engadine. I need scarcely add, that the descent into the Engadine is less, by at least 2000 feet, than the ascent from Bergun—the village of Pont lying at an elevation of no less than 4800 feet above the level of the Mediterranean.

In the Engadine, the traveller is not directed to the inn by the sign painted over the door, or swung before it. There is nothing to distinguish an inn from any other house. The villagers are presumed to be acquainted with the road to it; and as for strangers, the few that come are supposed to be versant with the *Roman*, and consequently able to ask the way to the auberge; but as I did not possess this knowledge, I was some time in discovering the house of repose; but at length, a certain air of bustle and importance about a tolerably stout Grisonette of forty or upwards, who stood at the door of a large house, raised a suspicion in my mind that this gentlewoman might be the mistress of an inn; and in this expectation I accosted her, and found that I had judged correctly. She did not herself speak any thing but the *Roman*; but a person who lived hard by was immediately found to act as an interpreter. This convenience a stranger may always

have, in almost every part of the Engadine; for so prone are the natives of these vallies to wander in early life into foreign lands, that in every village several are to be found who have returned with the savings of their industry, and who are able to speak more than one foreign tongue. In this inn I got a tolerable supper of pastry, cheese, bread, and milk. Each of the articles was indeed excellent of its kind, especially the cheese, the produce of the neighbouring mountain. It is the same with cheese in Switzerland, as with wine in France, Spain, and Italy. You meet, in little districts, with cheese of an excellence and delicacy in flavour peculiar to itself, differing in kind, perhaps, but many degrees in quality, from other cheese made in an adjoining valley. Perhaps it may be difficult to assign a satisfactory reason for this: it may lie in the skill of those who superintend the dairy—in the temperature of the spot where the cheese is made—or in the difference in pasture. This latter reason is the one assigned by the natives; though they have never been able to point out to me any specific difference in the nature of the pasture on different mountains. The cheese at Pont I found delicious: it was certainly of the *Gruyér* kind; but, in richness and delicacy of flavour, it far surpassed it.

CHAPTER VIII.

COUNTRY OF THE GRISONS—THE OBER AND UNTER ENGADINE.

The Valley of the Ober Engadine, and the River Inn—Character of the Valley, and Rural Economy—Grison Villages and Houses—Fernetz—Suss—Grison Women—State of the Inhabitants of the Engadine—Inns and Shops—Intelligence of many of the Natives—Domestic Economy of the Inhabitants of the two Engadines—Winter in the Engadine, and Grison Society—Privileges Peculiar to the Villages—Contentment of the Natives—Scenery of the Unter Engadine—Guards—Character of the Valley of the Unter Engadine, and its Productions—Fettam, and its Professor—Details respecting the Grison Youth, and their search after Fortune—Education in the Engadine—The Clergy—Journey to the Foot of the Valley.

I LEFT Pont early next morning, to walk down the valley. The Inn, which was destined to be my companion throughout the Engadine, is here but a trifling stream—perhaps ten yards across. At Pont it is scarcely twenty miles from its source, which is in the Glaciers of Bregaglia; but, like many other things, which, in their beginnings, are insignificant, but which, like itself, the commencement of an eternity, are invested with a grandeur

commensurate with their future destinies. This river possessed an interest in my eyes, which I am certain it could not have commanded, if its course had been destined to terminate during my day's walk. The water that flowed beside me had set out on a longer journey than any other in Europe ; for, after flowing through the Engadine, the Tyrol, and Bavaria, a course of itself of four hundred miles, it joins the Danube at Passau, which, although a larger stream at that point, has flowed a shorter distance, and, mingled with its imperial waters, the Inn travels onward to the Black Sea, watering the whole of Austria, circling beneath the proud towers of its metropolis, traversing the wide pastures and fields of Hungary, washing the walls of Presburg and Pest, sweeping past the heights of Belgrade, and setting limits, as it flows towards Asia, to the power of empires, and the ambition of those who govern them.

In the neighbourhood of Pont, the Ober Engadine is at least a league wide ; but, in descending, it rapidly contracts. The mountains on either side, although topped with snow, do not appear high, because the road, along which you travel, is itself not much below the region of snow. I found the whole country under meadow, scarcely any of which was yet ready for the scythe ; and, at first, one cannot help feeling some surprise at seeing so great a quantity of grass, apparently so ill proportioned to the probable demand ; but when we consider that the mountains are covered with cattle, in which consist almost the whole riches of the inhabitants, and that these must be

provided for during a long winter of eight months; our surprise is of course at an end. It is only in the neighbourhood of the villages that grain is to be found in any considerable quantity; and this never exceeds the wants of the inhabitants. Every single house has its own patch of corn for its own consumption; but upon the domestic and rural economy of the two Engadines, I hope to be able to speak more fully, when I have made the tour of the country.

During my day's walk, I passed through many large villages, the names of which I do not recollect, but whose size appeared to me very disproportionate to the extent of the valley in which I found them. The great size of the houses, however, partly accounts for this. In no part of Europe have I seen the houses of the natives so large, as I found them throughout the whole of the Unter and Ober Engadine. But the villages and houses of the Engadine merit a more particular description.

A village in every part of the Engadine is the same. It consists of one street, longer or shorter as may be, with some few and very short lateral openings, scarcely deserving the name of streets. In some part of the street, there is an open space, with a fountain in the centre,—plain, but not inelegant; and closely adjoining the village, though seldom forming a part of it, is the village-church—in size and architecture nearly resembling the churches in the country parishes of Scotland. In all this there is nothing remarkable; but in the appearance of the houses which form the village, the same cannot be said. The first thing one re-

marks, is their extraordinary size. The walls which enclose the dwelling of a substantial Griston's house, would admit within them the largest houses that are to be found in London, with some few exceptions. Generally speaking, they cover an area greater than that occupied by any two houses in Portland Place; but I must of course explain, that their height does not correspond with their bulk in other respects. They never exceed two stories; and the roof, which is covered with square pieces of wood, laid on like slates, upon which trunks of fir-trees are placed transversely, falls back at a very obtuse angle.

Astonished as we are, first, with the size of the houses, we are next attracted by the decorations of their exterior. Here the skill of the painter has supplied the want of architectural labour; for, upon the white plaster, we find painted, in lead colour, the finest copies of Greek and Roman designs. The door, or rather gate, has its painted pillars—some Doric, some Corinthian—with their shafts and capitals; and so well are they in general painted, that it is difficult, until you approach very near, to believe that they are any thing else than the work of the sculptor. The gateway is generally spanned by a fine arch, ornamented, as these often are in architecture, by tasteful designs. The windows have generally their pillars, and are often surmounted by a well-conceived Greek pediment. Sometimes, indeed, every part of the walls are painted in one uniform design, the whole front and sides being set off with pillars and pilasters, and a fine pediment; so that such a building, if it stood single, might be mistaken, at a distance,

for a Grecian temple. It is difficult to understand how this custom and taste have arisen. The painting is for the most part old, and in some places has been renewed, but not with equal skill; and upon the houses recently erected, nothing of the kind has been attempted. These, however, are but few, and form a very trifling exception, when speaking of the appearance of the Engadine villages. I cannot conceive any other origin of so singular and so universal a practice, than that some Grison architect, who had left his native valleys, acquired in Italy a taste for the classic models of that land, and, returning to his country, exercised his profession, and, at the same time, fed his recollection of the glorious things he had seen, by adorning the buildings of his native village. The taste might soon spread; and in the six or eight villages of the Ober Engadine, a few years only would be required to satisfy its demands. In all that I have yet said, or may still say, respecting the villages and houses of the Engadine, I speak with reference to both the Ober and Unter Engadine, with the exception of the painting upon the walls, which I think is confined to the Ober Engadine; at all events, it does not extend to more than one village in the lower valley. Let me add to this description of the exterior of the houses, that upon some part of the wall, generally over the gate, is found an inscription, sometimes in *Roman*, sometimes in *Latin*, indicating the period at which the house was built; setting forth the name of the builder; and containing, besides, a recommendation of the house and its inhabitants to the protection of God.

It remains to say a few words respecting the interior of the houses.

When you enter the gateway, you find yourself in a spacious chamber with an earthen floor, and which is indeed nothing else than an inner court-yard roofed in. This shapeless unornamented place is in strange contrast with the finely-proportioned gateway by which you enter. This chamber is used as a general storehouse. Ranged on one side, you may see all the utensils required in the dairy—churns, cheese-presses, and the innumerable dishes used for the reception of the milk—all flat wooden dishes, as clean, to use a common expression, as hands can make them. On another side, you see a good assemblage of agricultural implements, together with ladders, saws, and other tools used in wright-work. Several spinning-wheels stand in one corner; a quantity of skins are heaped in another; and one end is always devoted to the fuel, and is heaped with wood as high as the roof. From this large space you enter the different chambers; the kitchen, the eating-room, and other rooms, varying in number, according to the size of the house and the necessities of the family. The furniture of these rooms is always abundant, substantial, and sometimes ornamented with carved wood-work. At one peasant's house, somewhere in the Lower Engadine, I remarked some chairs upon which foliage was so well executed, as greatly to exceed any thing I have seen from the workshop of a London upholsterer. The sleeping-rooms are almost always above, and scarcely correspond in convenience with the lower part of the house. Such are the habitations of the Grisons of the Engadine.

As I descended towards the Lower Engadine, I found the country more agreeable. The Inn flows in a deeper channel, the road generally keeping near it. The mountains seem to be higher, and the banks of the river, and the sides of mountains, are better clothed with wood; and some time early in the afternoon, I reached the village of Zernetz, which is the first village of the Unter Engadine. Here the Inn receives a tribute in the waters of the Spal; and it is near this place that, in 1685, the Duke de Rohan gained his important victories. But, finding nothing to detain me in this place, I pushed on to Suss, the largest of the Engadine villages, where I meant to pass the night. Between Zernetz and Suss, the valley might be spanned by a giant: During at least a league, it is not a hundred yards across; there is only the river, and the road, such as it is.

The people of Suss had finished the toils of the day, and were seated before their doors; and at the fountains the young women were assembled, washing the sallad that was to garnish the supper-table. I am sorry I cannot say any thing in favour of their personal appearance. Neither in the Engadine, nor in any other part of the country of the Grisons, have I seen one female countenance that might justify the novelist in speaking of a charming Grison. They are not only not handsome, but they are positively ugly; and, indeed, the same may be said of the Swiss women generally, with some few exceptions in Geneva and in Appenzell.

At the inn of Suss, I found an intelligent travelling merchant, and migratory shopkeeper; an

sprinkled these valleys with men of considerable information and acquirements; and in this little alehouse—for it was nothing better—in a remote corner of the Grisons, a conversation was carried on, far superior in tone to any that I have ever heard in any of the commercial rooms in an English inn. I was somewhat surprised, upon being conducted to my chamber, which was but a garret, to find the pillow with an inner covering of blue satin, and the pillow-case, as well as the counterpane, set off with rich lace, at least nine inches broad.

I had resolved to spend the following day in this village, for being one of the largest and best informed places I should meet with, and lying, besides, about the centre of the valley which bears the names of Ober and Unter Engadine, it seemed to me a likely spot to obtain information respecting the country and the people.

In the whole of the Engadine, the land belongs to the peasantry, who, like the inhabitants of every other place where this state of things exists, vary greatly in the extent of their possessions. If a peasant owns from eight to fifteen cows, and land sufficient for their support, as well as for growing what is consumed in his own family, he is esteemed in good circumstances. He consumes whatever part of the produce of his dairy is needed at home; and he sells the surplus, chiefly the cheese, which he keeps till the arrival of the travelling merchant, who buys it for exportation. Generally speaking, an Engadine peasant lives entirely upon the produce of his land; with the exception of the few articles of foreign growth required in his fa-

mily, such as coffee, sugar, and wine. These he finds at the house of the innkeeper, who, in the Engadine, is always a retail-dealer in such articles ; for there is not a shop of any description in the Unter Engadine, and only one or two in the Ober Engadine. The peasant has his own cheese, butter, milk, eggs ; and kills a cow or a pig occasionally, if he can afford this, keeping a part of it fresh, selling a little to those who are not rich enough to kill any of their stock, and salting the rest for the use of his family.

There cannot be said to be any regular markets throughout the Engadine, so that it is difficult to say what is the value of the different articles of subsistence. There is no occasion for markets, because it is nobody's interest either to sell or to buy. Sometimes, however, meat is offered for sale in small quantities ; and sometimes an overabundant, or a scanty supply of the articles of the dairy, tempts some to sell, and forces others to buy. In these cases, meat sells at about 3d. per lib., butter about 8d., wine is at all times moderate in price throughout the Engadine, and good in quality. Of course none is grown there ; it is all imported from the Vatelina. In enumerating the articles which the Grison of the Engadine is supplied with from his own property, I omitted to mention flax, which is grown, prepared, spun, and woven, without ever leaving his house. He has also his own wool, which is converted into a blue coat, without passing through the hands of either the dyer or the tailor : the latter vocation is invariably exercised by the females of the house. Several persons with whom I conversed at Suss,

spoke in high terms of the happiness of the inhabitants. "How can we be otherwise than happy and contented," said they, "when we have ample means of living, and are dependent upon nobody for the least portion of that which contributes to our ease?" This, I admitted, was much; and when I hinted at the want of society, and the rigour of a nine months' winter, they made light of the latter; and immediately began to put me right in the view I took of their society. They assured me, that in the winter no place was gayer than the Engadine. They said they had balls and parties every week, at which they danced merrily and long, drank freely of the good wine of the Vatschina, and ate of the excellent pastry for which the Grisons have attained so high a reputation. They admitted that their winter was indeed long and rigorous; but then, of what consequence was this, with plenty of wood to be had for nothing? Such is, in truth, the privilege enjoyed by the villages of the Engadine. Every village has a certain mountain limit, within which, all the wood is free, and may be cut down and carried away by any one who chooses to take that trouble. A privilege like this, doubtless, smooths the severities of a rigorous winter; and yet, when I heard these villagers of the innermost valley, in which the only foreign luxuries are sugar and coffee, where even wheat is cultivated with difficulty, and where libraries are unknown, speak in lofty terms of their balls and parties, and the numerous *agrémens* of their winter evenings, I could not but contrast, in my own mind, a winter in London, and a winter in the Engadine; and picture to myself the asto-

ishment of a villager of Suss, were it possible to transport him from one of his *fêtes* to the splendours of an English ball-room. It is certain, however, that I found every one contented ; and in the Engadine, nothing more need be desired. It is not, indeed, in all cases, a proof that a people enjoys the greatest possible happiness, merely because we find them contented with their condition. Ignorance and superstition may make a people contented with slavery. Of this we have, unfortunately, examples among the European nations. Sloth, and a low state of moral feeling, may render men contented with beggary and wretchedness, in a land the most favoured, where plenty might reign, and luxury revel : But the Engadine is not so situated ; and in place of grieving, as the patriot or the philanthropist may, at the spectacle of contentment, where contentment is indicative but of degradation, this general contentment among the Grisons of the Engadine, is not to be deplored, for there is neither ignorance nor superstition, beggary nor wretchedness, among them ; and the Engadine is not a country where discontent could produce any advantage to its inhabitants, because nothing can change their condition. The country is incapable of greater cultivation than it has received. All has been done for it that industry and an extreme love of gain can devise. Wherever an ear of rye will ripen, there it is to be found. But in a country lying between three and six thousand feet above the level of the sea (and this applies to the bottom of the valley, not to the mountain-sides, which are greatly more elevated), industry wages an equal war against the elements.

Summer does not begin till June, and ends early in September; and even during its continuance; the diligently laboured fields are often laid waste by a desolating storm of hail, or entirely swept away by the resistless torrents that descend from the mountains.

Having received all the information I could at Suss, I left it very early in the morning to walk through that part of the Unter Engadine which I had not yet travelled, as far as the defile of Finstermuntz. From this journey I anticipated great pleasure; because, from the persons at Chur and elsewhere, with whom I had conversed, and whose trade had carried them through this valley, I understood that, in magnificent scenery, it might challenge a comparison with any other part of Switzerland, and that, in some points, I should find it eclipse even the most celebrated.

I never travelled along any road traversing a valley so circuitous as that which runs through the Lower Engadine; but the nature of the country renders it necessary. The wide and deep beds of the tremendous torrents that in winter desolate this valley, reach some thousand feet up the mountainsides; so that, to construct even the most imperfect road, it is necessary to carry it to an extreme height above the river, otherwise it would be impossible to cross these beds of the torrents; and even in those places where the road must of necessity cross them, the passage is most frightful, and even dangerous. The narrowest part of the bed is sought out, the road is led to it, and a few logs of timber are thrown across, and covered with earth; but the outermost logs have generally given

way, the earth on each side of the ravine crumbling beneath the weight. I reached a most terrific bridge of this kind before arriving at Guarda. The bed of the torrent descended almost perpendicularly, in the form of a wide tunnel, at least two thousand feet to the river; and above, a fine cataract poured from a great elevation, and thundered below the frail and crumbling pathway; and, by the by, as I have mentioned a cataract, let me add, that there are many cataracts both in the Engadine, and in the upper valley of the Rhine, nameless and unvisited, far greater both in volume and in elevation, than any of those whose reputation attracts to them yearly so large a concourse of strangers. For my own part, I must confess, that cataracts have no great charm for me, unless the volume of water be so great as to produce the emotion of sublimity. The lesser cataracts, or rather cascades, are pretty ingredients in a landscape; but I would not go *express* to see any cataract less than the fall of the Clyde, which I feel no hesitation in preferring to the fall of the Rhine at Shaffhausen.

At the little village of Guarda I stopped to breakfast, after a very long and fatiguing walk. This place, although marked on the large maps of Switzerland as being situated upon the road, is in fact at some distance from it. It stands between the road and the river, upon a little isolated hill; and opposite to it are the ruins of a castle, remarkable only from their picturesque site. There was nothing to detain me in the village of Guarda; and after rest and refreshment I regained the road, and proceeded down the valley. The general

character of the Unter Engadine is this :—The Inn flows at the bottom of a deep rocky gorge, sprinkled with fir and mountain-ash. The rocks that dip into the water rise to the height of about three or four hundred feet above it. Upon the summit of these, there is generally a rugged platform covered with stones and shrubs. Above this, rises a second range of rocks. These are rich in the boldest and most striking scenery. In some places they rise from one to two thousand feet perpendicularly; in other places, they are broken into peaks, ravines and lesser precipices. Sometimes, in looking far down, you may discover among the rocks, scattered here and there, a few roods where a crop of rye or barley is ripening by the rays of a short summer reflected from the naked rocks that surround it. Patches of grass, too, sprinkled with a few cows or goats, are also seen peeping from among the rocks. At the top of the second range of rocks runs the road; and here, also, is the peopled and cultivated part of the valley. Here the mountains slope backward, leaving now and then little plains of half a mile across, or undulating platforms of even greater width. These, and the slopes of the mountains, are covered with grass, and occasional fields of rye. In these also lie the villages, around which the wants of the inhabitants have forced a more varied product from the unwilling soil. Small enclosures of wheat are seen. Rye is more prevalent than grass. In the corner of every field grows a little flax; and by the side of every house there is an attempt at a garden, whose stock is confined to a few potatoes, cabbage, and lettuce. A few gooseberry-bushes, too, are here and

there to be seen ; but no fruit-tree of any kind is visible. Above the peopled and cultivated slopes, the mountains rise to the region of snow, and show, throughout the whole valley on either side, a range of snow-peaks and naked rocks. Such is the aspect of the Engadine.

The day upon which I walked through this part of the Engadine, was intolerably hot. This, and the fatiguing nature of the road, rendered my progress slow ; and it was mid-day before I reached the village of Fetzam. Here I could find no auberge ; but a well-dressed boy, who was standing at the door of a very respectable-looking house, and to whom I addressed myself for information, told me, that the house belonged to the professor ; and, anxious to find a cool-resting place, as well as to know who this professor at Fetzam might be, I took the liberty of entering, and introducing myself. I found a white-haired old gentleman of fourscore years, who received me with the greatest urbanity. He was just going to dine, and urged me to partake the meal with him, which I had no inclination to refuse. Three youths sat down to dinner with us ; and the dinner, although not very varied, was abundant and wholesome.

The old gentleman informed me, that he had lived in the village of Fetzam ever since the revolution of 1789. He was a Frenchman ; and, having lost his all in that fearful season of strife and anarchy, he had left his native land, and travelled into the country of the Grisons, and into the valley of the Engadine. In this village he found a home in the house of the *curé*, on condition of his teaching his children the French, Latin, and Ger-

man languages. At forty, he was not too old to enter into matrimonial engagements ; and the good minister being called from his duties in this world, and having one daughter of 28 years old, she accepted her instructor, and for thirty years they had lived happily together. But the old man was now once more left alone. During all this while, he had employed himself in the instruction of youth. The richer peasants, who intended that one of their family should seek his fortune in foreign countries, sent him to live with the professor, there to acquire the language of the people among whom fortune was to be sought ; and as he had grown old, he had grown rich. He had still three pupils ; but he told me he could live without them ; though, having been so long accustomed to the business of instruction, he found it necessary to his happiness to continue his vocation.

This gentleman was well acquainted with the people among whom he lived. How, indeed, could he be otherwise, after forty years residence among them ? From him I obtained an important corroboration of what I had both heard and seen respecting the condition and character of the inhabitants of these valleys. He told me that the people were proud of their freedom, and contented with their condition. He explained to me, that the reason why so many of the young men left their country to seek fortune in other quarters, was not owing to any dissatisfaction with home, nor even to a vague desire of seeing the world, but that this arose from a certain habit of thinking, which teaches every peasant of the Engadine, from his earliest youth, to look with horror upon

a state of dependence ; and as every father cannot leave to a numerous family a patrimony sufficient to secure them all against dependence, one or two sacrifice themselves to the general good : and so sober and industrious is the general character of the Grisons of these valleys, that the greater number of those who have left their home when youths, return to it before their best years be over, and before the death of friends and relatives has robbed home of its greatest charm. For the most part, these young men carry away with them from 300 to 500 francs. They direct their steps to any of the great cities—to Paris, Marseilles, Lyons, or Bourdeaux, and perhaps spend a hundred francs upon their journey. Three or four hundred francs are therefore left, one half of which, perhaps, they offer to the master of any well-frequented *café* or *restaurant*, as a fee to be taken as a *garçon*. Activity and industry recommend them to the master, civility to the customers, and saving habits soon produce a little store. A knowledge of pastry, acquired at home, renders them useful ; and perhaps, after some time, this department is confided to their care. At all events, in the course of a few years, they generally open a confectioner's shop, and in it acquire a sufficient sum to carry back to their native valley, though not yet sufficient to purchase repose. They then become travelling merchants between their own country and those parts where they purchase foreign articles for home-consumption ; and it frequently happens, too, that, even after their permanent settlement at home, they retain a shop in some distant city, to which they pay an annual visit. In

the absence of the proprietor, the business of the shop is not intrusted to a stranger, but is always conducted by some young man of the same valley, or, perhaps, of the same village, who is fortunate enough to get at once into so excellent a road to fortune, and who willingly pays some hundred francs for the privilege. In time, he purchases the propriety, and becomes rich in his turn.

Before leaving the house of my kind entertainer, I questioned him respecting the state of education in the Engadine. He told me there was no want of it. Schools were every where to be had, where reading, writing, and arithmetic were taught, at the moderate charge of 30 *sous* (15d.) a month—this being a charge every one in the Engadine can afford to pay. Every child goes to school, and consequently there are very few who are ignorant of the essential elements of knowledge. I omitted to inquire what salary the schoolmasters receive; but, judging from the scanty salary of the ministers, I should presume the remuneration must be small. These have not more than L.25 per annum; and, like the ministers of religion in every country, I understood that some were deserving of more, and others of scarcely what they had. The labours of a minister of religion, one would think, must be light and pleasant in a country like the Engadine, where there is nothing to tempt the rich into the flowery paths of vice, and where that worst enemy of morality, poverty, is unknown. There is not one pauper in the two Engadines; yet, even there, I have no doubt the pious minister would shake his head,

and say, "I often find my mission thwarted, and my lessons despised. It is true, I have neither to contend against the sins that ensnare the rich man, nor the temptations that drag on the poor; but envies and jealousies, human failings and human passions, are found here, as elsewhere; and in the Engadine even, a man may live 'without God in the world.' "

About two o'clock I took leave of the professor, and continued my journey. After passing through Fetzam, the road gradually approaches the river; and during the remainder of the day, I skirted precipices, that, accustomed as I have been to mountain-scenes, I could not help hurrying by, so fearful was their depth, and so unprotected the path. Most valleys open and expand as we descend; but the Engadine forms an exception. The Ober Engadine is wider than the Unter Engadine; and the upper part of the Unter Engadine is wider than the lower part of it. I found the valley grow gradually narrower as I proceeded. Sometimes it expanded a little, and then I found a village, several of which I passed during the afternoon. But the plains became less and less frequent; and at length, about a league and a half before reaching Martinsbruck, there is room only for the river, and a stripe of land 100 yards across by its side. Upon this stripe, lying low, and sheltered from the wind, I saw a promise of some good wheat, and, scattered here and there, I noticed a few cherry-trees—the only fruit-trees I had seen in the Engadine. There, too, I found several of our forest-trees, and an infinity of wild roses, besides a number of shrubs that could not have flourished

in any other part of the valley. The difference in elevation between *Selva Rana*, the highest inhabited part of the Upper Engadine, and Martinsbruck, the lowest part of the Unter Engadine, is nearly 3000 feet ; which might well account for a greater difference in the vegetable productions than I have remarked. It was after sunset when I reached the extreme point of the Engadine. Martinsbruck, where the Austrian arms, displayed over the door of the customhouse hard by, led me to look back upon the valley through which I had passed with greater pleasure, and upon the boasts even of Grison liberty with greater indulgence.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COUNTRY OF THE GRISONS—THE VALLEY OF
THE UPPER RHINE.

*Return to Chur, through the Engadines—Instance of
Gross Imposition—The Baths of Pffeffer—State of
Society in Chur—Reunions and Balls—Statistical
Details—Journey up the Rheinwald by the Sources of
the Rhine—Character of the Valley of the Upper
Rhine—Charming Scenery—Ilanz—Grison Imposi-
tion—Examples of Dishonesty—Road to Dissentis—
Picture of Idleness—Domestic Economy of the Inha-
bitants of the Valley of the Upper Rhine—Wages of
Labour—Dissentis.*

I COULD not regain Chur by any other road than that by which I had come from it ; and, as it is somewhat tedious to walk over the same ground twice, I accepted the offer of a seat in a little chariot, partly on springs, which was going with some trifling merchandise to Suss, and early next morning I was *en route*. I found it impossible, however, with common prudence, to make much use of the convenience I had bargained for. The driver fell asleep every moment, and in roads such as I have described, and where a variation of three inches in the direction of the wheel was sufficient to bring my journey to a sudden and very disagreeable termination, I found it impos-

sible to remain seated in the vehicle, and I accordingly performed the journey on foot.

To ascend and to descend the same valley, are not precisely the same thing as respects scenery. New and infinitely varied combinations are produced by viewing scenery from different points; so that, although I found it tedious in some respects to retrace my route, I was frequently rewarded by the view of natural objects which had been hidden or unnoticed in descending the valley, and by the new forms in which remembered objects appeared. But I have no intention of detailing a second time the particulars of a journey through the same valleys. There is only one circumstance that I must not neglect to record. I arrived at Suse on Saturday, and wished to proceed next day to Pont in another little vehicle, of which I had bargained to be the driver, unwilling a second time to put my life in the hands of a sleepy Grison; but late at night, the person with whom I had agreed came to inform me, that travelling was not permitted on Sunday in the Engadine, and that, therefore, I must wait until Monday. I need scarcely say that I declared the bargain void, and that next morning, betimes, I was on my way to Pont, regardless of the injunction against locomotion.

There is yet one other circumstance in this journey worth recording, chiefly because it throws some light upon the moral character of the people. The general character of the inhabitants of the Engadine may be included under that of the Grisons, of which I shall speak by and by; but, as exemplifying one trait in that character, a love

of money, to be gratified at the expense of moral principle, the following little incident may not be uninteresting.

When I arrived at Pont, the weather was insufferably hot, so much so, that a walk over Mount Albula was a thing to be dreaded; and I resolved, accordingly, to hire a horse. For this purpose, I addressed myself to the mistress of the inn, and she immediately sent for a man who had a horse to let out. The man arrived, and said he had an excellent horse, for the use of which he demanded ten francs. It was two days journey, he said. He could not return to Pont that day, for it was already mid-day, and he should have to pay the expenses of keeping his horse all night at Bergun. I knew it was impossible to return to Pont that night, and that, therefore, the man might reasonably charge two days; but still I knew he asked too much, and refused to give him what he demanded. "Well," said the man, "the horse does not belong to me, but to my father; I'll go and fetch him, and we'll see what he says;" and accordingly the man ran off, and returned in a few minutes with an old man, who said he was the owner of the horse, and that, taking into account the long time the journey would occupy, and the expense of remaining all night on the other side of the mountain, he could not take less than ten francs; and I was accordingly obliged to agree to the demand. Now, attend to the sequel. I passed Mount Albula upon the horse, arrived at Bergun, and went to the inn, where I again met the retired pastry-cook with whom I had breakfasted a few days ago, and to him I mentioned

that I had hired a horse at Pont, and what I had paid for it. "What a pity it is," said he, "you did not know that there was a man and a horse from this place, on the other side of the mountain, who are returning home this evening. I sent them over yesterday for something I had need of from the Vatelina, and you would not have paid the fourth part of ten francs if you had come by them." I immediately suspected that I had been imposed upon, and that the horse in question was in reality the horse for which I had paid ten francs; and my suspicion turned out to be just. The man who was conversing with me went out and ascertained the fact; and thus, for the sake of four or five francs, the mistress of the inn, her daughter, the man who first bargained about the horse, the man who pretended to be his father, and a respectable looking man who acted as interpreter, conspired to cheat a stranger, by inventing a story, and supporting the imposition by a pack of lies. This incident, I fear, may have occupied more room than it is worth; but I would rather run the risk of being charged with prolixity, than omit any thing which may in the smallest degree tend to throw light upon the character of the people.

The next day, I again arrived at Chur; and the day following, I made an excursion to the *Bains de Pfeffers*. The road to them led me through a picturesque country, tolerably populous on the side of Chur at least, and offering, now and then, some pleasant views up the different valleys. The baths are situated at the bottom of a deep gorge, surrounded by very savage scenery,

and close by a turbulent stream, called the Tamina. There were but few strangers resident at the time; but the season was not sufficiently advanced. I believe the reputation of the baths is considerable, and occasionally attracts many strangers. The waters only flow during summer, and are not very abundant. There are two springs; one $20\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of Reaumur, the other 30 degrees. I tasted the water, and found it without any peculiarity. The baths belong to the Abbey, which is situated half a league distant, and which, in former times, exercised an extensive sovereignty. All the buildings, too, for the reception of strangers, belong to the convent, and return a very handsome revenue to the religieux. I did not walk as far as the convent, though I believe I might have been repaid for my trouble; for I understand its site is very picturesque, and the building itself large, and handsomely constructed. Upon the whole, I was not much pleased with the *Bains de Pfeffers*; and, unless forced to their neighbourhood by disease, I think I should not select them as agreeable summer-quarters.

I remained a few days in Chur, making excursions in the neighbourhood, and informing myself respecting the manners and character of the Grisons; and, before proceeding upon my journey, let me here note down the results. In the Grisons, as in many other parts of Switzerland, the sexes rarely mingle in society. A man seldom visits in company with his wife; and it scarcely ever happens that young men and women are found in the same party, unless when visits are made to the houses of near relatives. But to this

strict limitation of intercourse there is one very extraordinary exception. In Chur, there is what they call a *reunion* of young men ; that is, unmarried men, from about twenty to twenty-eight years old. During the winter, this society has two or three balls, generally given at some place out of town ; and each member of this *reunion*, which comprises all the respectable young men of the town and neighbourhood, invites a young lady. The invitation is always accepted, with consent of her parents ; and on the appointed evening, the young lady is put under the protection of her *cavalier*, who conducts her in a sledge or carriage to the place appointed for the ball. None of the parents are present. The party is composed entirely of young unmarried persons. The ball continues till three or four next morning ; and when it breaks up, each gentleman conducts his partner home. This, I say, is a very extraordinary exception to the strictness otherwise observed in the intercourse between young persons of opposite sexes, and cannot fail to produce its results. The Grisons are doubtless as susceptible as the people of other countries ; and it is evident, that a custom like this must greatly encourage the formation of attachments. Now, what would any one naturally infer from the existence of this usage, knowing to what it must lead ? They would presume, that the young men composing this *reunion* were all of them young men of so much respectability, and of such worldly prospects, that it was almost a matter of indifference to the parents of the young ladies to which of them their daughters were united. No,

one might almost go the length of inferring, that this *reunion* was formed by the young men, and sanctioned by the old people, purposely to facilitate the marriage of sons and daughters. But all this is far from being the case : there are no such things as marriages of inclination. If, as must often be the case, a proposal is made by a member of this *reunion* to the young lady whom he has been accustomed to escort, it immediately becomes a matter of diplomacy. If the suitor be agreeable to the young lady's parents, he is accepted, and the *fiancée* goes to no more balls, even in company with her intended husband : her visiting days are over until the marriage takes place ; but if the marriage proposed be not acceptable to the parents of the young lady, there is an end of the affair ; she must get the better of her attachment, and may continue to go to the balls, though etiquette and prudence, of course, forbid that she should continue to have the same escort. It is quite impossible to conceive any thing worse calculated to promote happiness than this. It is a tissue of cruelty, and cannot fail to engender the most fatal results.

Learning the existence of such a custom as this, it was natural to make a few inquiries into the state of morals. These I ascertained to be high, and that certain results, which in other countries would almost infallibly arise from a similar cause, were here unknown. I could learn no instance in which the existence of a former attachment had interfered with the duties of wedded life ; nor could I hear of any case in which the confidence reposed in the young men-

of the *reunion* had been abused. There are curious facts, scarcely to be accounted for upon common principles.

There are some other facts worth noticing, relating to the state of society at Chur. There are various *reunions* of men of all ages, from which ladies are entirely excluded; but there are no *reunions* of ladies, who occupy themselves entirely with the cares of their household and their families, and never visit, excepting at periodical meetings of relatives. But a well-informed man, an inhabitant of Chur, engaged in the transit trade, assigned a reason for this secluded life, and why the ladies had no reunions among themselves. "Our notions of equality," said he, "permit that men of different stations should associate together; and this is fortunate, in a place where society is so limited as it is at Chur. At the *reunion* here, I meet my baker, my butcher, and men of very different grades in life; but they are well-informed men; and while we talk over the politics of the day, we remember only that we are citizens of the same state, and enjoy the same privileges. But the ladies do not feel as we feel; they are not so penetrated with the spirit of equality; their education has not taught them to feel the value of political rights; their prejudices, therefore, remain with them; and although I find pleasure in intercourse with my butcher and baker, my wife would feel none in gossiping with the butcher's or the baker's wife." I found this reasoning satisfactory enough. I attended one of the *reunions*, and, with the exception of some absurd boasting about political privileges, I found

reason to be pleased with the conversation, and certainly conceived from it a very favourable idea of Grison information. History, geography, and the political state of Europe, formed the topics of discourse; and some few seemed also to have a little acquaintance with the literature of England. I understood, however, that general literature is but little cultivated, and that there is no good library in the country.

The Grisons is the largest canton of the Confederation, next to Berne. They say it derives its name from the gray colour of the men's dresses; but if so, the name outlives the cause from which it originated, because at present the men's coats and pantaloons are almost universally blue. The two great valleys of the Grisons, are the valley of the Inn, which comprises the two Engadines, and the valley of the Upper Rhine, in the lower part of which Chur is situated. There are several other lateral valleys; but far inferior to these in extent and population. The country contains no plains whatever. I have already mentioned the transit of goods by the Splugen, as a source of wealth to Chur, with other parts of the Grisons. There is an extensive trade in cattle with Italy, returning to the country, as some say, a profit of 50,000*l*. The export of cheese is very inconsiderable; it is chiefly consumed among themselves, though a little of the coarser kinds passes into France and Italy. The cheeses of the finest kind are too delicate to bear transportation. Bread, wine, vegetables and fruit, are dear in the Grisons. They do not grow a third of the wheat they consume, and scarcely a half of the rye. A little

wine is made in the lower parts of the valleys; and is not disagreeable in flavour; but is so small in quantity, that the price of foreign wine is scarcely affected by it; and, excepting in the neighbourhood of Chur and Mayenfeld, and in some low parts of the valley of Bregaglia, it is only the hardier kinds of vegetables that arrive at perfection; and the cherry is the only abundant fruit.

The route I selected to pass from Chur to the central parts of Switzerland, is the only one I could have chosen, except that by which I had arrived. There is no carriage-road—I might say no road at all—from any of the other cantons of Switzerland into the Grisons, excepting by Mayenfeld, where the road branches into two, one leading to the Wallenslatter Lake, by which the reader will recollect to have already travelled with me; the other running due north, skirting the Tyrol, and leading to St Gall, &c. The route I resolved to take from Chur was to ascend the valley of the Upper Rhine, called the Grison Oberland, or Rheinwald, and the valley of Tavetch, to pass between Mounts Badus and Tombohorn, by the sources of the Rhine, and so reach the Canton of Uri. By adopting this route, I should have the advantage of having journeyed through almost every part of the Grisons, and of seeing a part of Switzerland almost untravelled.

I left Chur, as usual, at break of day, well satisfied with my treatment in the house of Daniel Denz; and, after about an hour's walk through a very fine fertile country, I found myself upon the banks of the Rhine, which I was now to trace upwards to that infancy, from which the mightiest

river and the tiniest rill must alike begin its race.

There are few rivers more interesting than the Rhine, whether on account of the variety of countries through which it passes, the charming scenery to be found on its banks, or the historical associations with which it is connected. The course of the Rhine is not so long, by some hundred miles, as that of the Danube, nor does it bathe the walls of so many great and metropolitan cities. Commercially, however, it is a river of greater importance. The free navigation of the Rhine is of so much importance, as to form an article of treaties, and to set nations by the ears. The prosperity of Frankfort, and of many other important places, depends upon it; and, without the Rhine and the Meuse, the Low Countries could never have acquired a consequence among the countries of Europe, which, from their extent, they are not entitled to possess. The Upper Rhine may be said to extend from its source to its entry into the Lake of Constance. The Lower Rhine to comprehend its course from the Lake of Constance to the German Ocean. The fall, of course, interrupts the navigation of the river, so that the navigation of the Upper and Lower Rhine is entirely distinct; but the navigation of the Upper Rhine is of very inferior moment.

The Rhine, where I now met with it, is not much larger than the River Derwent at Matlock. It is certainly not so large as the Tweed at Melrose. Its waters are extremely transparent, as, indeed, the Rhine is well known to be throughout all its course. A fine broad road leads from Chur.

as far as *Richenau*, three leagues from Chur; but at this place it turns to the left, leading into Italy; and the road up the Rhine then becomes what we should call in England a cart-road only. *Richenau* is a large and handsome inn, used by the inhabitants of Chur as a place of festivity; and it is there that the *reunion* of young persons, of which I have already spoken, is generally held during the winter.

I do not recollect, in any part of Switzerland, to have travelled through so captivating a country as that which lies between *Richenau* and *Ilanz*; a village lying about ten leagues up the Rhine. Sometimes the road skirts the river—always a pleasant companion even when it runs away from us; sometimes it mounts up a steep bank, overhung with charming foliage, and winds along the face of the rocks, while only occasional glimpses are caught of the stream that sparkles below; then we descend again, and pass through a little plain, green and shady, over which the river strays in a hundred windings, and again the steep banks force the road upward; and now we leave the river for a season; and, after many ascents and descents, and frequent turnings, we find ourselves among those back alpine valleys, which to me form the most charming feature of Swiss scenery. It was a captivating scene that opened before me; it was a basin among the mountains, and the road made the circuit of it. The Rhine flowed about a league to the left, but it was not visible—a high wall of wooded rocks shut it out. In the basin below, a plain of a mile across, hay-harvest was gathering;—some part of the plain was a smooth

and verdant carpet, other parts were dotted with hay-ricks, and on half a dozen little eminences in this basin were placed as many cottages. Behind, the mountains rose in various ledges, falling backward and backward, but not in any order;—hillocks garnished the sides of the mountains, and knolls rose upon the little mountain-platforms, all of the freshest green; and numerous herds of cattle browsed upon every height. Far back among the mountains, were deeper valleys and wooded ravines; and from the highest and most distant ridge were seen numerous cascades, which had united into the one stream, that slowly wandered over the little plain at my feet. I wish it were possible, by means of words, to exhibit to the reader a living picture, and that I possessed that power. It was long before the road returned to the river. It first made many windings among the mountains, passing through one or two little villages—villages forming little worlds within themselves, because beyond the din of the great world, and showing the traveller scenes among which the great highways of the world can never lead him. At length I found myself again above the river, which I saw at an immeasurable depth below, skirting the edge of one of the most frightful precipices I ever beheld; and gradually the road descended, till it reached the brink of the Rhine, then flowing in diminished volume through a little winding wooded valley. I cannot tell how all this day passed away. I frequently sat down among the beautiful spots I passed through; and it is possible I may have dreamed away an hour. But I know, that, when I reached the river, it

was sparkling beneath the last rays of the sun; that came slanting over the distant mountain-tops; and the last league of my journey, the moon lighted me on my way. I wandered a considerable while through the streets of this little town, before I was able to find the inn. Every body was in bed; but at length I stumbled upon what seemed rather an occasional inn, than a regular rendezvous for strangers; and indeed, where so few strangers come, the business of an *aubergiste* would be but an unprofitable one.

It seems to have been formerly the custom in the Grisons, for the rich who built a house, to build it in the form of a castle, and to ornament the interior with a variety of wood-work. The room into which I was ushered was most spacious, large and lofty; and the roof, walls and doorways, were covered with a profusion of delicate carving. So was the furniture; and I noticed that the round table in the centre might have served as the model of one of those modern circular loo-tables, which stand upon what upholsterers call pillar and block. New fashions are nothing but old fashions revived; and it might perhaps tend to lower our estimate of their importance, could we always know the source from which they have originated.

I can scarcely choose a fitter time than while I am speaking of Ilanz, to say a few words of Grison honesty. It is a pity that the inducement to travel through a country so interesting as the Grisons—interesting from the grandeur of its scenery—interesting from the peculiarities of its natural and moral aspect—should be in any degree

counterbalanced by the unpleasant knowledge, that every man's object is to cheat you ; and that, moreover, any attempt to resist even the grossest robbery, will be followed by abuse and insult, sometimes even by violence ; and yet such is the state of things throughout the country of the Grisons. I do not allude to what I would call *simple imposition*. Overcharges a stranger must submit to ; and the traveller will do wisely in making up his mind to bear these quietly. But the imposition practised upon travellers throughout the Grison country is of a different kind, and amounts to robbery. This is less excusable, too, among the Grisons, than in any other part of Switzerland, and must be attributed, among them, to an innate want of honesty. In the more travelled parts of Switzerland, intercourse with strangers may have corrupted the natural simplicity of the natives. When the Continent was first opened to the English, they scattered their money with the most lavish hand, measuring their bounty not by the wants of the natives, and the scale of things abroad, but by the high war-prices of England ; so that upon the principle, that a thing is worth what it will bring, the Swiss adapted their demands to this rule ; and, even at this day, although the majority of travelling English act with greater prudence, there are still many exceptions ; and, when you offer a Swiss something reasonable and just for his services, nothing is more common than to be told, that *un Monsieur Anglais* gave so and so the other day for a similar service, naming a sum two or three times greater than you have offered. But the Grisons

have no such examples of folly to bring in support of their extortions; and these extortions are, besides, far greater, as well as of a different character. I have already given one example of a conspiracy to cheat, and I could recount twenty more. I scarcely ever changed a piece of money in the Grisons, that an attempt was not made to give less than its value; and, at the same time, presuming upon my ignorance of Swiss coinage, money either altogether false, of depreciated value, or useless in the country of the Grisons, made a part of the change. Moderate overcharges I do not complain of, because I lay my account with them. But these, when very gross, become mere robbery; and of this description was the demand made at Ilanz, where I now am. I had bread, milk, and two eggs for supper—this was all the house afforded; and for breakfast, I had bread, butter, sugar, and hot water to make tea, which I carried with me. The whole of these could not have been worth one franc; and in the morning, when I demanded my bill, I was told it amounted to *nine francs*. I requested to know the particulars. Supper three francs, breakfast three francs, bed three francs. I told him the charge was quite absurd. He shrugged his shoulders. I told him it was at least three times what would be charged for the same accommodation in England. "*C'est possible?*" said he, with the greatest coolness; "*mais nous sommes à présent en Suisse.*" I told him I would not pay it. "How can you help it?" said he, with the utmost effrontery; and, in short, I purchased leave to go upon my journey, by submitting to be robbed.

I could mention several other instances of robbery to match this. And with respect to begging in the Grisons, how do the peasants manage to reconcile their cupidity with their independence? They manage in this way. They employ their children to beg in the neighbourhood of Chur; and, on the road to the *Bains de Pfeffers*, where the inhabitants are accustomed to see strangers, you cannot pass a hamlet, without being assailed by children, while the parents, richer perhaps than you are, stand at the door with an air of Grison independence. But this is not all—when I have refused to give any thing, (and, I need scarcely say, I always did refuse), I have been frequently hooted at, and pelted with stones; and, upon one occasion, when I turned back, to bestow a little wholesome chastisement upon some boys past the age of children, two or three men, and as many women, all of whom had seen the misconduct of the boys, rushed from the cottage-door, and showed, by their menaces, that I should act wisely in submitting to be pelted with stones in so free a country as the Grisons. So much for Grison honesty, and Grison civilization.

The situation of Ilanz, the town where I was so grossly imposed upon, is particularly agreeable. The Rhine is here joined by a considerable stream, called the Gleimer, which adds at least one-third to its waters.

In ascending the Rhine from Ilanz to Dissentis, the road generally keeps near to the river. The greater narrowness of the valley forces them to be close companions. The character of the valley is now considerably changed. It is not on-

ly narrower, but wilder and less fertile. The crops of grain were scanty; but the grass on the meadows was fine and abundant. I noticed a considerable quantity of land lying waste, that might have been under tillage. The fields were less carefully prepared than in the lower parts of the valley, the road much worse, and the villages poorer and dirtier; altogether, there appeared a want of industry, of which I had seen no trace in any other part of the Grison country. All this was explained upon entering a pretty large village about mid-day. The men were assembled in an open area in front of the church, standing, sitting, and walking up and down; the women were sitting at their doors, or leaning out of the windows; no one was in the fields; it was a *jour de fête*, some saint's day; but which saint, I forget. The inhabitants of this part of the valley of the Upper Rhine all profess the Roman Catholic faith; and, unfortunately for this district, it happens, that those at the head of religious affairs lend too positive a sanction to the observance of those feasts, which are not obligatory upon all Catholics, but which are left to the conscience, and which vary in almost every jurisdiction. Inaction could not have been more *mal apropos*, than at the present moment; the ground was covered with hay, for the most part cut, and ready to be housed; the weather had been unsettled, and still looked dubious, but all morning the sun had been out; and a better afternoon, either for making or leading hay, could not have been desired; and yet the whole population of the village was idle. I pity, but do not blame the villagers—the fault does not rest with them.

The inhabitants of the valleys of the Upper Rhine resemble, in their domestic economy, those of the Engadine, and other parts of the Grisons. Like them, they are proprietors, and, like them, live upon the produce of their land. Nothing is bought in these valleys, excepting coffee, sugar, indigo and salt. Excepting the trade of tailor, which is exercised by the females of every family, the ordinary handicrafts are followed by individuals bred to them; and the wages of labour throughout the Grisons are high. A labourer in the fields receives from thirty sous (15d.) up to 2s.; a carpenter's wages are three francs per day; a mason's scarcely less; a shoemaker's two francs; so that the industrious find ample remuneration.

If a traveller ask the distance from one place to another in the Grisons, the reply is somewhat puzzling. Supposing the distance to be two leagues, if you are on foot, the answer will be two hours; if on horseback, one hour; if in any wheeled conveyance, as many hours as the person to whom you address yourself thinks sufficient for the journey; so that an hour means no specific distance, but expresses whatever distance you are able to go in an hour. As I walked out of the holiday village, I saw a considerable number of the inhabitants assembled by the river-side shooting at a target—an exercise very much practised throughout Switzerland, and much encouraged by the government. I did not stop to observe their skill. I was sorry to see so many persons spending the afternoon in idleness, when close by were several fields of hay, which a few hours labour might have secured.

The character of the valley was now materially changed. It was quite an upland valley. The Rhine was shrunk into a stream not thirty yards across. There was no grain ; and fir was the only wood to be seen : but gigantic firs they were, such as I had never seen, excepting in Norway. The road in this part of the valley is fitted only for a pedestrian, though carts occasionally pass along it. In one place it had entirely given way ; and I saw the mark, and part of the remains, of the vehicle that had fallen down. Before reaching Dissentis, you enter among the mountains, and the village stands upon an outer elevated platform, the Rhine flowing in a deep bed below, with all the characteristics of a mountain-stream. The extreme badness of the road had made the day's journey fatiguing ; and I was well pleased, therefore, to find myself entering the town, especially as a storm was evidently brooding.

CHAPTER X.

THE GRISONS.

The Scenery of the Lower and the Upper Rhine compared—Dissentis, and the Valley of Tavetch—Life in the remote Alpine Valleys—Passage of the Mountains—Ciamut—The Rhine near its Sources—Observations upon the Sources of Rivers, and Description of the Sources of the Rhine—Mountain Prospects—The Lake of the Oberalp, and Sources of the Reuss—A dangerous Bog—Descent into the Canton of Uri—The Valley of Ursern.

WITH Dissentis ends the valley of the Upper Rhine; and here the valley of Tavetch begins. If the principal feature in the scenery of a valley be considered to be the river that traverses it, then there is no comparison between the scenery of the valleys of the Upper and Lower Rhine. The Lower Rhine is a majestic river; the Upper Rhine an inconsiderable stream. But if, on the contrary, the river is to be considered but one, and not the most important feature in the landscape, the valley of the Upper Rhine, I rather think, is entitled to be preferred. For my own part, I have no hesitation in according it the preference, chiefly because of the greater variety which it includes. The ~~first~~ scenery becomes:

tedious by repetition; and, with all the attractions of the Lower Rhine, it can scarcely be denied, that, in the character of its banks, there is a sameness that in some degree damps the enjoyment of a voyage. But the scenery of the Rhine, as the Lower Rhine is called *par excellence*, is so great a favourite with every body, that I dare not say any thing more in disparagement of it.

I had scarcely taken my seat in the inn, when the storm I had seen brooding burst among the mountains; and as I saw it take the direction of the valley I had ascended, I recollected the *jour de fête*, and the hay-fields that were already drenched with rain. One afternoon of idleness had thus created a necessity for several days labour, which might otherwise have been employed in the cultivation of waste land, or upon the fields already under imperfect tillage.

The inn at Dissentis is almost as bad as inn can be; but this is not to be wondered at, since its services are so seldom required. I could get nothing but bread, so sour as to be quite unpalatable, and hot water, with which I again manufactured my favourite beverage. Even milk was scarce here. All the cows were high in the mountains; and the milk that had been brought down in the morning was expended. At Ilanz, however, where I had been cheated, and where I found the bread excellent, I had revenged myself by putting a couple of loaves in my pocket; and these I found useful at Dissentis. The traveller among the Grisons pays the same, whether he consume the articles furnished in the house, or those which he brings along with him. The

least charge ever made is a franc and a half, even if nothing but hot water be supplied. In such inns as this, one is strongly reminded of the remote inns of our own country, not by similitude, but by contrast; for in England, however poor a table may be served out, one may always find a comfortable seat in a snug corner, where neither wind nor rain can reach, and where, in a raw and chill evening, the traveller enjoys the warmth and cheerfulness of a blazing fire. But here, at Dissentis, in as raw an evening as I ever felt in my own country, in place of warmth and comfort, there was not even shelter from the storm. The rain beat in at every one of the three windows; and five or six streams were straying along the floor.

Dissentis is the last village of the Grisons in the direction of Central Switzerland. Some hamlets, of twenty or thirty houses, lie higher up among the mountains—wretched places, of which I may say a few words when I pass through them. Dissentis lies no less than 4000 feet above the level of the sea, so that rye is almost the only kind of grain cultivated, and that not in great quantities; but if the inhabitants of the Engadine, in place of the natives of this valley, owned the land round Dissentis, it would be turned to a very different account: grass would be seen where there is nothing but rushes; rye would take the place of coarse grass; and oats, barley, and perhaps even a little wheat, might nestle in the sheltered nooks. When speaking of the Engadine, I did not enlarge sufficiently upon the industry of the inhabitants; but it deserves a panegyric.

There is not a foot of waste land in the Engadine, the lowest part of which is not much lower than the top of Snowdon. Wherever grass will grow, there it is; wherever a rock will bear a blade, verdure is seen upon it; wherever rye will succeed, there it is cultivated. Barley and oats have also their appropriate spots; and wherever it is possible to ripen a little patch of wheat, the cultivation of it is attempted.

In passing through such a place as Dissentis, we are apt to say, "How is it possible for any one to pass his days in such a place as this?" The feelings that give rise to this reflection are natural enough, because we suppose ourselves, with all our recollections and acquired habits, placed in the situation of the inhabitants. It is impossible by any effort of the imagination to free ourselves of these so entirely, as to be able to judge of the condition of the inhabitants. At the same time, I am not a convert to the doctrine which teaches, that happiness is nearly equally distributed; and that the native of *Tierra del Fuego*, who wanders half naked upon his inhospitable shore, is as happy as the enlightened inhabitant of a metropolitan city. If so, to what purpose is the diffusion of knowledge? And why attempt to raise men in the scale of humanity? It is a mistake to suppose that ignorance is equivalent to enjoyment; and that he who never tasted a pleasure is not the less happy, in as much as he cannot feel the want of what he has never enjoyed. This, I say, is an error, and would strike at the root of all improvement. Man has many capabilities; and the more of these that are called into action, the more

numerous are his sources of enjoyment. The inhabitant of Dissentis is less happy than the inhabitant of Paris or London; and our surprise that any one can pass his life in such a place, is therefore not only natural, but philosophical. But, to return from this digression—Dissentis is a miserable village, of one narrow, dirty street, but looked down upon by a magnificent monastery, which is situated upon a hillock close by. This monastery was some time ago almost entirely destroyed by fire; but it is partly rebuilt, and I believe contains a large library and some valuable manuscripts, which might as well have perished in the flames, if they are to remain for ever buried in the Benedictine abbey of Dissentis.

After having passed one night at Dissentis, I left it tolerably early next morning to pass the mountains. My course from Dissentis lay up the valley of Tavetch, which is the last valley of the Grisons, and which terminates at the foot of the highest ranges of Mount Badus and the Crispalt. If it be possible, I always travel without a guide; but this incumbrance is sometimes indispensable; and so I found it in passing from the country of the Grisons to the Canton of Uri.

In leaving Dissentis, I found by the way-side abundance of sweetbrier, sweetmarjoram, and sweetwilliam, which ensured me a pleasant nosegay for my journey. The road—only a horse-road—winds round the mountain-sides, showing, very far beneath, the deep ravine that contains the Rhine. All the way to Ciamut the road is highly interesting. It ascends continually, always keeping above the deep bed of the river, and every moment open-

ing up new and striking views into the heart of the majestic mountains that separate the Italian frontier from the Grisons.

Ciamut lies about two leagues and a half up the mountains from Dissentis. Its height above the level of the sea is stated to be upwards of 5000 feet ; and, at such an elevation, it is scarcely necessary to say, that, excepting a little rye, no grain is cultivated. The village is a congregation of scattered houses, for the most part miserable enough ; and a church, dedicated to the Romish worship, overlooks them. I saw the *curé* walking in the neighbourhood, and could not help pitying the man of education condemned to so cheerless a life.

From Ciamut there is only a track, which leads from one platform to another, higher and higher up. Among these I still found a few hamlets, the most wretched abodes I had seen in any part of Switzerland. The houses were mere hovels, black with smoke, and exposed on all sides to the bitter winds that belong to the neighbourhood of eternal snow. The few inhabitants I saw scarcely wore the aspect of human beings ; they were covered with filth and rags, and showed, in their countenances, the poverty—the hopeless poverty that was their lot. Wretched, indeed, is the lot of some ! What a contrast is exhibited between the condition of an inhabitant of one of these hamlets, spending his days in that desolate valley, shut out from every one comfort, his intellect fruitless in enjoyment, his nourishment, day after day, goats' milk and the coarsest bread ;—and the condition of him who can command, in the heart

of a civilized country, every enjoyment that a cultivated intellect can demand, and every luxury that the body can desire ! To the selfish man, a contemplation like this is pleasant ; to the philanthropist, it is painful. For my own part, I fear I am more inclined to indulge in self-congratulation, than to commiserate the condition of my less fortunate brethren.

Soon after leaving the last of these hamlets, and after an ascent of about an hour, I found myself in the highest reach of the valley of Tavetch. It was a green, quiet, narrow valley, in the centre of which flowed the Rhine, now shrunk to the dimensions of a rivulet ten yards across. The sides of the valley are the flanks of lofty mountains, but the bed of the stream is not deep. Here and there it forms a cascade ; and between these, it may be said almost to meander through this Alpine valley, which is about two leagues in length, and nearly level. About half way up this valley, a stream, flowing from the right, joins that which flows through the valley. This comes from the Crispalt, and is considered to be one of the anterior sources of the Rhine. The other branch, however, which flows down the valley, is the larger ; and as its course is said to be longer, it may perhaps be considered the principal of the two anterior sources of the river. Near the head of the valley, which is now but a ravine, I found this branch again divide into two ; and the stream which flowed from the left, tumbling down the mountain-side—a part of Mount Badus—the guide pointed out as the Rhine. The other or lesser branch was nameless. But, after all, are not the sources of

rivers conventional? Who can pretend to determine which are the sources of the Rhine, or what branches of the same stream are entitled to bear its name? In passing up the valley of Tavetch, several fine streams contribute their waters to the Rhine, and yet are denied its name; and at the point at which I had now arrived, where one branch flows from the left, and where the other comes from the direction in which the main body of the river afterwards flows, the former is called the Rhine, and the latter, whose course is quite as long, is a nameless mountain-rivulet. The reason of this distinction I think I can account for. I followed the branch coming from the left to its source. During about an hour, I mounted the steep ravine or gorge in which it flows, and then reached a plain of some extent near the summit of Mount Badus. In this plain I found a lake from which the stream issues. This is a definite and single source. It is true, that this lake seemed to have many feeders, which I saw farther back—mere threads of foam coming from the glaciers, each of which contributes to form a source of the Rhine; but the lake, and the one stream that flows out of it, form a defined source; and therefore, this branch enjoys the reputation of being the principal of the two anterior sources of that river. The same distinction is denied to the other branch, which I have spoken of as a nameless rivulet, because it has no defined source. Such, at least, is the only explanation I am able to give. My path across the mountain led me up the side of this latter stream; and I found it impossible to assign to it any definite source. It is formed by innumerable minute rills,

and small springs that rise on every side as you ascend, imperceptibly swelling the main stream; and at length you entirely lose it in the boggy ground that forms the upper part of the pass. I was now above the sources of the Rhine, and, looking back, I saw it beneath me, setting out on its long journey. Before me was the more imposing source of another, though a less celebrated river, the Reuss. The scenery here is of the most majestic character. The snowy summits of Badus and the Crispalt rise on either side; behind, stretches downward, in long windings, the valley of Tavetch, carrying the Rhine in its bosom, and losing itself in the dark forests that stretch over the lower part of the mountains. In front, dark, deep, and calm, lies the lake of the Oberalp, the largest of all the Upper Alpine lakes—surmounted by the snowy peaks of the Badus and the Crispalt. At this place, the path became difficult and even dangerous. There was in fact no marked path. A considerable quantity of snow was accumulated in several places, and beneath, it was entirely excavated by streams. After passing these snow-heaps without any accident, a still greater difficulty arose. A formidable bog lay between us and the lake, stretching along its head, and traversed by several deep streams which strayed leisurely through it. My guide was evidently at a loss. The path, he said, was never the same two consecutive summers; and this summer no one had yet crossed. The greatest caution was necessary in making every step; and we were frequently obliged to withdraw our feet, which, by a very slight pressure, had sunk to a considerable depth. Contrary to the usual

practice, I left my guide. In one direction the bog seemed less formidable ; but a deep and tolerably broad stream must be passed. The guide, however, assuring me, that if I could reach the lake I should find a fine gravelly bottom, I attempted this, and succeeded in leaping over the stream, from which I soon reached the lake, and found that the guide had spoken truly. I therefore walked in the water all the way round the head of the lake, till I got entirely clear of the bog, and found a firm footing the whole distance, at the depth of from two to three feet of water. As for the guide, he was more than an hour before he came up with me. Not thinking it prudent to attempt leaping the stream, he had endeavoured to pick his steps across the bog ; but found this impracticable, and was obliged at last to follow my example, though with not quite the same success ; for he was not able entirely to clear the stream, and scrambled out with some difficulty. There is scarcely any kind of danger that I would not more readily encounter than the danger of a bog : it is of a hidden kind, and human courage and human effort are alike impotent to save. I readily admit that my sensations were agreeable, when, seating myself upon a stone upon the mountain-side, I looked back, and saw the bog behind me. It is a pleasant feeling, too, that which we experience in reaching the highest part of a pass, and in looking at the mountains opening below ; but being entirely soaked by walking through the lake, I hastened forward as fast as the nature of the path would allow. This, however, was slow enough. All the way along the side of the lake, a distance, I should

think, of at least a league, the banks rise very precipitously, covered with rocks and stones, beautiful to look at, from the scarlet blossoms of the rhododendron which every where abound, but extremely difficult to pass over; and I hailed with pleasure my arrival at the farther end of the lake, where a small grassy plain stretched into the valley that leads down to the Canton of Uri.

The descent into the Canton of Uri is less interesting than the ascent from the Grisons. The valleys are indeed green and beautiful; but there are no sublime prospects; and you never get so low as the region of wood. The branch of the Reuss, which flows from the Lake of the Oberalp, is your companion all the way, flowing in a succession of rapids into the Valley of Ursern, where it is joined by the other branches, afterwards flowing in one stream down the valley which bears its own name—the Valley of the Reuss.

The Reuss is a remarkable river on several accounts: not from the length of its course, nor from the volume of its waters: in both of these it is insignificant in comparison with the Rhine, the Rhone, and perhaps even the Aar; but from its extraordinary rapidity—far exceeding that of the Rhone—and from the magnificent scenery which is found upon its banks. The whole course of the river, from the Vale of Ursern till it falls into the Lake of Lucerne, is a succession of cataracts; and in the short space of four leagues, its inclination is no less than 2500 feet. But it is unnecessary to anticipate, as I purpose descending the Valley of the Reuss.

The first view that opened before me into the

Valley of Ursern, particularly pleased me. You unexpectedly reach a platform, and the whole vale lies smiling at your feet. Its beauty is of a quiet and modest kind. It is not like the richer valleys, diversified with corn-fields and gardens, and with all the variety of fruit and forest-trees. It has none of these attractions; its robe is all green, the freshest green in the world. There it lies, environed by eternal snows, a beautiful image of spring in the bosom of winter. I hastened to reach it; and, after about two hours of very rapid descent, I walked into the village of Andermatt, where there is one of the best inns in Switzerland.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CANTON OF URI—THE VALLEY OF THE
REUSS.

Andermatt, and the Valley of Ursern—Rural Economy—Descent of the Valley of the Reuss—The Devil's Bridge—Neglected state of Agriculture, and the causes of it—Scenery of the Valley—Altorf, and its connexion with William Tell—Fluelen, and the Lake of Uri—An Evening on the Lake—Tell's Chapel—Character of the Lake of Uri—Comparison between the Lakes of Switzerland and Swiss Scenery, with the Scenery of the Scotch and English Lakes.

ANDERMATT is the largest of the four villages which sprinkle the little Vale of Ursern. It lies about 4500 feet above the level of the sea; and, with the exception of a small plantation of old ash-trees, no wood of any kind is to be seen. But I recollect Andermatt with pleasure; whether because it is really deserving of pleasant recollections, or because, after the wretched inns of the Grisons, the inn at Andermatt seemed a paradise, I am scarcely able to tell. Before night-fall, I had time to walk as far as Hospital, and to enjoy the stillness and green beauty of the valley; and before I returned to Andermatt, the bounded horizon of the vale of Ursern was lighted up with stars.

In former times, this valley formed a republic in itself, and was governed by separate laws; now it is merged in the Canton of Uri, and is governed by its laws. The whole inhabitants of the valley amount to about 1400. They generally live upon the produce of their own possessions; but these are small, sufficing only for the scanty support of their families. It is a pity that the cheese which is made in this valley should be too delicate for exportation. It is truly delicious, and would bear a very high price, were it found in the French, or even in the principal Swiss markets. Andermatt, which in most of the other cantons would be but a very inconsiderable village, is a place of some consequence in the little Canton of Uri, which indeed can boast of only one town, Altorf. The whole Canton of Uri may be said to be comprised in one valley, the Valley of the Reuss, having the little plain of Ursern for its head, and the lower end expanding into another little plain between Altorf and the Lake of Uri. It is said of the Canton of Uri, that the inhabitants and the horned cattle are about equal in number, each amounting to nearly 11,000. If this saying be true, and I have reason to think it does not greatly err, it sufficiently indicates the poverty of the inhabitants, whose sole wealth is their cattle. The Canton of Uri recognises no hereditary privileges. A general assembly of all citizens arrived at the age of twenty, exercises the supreme power, and appoints the different councils. It is a purely Catholic canton, dependent upon the Bishop of Chur; and all the schools are under the management of the priests.

The well-known and much-visited Devil's Bridge is only about half a league from Andermatt. Every mountainous country has one or more Devil's Bridges. Whenever there is a bridge with anything terrific about it, it receives from the natives of the neighbourhood the appellation of Devil's Bridge. Wales and Scotland have both their Devil's Bridges; and, in Switzerland, there is one in several of the cantons. But the Devil's Bridge, *par excellence*, is undoubtedly that over the Reuss. I confess it somewhat disappointed me; and yet I can scarcely tell why. I believe I expected that the height of the bridge above the river would have been much greater. But the chief claim of this bridge to the distinguished rank it holds, does not depend upon its elevation—for Pautenbruck in Glarus, and several other bridges, are greatly more distinguished in this respect—but upon the tremendous torrent that rushes through the gorge above, and forms first a fall, and then a fine rapid, underneath the arch. It is not unlikely that the improvements then going on in the neighbourhood, may in some degree have weakened the impression which might otherwise have been produced. A new and very substantial bridge, in which the devil cannot claim any share, is erecting within a few yards of the old one; and when I reached the spot, I found twenty or thirty workmen busily employed in its construction. I feel well convinced, that the impression made upon the mind under circumstances like these, must be feeble in comparison with the impression that would have been made upon it had I travelled this country a few years earlier, when the old arch

spanned the torrent, and when the traveller might have been alone with nature, in place of in the midst of human labour, and when the only voice heard would have been the voice of the cataract. I readily admit, however, that the work going on is a most important one. There is not only a new bridge erecting, but a new road down the whole valley of the Reuss is already far advanced. It is constructed upon the very best system of road-making. It is safe and broad; and although the inclination of the valley is an inch and a half in the yard, a carriage may be drawn at a full trot the whole way down.

In walking from Andermatt down the valley, I met several small carts laden with sacks of flour, for the use of the inhabitants of Ursern, and of the upper part of the valley. I also met at least twenty women carrying up potatoes and other vegetables. Throughout the whole of the upper part of the valley of the Reuss, and in the vale of Ursern, not one stalk of any kind of grain, nor one vegetable of any kind, is to be seen. There is no doubt, however, that these might be successfully cultivated. The Vale of Ursern produces most excellent pasture, and is admitted to possess a good soil. It is far more sheltered than almost any part of the Engadine; and although more elevated than some parts of it, it is less elevated than many other parts where rye is grown abundantly, where other grain—even wheat—is not a failure, and where all the hardier vegetables are plentiful. But the land throughout all the upper part of the valley of the Reuss, and in the lower part of Ursern, is greatly neglected. I am con-

vined that grain of one kind and another, and the hardy vegetables, might be cultivated in sufficient quantities to supply the wants of the valley; but the inhabitants seem to be contented with poverty, and leave the soil to nature.

I have frequently observed, that, in all places where there is a great influx of strangers, the inhabitants are idle, and consequently poor. They trust to casualties; and find it easier to pick up a living by the wants, and partly by the bounty of travellers, than to labour the ground. This is observable in very many parts of Switzerland, and might no doubt be remarked in other countries also. There are few parts of Switzerland more visited than the Devil's Bridge, Urien, and Mount St Gothard; and in few places are the effects of this more visible in the imperfect cultivation of the soil, and in the state of the inhabitants. If Urien and the valley of the Reuss were, like the Engadine, shut out from the rest of the world, the result would be different. It is then that the inhabitants are forced upon their resources, and these are found in the exercise of their industry.

No one can be otherwise than charmed with the scenery, in descending the valley of the Reuss. From the Devil's Bridge, during at least two leagues, the banks form a succession of tremendous precipices, and the river is itself one continued rapid. I was now on one of the great Swiss highways; and, accordingly, I met tourists at every town, chiefly English or German. After the English, the Germans and Russians travel the most; the French the least of all nations. They think too highly of their own country to go into

others in quest of either pleasure or profit. It is only men of science who travel; and the consequence of this is, that abroad the French have acquired, and probably with justice, the character of being more inquiring than the natives of any other country.

About two leagues lower down than Andermatt, I found the valley widen. It was no longer a gorge, but deserved the name by which it is known—the Valley of the Reuss. The scenery, too, had somewhat changed its character. The rocks that bounded the valley were somewhat less precipitous, and were no longer entirely naked; and, mingled with the firs that fringed the river-side, were some walnut-trees. Cottages, too, were sprinkled here and there, and now and then a hamlet; still, however, grass only was to be seen. I saw many warm stripes, and even little plains, along the river-side, where wheat and vegetables could have been successfully cultivated; but I still continued to meet carts laden with flour and potatoes.

Passing through a little village, about nine in the morning, I met upwards of a hundred persons returning from prayers, all in their holiday clothes. This was no holiday; but the daily custom here, and in many other of the Catholic jurisdictions, is to spend the morning from six to eight in church. I should be sorry to say a word against the habit of daily devotion, or to speak with levity of the duty incumbent upon all, to return thanks to God for the light of another morning; nor will I even venture to say to those who profess a creed differing from mine, that a prayer

in the closet, and of greater brevity, might be as pleasing to the Deity ; but I may, nevertheless, in mentioning a fact, state what seem to be its results ; and I think it cannot be doubted, that a neglected soil, and imperfect cultivation, are occasioned by the many hours daily devoted to prayer and ceremonial, even more than by the too frequent recurrence of *jours de fête*. The strict Catholic, who happens to reside within a jurisdiction where great encouragement is given to the frequency and prolongation of prayers and ceremonies, spends in church those morning hours, which an English labourer spends in the fields. The former dresses in the morning in his holiday clothes, and throws them off when he returns ; the latter dresses in the morning for the whole day, and loses no time in dressing and undressing. Nor is it only the morning hours that are lost to labour. At two in the afternoon, the strict Catholic of Uri and elsewhere must again throw off his labourer's apparel, put on his best clothes, and repair to church. I do trust the reader will not suppose for a moment, that I intend to pass any censure upon those who thus occupy their hours in prayer ; nor even upon those by whose counsel they are directed. All this may be considered by them essential to salvation ; but can it be for a moment denied, that most important results are thus produced upon the agriculture of a country ? Ask an English farmer what would be the effect, if a law were passed by which all labour were forbidden between the hours of six and eight in the morning, and between two and four in the afternoon ; and I believe his answer would be, that if

he continued to pay the same rent, taxes, and wages, he should speedily be ruined.

As I descended still lower in the valley, the scenery became more varied and more beautiful. Charming meadows lay by the river-side, prettily diversified by clumps of walnut and pear-trees, which entirely fringed both sides of the river. The cottages and hamlets thickly dotted the slopes, standing generally upon those little eminences which were above the reach of the winter floods, and in part also secure against the descent of stones, and the avalanche of snow; and here, although the Reuss had escaped from the rocky defiles that higher up forced it into rapids and cataracts, it still retained the interest and character of a mountain-river. Still it ran a joyous course, leaping and rioting along, and occasionally broke into little cascades, as if just to remind one of the feats it had already accomplished.

I was much pleased with Altorf. It is clean, beautifully situated, and surrounded by gardens and orchards. Yet, even here, where the climate is mild, and where the ordinary fruits come to great perfection, scarcely an ear of grain is to be seen. Altorf is closely connected with the history of William Tell. He was born in the little village of Bürglen, close by; and it is here that the scene, so well known as the origin of Swiss liberty, took place, when Tell was required to strike off the apple from the head of his child. An old tower was shown to me, as indicating the spot formerly occupied by the Linden-tree, beneath which the child was placed. This may be true, or it may not; but I should rather think

the tower is of an origin anterior to the history of William Tell.

I did not remain long at Altorf, but walked forward to Fluelen, where I intended remaining till next morning. It is a mere village, but is of some little importance as being the place of embarkation for Lucerne. Here the Lake of Lucerne is seen for the first time, and at no point can it be seen to greater advantage. It happened to be one of those delicious evenings that lend a charm to any scenery. The most barren heath would have smiled beneath its mellow light. But the Lake of Uri, confessedly one of the most magnificent scenes in Switzerland, was spread out before me ; and I felt myself quite justified in refusing the invitation of a large party of travellers to join them in a late dinner. I hired the smallest boat I could find, and coasted up the lake ; and, in about an hour, I found myself opposite to a chapel erected upon a little elevated rock, gaudily painted, and not at all harmonizing with the wild scenery around. The history of the chapel is this :—William Tell was taken prisoner at Altorf, and was to be conveyed to Kuznach. For this purpose, he was put into a boat at Fluelen, and the boat set sail ; but one of those sudden and violent storms to which the lake is so subject having arisen, the boat was driven close to the shore. Tell, who is well known to have been a powerful man, saw his opportunity, and availed himself of it. He suddenly shook himself free from his bonds, and leaped on shore ; and it is upon the spot where this was accomplished that the chapel is erected, because it was

owing to this that the enemy of Swiss liberty was destroyed. Tell, who knew all the mountain-passes, fled over to Kuznach, and there killed the tyrant.

However little in harmony with the scenery the chapel and its decorations may be, it is delightfully situated for the enjoyment of the surrounding views. I moored my boat beneath, and sat long within the hallowed precinct, looking over the lake, and across to the great mountains that bounded it. I saw the last sun-beam depart from the face of the waters ; and I saw the shadows gradually creep up the mountain-side, till the bright hues of evening now forsaking one ravine, now another—now leaving the cottage, and then the chalet—crimsoned only the snow-peaks with their dying lustre. All was gray as I coasted back to Fluelen ; but the dimness of evening accords well with the gloomy character of the scenery of Uri. With corn-fields and pleasant pasture, and sprinkled cottages, we look for the harmony of light and sun-beams ; but with grim rocks, and deep waters, and dark woods, we feel that the glare of light is offensive. Sun-beams have no business there. A cloudy sky, or the dim evening, are the best accompaniments of the sublime.

Next morning I left Fluelen ; and with a fine breeze from the south, and a well filled sail, I soon passed the chapel, and approached the head of the first reach of the lake. Nothing can be finer than the view back into the Lake of Uri. The situation of this lake is such, that it is impossible to obtain a view of it unless from the water ; and no one should visit Lucerne without

sailing to Fluelen. When I speak of any of the Swiss lakes, I always call to imagination the lakes of my own country, that I may, if possible, find some resemblance ; because no power of description, even if possessed in a tenfold greater degree than any that I am able to exercise, can be so satisfactory to the reader, or convey to his mind so distinct an image, as a reference to something that he has seen. The Lake of Uri bears some resemblance to the upper part of Ulleswater, looking into Patterdale. No doubt the scenery of the Lake of Uri is greatly more majestic, the mountains are greatly higher, and the rocks far more elevated and more precipitous ; and in Ulleswater, we also look in vain for that thick clothing of wood, which in many places so finely covers the rocks that bound the Lake of Uri. Still there is a resemblance, which I believe no one who has seen both lakes will refuse to admit.

I have frequently heard the observation made ; that, after seeing the scenery of Switzerland, one will find little pleasure in travelling through the mountainous districts of our own country. I entirely dissent from this opinion, not only because I think one may look with pleasure upon beauty or sublimity of an inferior order, after having beheld that which far eclipses it, but because the scenery of our lakes and mountains is of a different character. The character of Winandermere is indeed the same as the character of the Lake of Zurich, which far eclipses it in splendour ; but there is nothing in Switzerland that resembles either Derwentwater, or Wastwater. Let it be recollect-

ed, too, that, on the bosom of a lake, the horizon is extremely bounded, and that, generally, the peaks of the lofty mountains retire; and it will not seem extraordinary if I assert, that the scenery around one of our English lakes may *seem* as majestic as that which surrounds the Lake of Switzerland. I do not say that this is always the case. From the entrance into the Lake of Uri, a multitude of snow-peaks are visible; and at the upper end of the Lake of Geneva also, the tops of the highest mountains bound the horizon; but this is far from being invariably true of the Swiss lakes; and, at all events, the distinctive character of Keawick and Wastwater will indemnify the traveller for his journey, even if he has already made the tour of Switzerland. But the Scotch lakes afford me a still stronger argument. The character of Loch-Lomond is entirely distinct from that of any lake in Switzerland; and altogether, I think, it is more beautiful. With the exception of the Lake of Bienne, none of the Swiss lakes have any islands. This is a serious defect, scarcely compensated by their other claims to superiority. Let any one who has seen the Lake of Zurich, or the Lake of Lucerne, figure to himself the effect of many wooded islands sprinkled along their surface: whichever of the Swiss lakes might be so distinguished, would unquestionably possess a decided superiority over all the rest; and if, in other respects, Loch-Lomond approaches even at a very humble distance, the charms of the Swiss lakes, the numerous and beautiful islands by which that lake is adorned, will entitle it to a rivalry with the most beautiful of them.

But there is yet another reason why the scenery of the British mountain-districts will bear an inspection, after the traveller has made the tour of Switzerland. Many of the Swiss lakes lie little less than 2000 feet above the level of the sea; and many of the Alpine valleys are double that elevation. On the other hand, the level of most of the British lakes exceeds, by but a few hundred feet, the level of the sea—indeed some of the Scotch lakes are arms of the sea. Now, the effect of this is obvious. If the mountains, or rather the visible heights surrounding one of the British lakes, be 2000 feet lower than those which rise above the Swiss lake, the scenery of the one will seem as majestic as that of the other; and, in truth, is so. It seldom happens that mountains, rising beyond 6000 feet, dip into any of the Swiss lakes. This is, at all events, true of the Lakes of Geneva, Zurich, Neufchatel, Bienne, and perhaps Brienz and Thun—of all, indeed, excepting Lucerne and Zoug, and the Wallenses; so that the scenery around the head of Ulleswater, Wastwater, Loch-Tay, and the head of Loch-Lomond, is nearly upon an equality with the scenery surrounding these Swiss lakes. The same reason which I have just assigned, as entitling me to compare the lake-scenery of Britain with that of Switzerland, has certainly the effect of disappointing, in some degree, the expectations of the traveller in Switzerland. Before travelling into Switzerland, we hear of mountains 10,000, 12,000, and 14,000 feet high; and we fancy Snowdon with two other Snowdons piled upon it, and imagine within ourselves the sublimity of such a scene. But this we

find to be a delusion. Before reaching the base of any of the great mountains, we have probably attained an elevation of 4000 or 5000 feet, by a gradual ascent, begun at Calais, and ending perhaps in the Valley of Grindelwald. It is doubtful, even when we have reached this elevation, if we are able to see the loftiest summit of the adjacent mountains. We probably see only an inferior peak or flank of the mountain ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, so that we are then looking upon a mountain 5000 or 6000 feet higher than the point upon which we stand—a reality very different from the conception of three Snowdons piled upon each other. Or even supposing that, from the elevation we have attained, we should be able to discover the highest peak, it is so far back, so distant, and so surrounded by other peaks, whose greater proximity deceives us as to relative elevation, that we still call to mind the majestic image we had conceived, and lament to find that it is not realized. The traveller, who contents himself with viewing the mountains from the valleys, cannot feel and comprehend the majesty of Swiss scenery. He must leave the valleys, and go into the mountains—fatigue, cold, storms, glaciers, precipices, and the thunder of the cataract and avalanche, will open to him a world of knowledge, which would otherwise have been for ever closed.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CANTON, LAKE, AND CITY OF LUCERNE.

The Lake of the Four Cantons—Historic Recollections—Brunnen—Schwytz—Visit to the Valley of Lauertz, and the Site of Goldau—The Fall of the Rossberg—Some Details, and Reflexions—Return to Brunnen, and Voyage to Lucerne—Gersau and its History—The Rigi—Lucerne—The Situation and Environs of Lucerne—Markets, and Prices of Provisions—Bridges—Public Seminaries—State of Morals—The Monument in Commemoration of the Swiss Guards—Churches and Relics—Promenades—State of the Canton—Attempt to ascend Mount Pilate.

LET me return to the Lake of Uri, from whose bosom I have been all this while comparing the scenery of the Swiss and British lakes.

The reader probably knows, that the Lake of Uri is the upper reach of the Lake of Lucerne, or, as it is called in German, Waldstattersee. It also bears the name of the Lake of the Four Cantons, because its shores belong to the four Cantons of Lucerne, Unterwald, Schwytz, and Uri. Although the lake has three distinct reaches—each so distinct from the other, that from one you cannot see into the adjoining reach—no part of the lake bears any distinct name, excepting that which

belongs to the Canton of Uri. The whole of the Lake of Lucerne is about nine leagues long, but scarcely in any part exceeds a league in breadth. Its depth is very various; the reach which touches upon Lucerne no where exceeds 300 feet; the middle reach is in some places a hundred feet deeper; and the Lake of Uri ranges from 600 to 900 feet in depth. This is not a great depth, considering the height of the surrounding mountains. Several of the English lakes are considerably deeper. Lucerne is decidedly the finest of the Swiss lakes; its three reaches present every variety of lake-scenery. Beauty is the characteristic of the lower branch, which is surrounded by country-houses, and orchards, and wooded knolls. The middle branch may be said to be picturesque, though still there is much beauty mingled with it; and the character of the branch of Uri is sublimity. In sailing from Altorf to Lucerne, a perfect conception of the principal varieties of lake-scenery is obtained. Lucerne is an interesting lake also, from the historic recollections with which it abounds; for the establishment of Swiss independence is the glory of its banks. There, the tyranny of its Austrian masters first begot the resolution to oppose it; there, many fierce struggles for freedom took place; and there, were performed the valiant deeds of the patriot Tell. Much is said about the danger of the navigation of the Lake of Lucerne; but I could not learn that accidents were frequent. It is generally said, that the banks of the Lake of Uri are so precipitous that a boat can no where put to shore, and, consequently, that the danger is imminent, should

a storm overtake a boat in that reach; but this is not strictly true. The banks are indeed precipitous, and in many places the rocks dip perpendicularly into the water; but there is no where so great a continuity of perpendicular rock as to render a landing impossible; and where rocks seem at a distance to be perpendicular and inaccessible, you often find, upon approaching them, that a footing is not altogether hopeless.

I had engaged the boat from Fluelen, not to take me to Lucerne, but to the little village of Brunnen, which lies on the right bank of the lake in sailing upwards, and just opposite to the entrance of the Uri branch. It was not for the purpose of seeing Brunnen that I landed there, but because I intended going from Brunnen to Schwytz, and to Gollau. Even in this little village, I found an inn which brought no discredit upon the character of the inns of Switzerland; and, after an excellent breakfast, I set out for Schwytz.

The walk between Brunnen and Schwytz is singularly beautiful. At Brunnen, the lake recedes, and the shore, no longer precipitous, slopes gently back to Schwytz, covered with fertility, and full of beauty. This is the finest part of the Canton of Schwytz; for, excepting a small part which lies towards the Lake of Zurich, it is covered with sterile mountains, and intersected by valleys, by no means remarkable for their fertility; but there is no trace of sterility in approaching Schwytz, which stands most imposingly upon the upper part of the slope—a garden around it, and the red rocky summit of Mount Mythen towering

above it. This pyramidical mount presented a very singular appearance as I approached Schwytz; a thick mist extended longitudinally along the sky, cutting this mountain in two; and above it, as if floating upon the sea of vapour, stood the red peak of Mount Mythen, bathed in sunbeams.

I found nothing to detain me long in the town of Schwytz, whose chief attraction lies in the singular beauty of its situation; but as it was then too warm to continue my walk to Goldau, I remained at Schwytz till dinner-time, passing the interval very unprofitably, though very agreeably. I found a sloping orchard, where I lay dreaming away an hour or two; a very large pear-tree spread its shade above; and I had only to walk a few yards, if I wished to cool my lips with the delicious cherries that coloured one half of the orchard. I returned to the inn at half-past one, where I found a most admirable dinner, and two agreeable companions. It may not be a piece of information altogether useless, if I tell the reader, that, being much pleased with the dinner, and with the appearance of every thing I saw, I asked the landlord upon what terms he would furnish board and lodging—dining every day as well as I had dined that day, and including breakfast, coffee or tea in the evening, and a comfortable chamber? The answer was, four francs—the sum which one often pays for dinner alone, if no bargain has been made.

I left Schwytz in the afternoon to walk to Lauertz, and to the spot where Goldau *was*. The valley of Lauertz is very charming; and, after a

pleasant walk, I reached the brink of the lake. It was a tranquil and beautiful scene, such as all the valley had often exhibited before the awful catastrophe that covered it with desolation. A few cattle were standing in the water. A little island, and the ruins of some old castle that once had crowned it, finely broke the surface; and a fisherman stood angling upon a low promontory. I continued my walk, and about sunset reached the little inn which stands upon the site of the buried Goldau. All around is ruin still; and doubtless many ages must yet elapse, before the aspect of ruin can be changed to fertility. Were it not that a scanty vegetation has sprung up amid desolation, one might believe the event to be of yesterday, for the enormous masses of rock lie as they have fallen: And how shall this ever be otherwise? Rocks withstand the influence of time; and man is too insignificant a creature to cope with even the *fallen* mountains.

I have no doubt that most readers know the history of this catastrophe. Those who do, may pass over a page or two; for I think it would be inexcusable were I to make no mention of an event so calamitous as the destruction of Goldau. It is from the little work of Doctor Zay that I abridge the few following details.

The Rossberg, a mountain between three and four thousand feet high, stood, before this catastrophe, behind the village of Goldau. The summer had been unusually rainy; and the formation of several wide crevices in the mountain, though they alarmed the individuals who discovered them, were unfortunately not sufficient to rouse the in-

habitants of the valley to a sense of their danger. In the early part of the eventful day, subterraneous noises were heard ; and several large stones broke from the mountain-side, as if acted upon by some interior force. About three in the afternoon, the awful event took place ; the mountain was rent in twain, and in a thousand ponderous fragments precipitated itself upon the valley below. Golderau, Lauertz, and two other villages, werewhelmed in its ruins. Cottages and chalets, flocks and shepherds, were carried with the falling mass ; and one of the most smiling among the valleys of Switzerland was made desolate and a grave.

There are many most affecting little histories connected with this event. The most calamitous of these is, perhaps, the history of a party of pleasure, that had made an excursion from Berne to ascend the Rigi. The party consisted of eleven persons, and, among these, were a new-married couple, M. de Diesbach and his bride. Four only of the eleven persons were saved ; and among those who perished was the wife of M. de Diesbach. Beneath these masses their bodies still lie buried ; and the rocks that are piled above, are a sufficient record of their history.

There are also recorded some extraordinary escapes, particularly those of a nurse and a child, buried all night among the rocks, but uninjured ; — of another woman and her child, carried in the cabin they inhabited into the valley, and unhurt ; — and of a house and its inhabitants swept into the lake, but saved, owing to the upper story, which was of wood, detaching itself from the rest of the building, and swimming, till a boat relieved its inmates.

Four hundred and fifty persons perished. The wrecks of the mountain covered a square league; the value of which was estimated at about L.125,000. A hundred and eleven houses were buried, besides several churches and chapels. Several hundred head of cattle were destroyed, and a great loss to the *commune* was sustained, from the annihilation of the vast extent of fine pasturage that lay upon the sides of the Rossberg. Such are a few of the principal facts connected with the fall of the Rossberg. The catastrophe has been attributed to different causes; but, like most of the great natural phenomena, the remote cause is hidden. We may go a few steps back; but they are only steps; we at length, sooner or later, reach a point beyond which all is obscurity. The fall of the Rossberg was doubtless occasioned by some internal convulsion; but the cause of that convulsion can never be any thing else than matter of ingenious dispute.

It was nearly dark when I left this scene of desolation. But a few years ago, and the sun had set upon a smiling valley; a hundred habitations had been gilded by its beams; and those who now lay mouldering beneath these mighty ruins, had sat by their cottage-doors, and amid their smiling families, the evening before the world closed upon them. They talked of the morrow, and the day after, as days that would surely come. They came, indeed, but destruction came with them.

Some of those who perished must have found a slow and terrible death. Several were discovered near the surface of the ruins, enclosed among the rocks, and living; and doubtless there were others.

who found themselves in a living tomb, far beneath the surface of the wrecks, and far beyond the reach of help. Let us hope that their number was few.

It was quite dark when I reached Schwytz, and next morning I returned to Brunnen to breakfast, and immediately afterwards continued my voyage towards Lucerne. The boat kept close to the right side of the lake, which, in the second reach, is much the more beautiful side of the bank : although in many places very steep, it is mostly covered with the richest verdure, and is well clothed with beech, ash, hazel, and oak. Hay harvest was still going on upon the steeps ; and the groups of persons upon the green slopes, pausing from their labour, and leaning upon their rakes, as we passed below, added much to the interest of the landscape. This reach of the lake appears to be terminated by Mount Pilate, whose pointed summits form a magnificent back-ground. Gersau, a little village close to the water, lies charmingly. It stands upon a low platform of the brightest grass, level with the lake, about a quarter of a mile square, and bounded on the other three sides by lofty mountains. Its white houses lie along the margin of the water, every one with its garden, and every garden full of white lilies. I thought I had seldom seen a spot of sweeter seclusion.

The history of Gersau is curious. Before the revolution it was a republic, separate and independent, and was certainly the least State in the world. Its territory was not two miles square, and it contained about two hundred houses, and twelve hundred inhabitants. An attempt was made

in 1814 to revive the republic, but it of course failed.

I wished to have landed at Gersau ; but the boatmen, apprehending a storm, said we had no time to lose, if I wished to reach Lucerne before it commenced ; and the event proved the correctness of their judgment. The lake, at this time, was a sheet of glass ; not the smallest breath of air could be felt ; but the sun shone as if through a veil ; and there was that oppressive feeling in the atmosphere that always indicates a change. The entrance into the lowest reach of the lake is extremely narrow. A new scene then opens, soft and beautiful, excepting in the direction of Mount Pilate, whose bald summits still rise to the left. Before travelling into Switzerland, or, at all events, soon after arriving in it, every one hears of the *Rigi*. “ Have you been up the Rigi ? ” is the universal question ; “ You must be sure to ascend the Rigi,” the universal injunction. I knew that the Rigi lay close to the Lake of Lucerne, and towards its northern extremity ; and, full of expectation, I requested the boatmen to point out the Rigi the moment we should come in sight of it. “ Voila le Rigi,” said the only one of the boatmen who spoke French ; and I saw before me a low, clumsily-shaped hill, green to the summit, and overtopped by many others of the mountains. The Rigi is, in fact, scarcely higher than several of our British mountains, and is only remarkable by its position, and on account of the magnificent prospect enjoyed from its summit. The finest views are not from the highest mountains. An extensive, and a beautiful view, are totally different

things ; and of this distinction, a better illustration cannot be found, than in the relative interest of the prospect enjoyed from the summits of the Rigi, and of Mount Pilate.

The boatmen made every exertion to reach Lucerne before the storm began, not probably from any apprehension of danger, but afraid lest a heavy gale should set in ahead, when they would require to labour harder and longer. About a league before reaching Lucerne, however, the storm burst over us, the sheet of glass was changed into a little angry sea covered with foam, and all the mountains were in a moment shrouded. But we were already almost sheltered by the land ; and another hour's hard tugging brought us into the basin.

The situation of Lucerne is more beautiful than striking. Upon the whole, it disappointed me at first, because the beauty of its environs is scarcely seen in approaching it from the lake ; and I missed those stupendous mountains among which I had thought to have found it. In fact Lucerne does not lie in a mountainous country, although the mountains approach near to it ; but it lies in a highly fertile and eminently beautiful country, such as no other town in Switzerland can boast, excepting Zurich. I took an evening stroll through the street, after the heavy rain which followed the storm had subsided ; and found myself accidentally upon one of the bridges. The rapidity of the Reuss as it leaves the lake is astonishing, and the clearness of its water no less so. All the rivers which empty themselves into the Swiss lakes—the Rhone, the Rhine, the Reuss, the Aar, the Limmat—enter the respective lakes less

or more discoloured; but all of them leave the lakes perfectly transparent, though not all of precisely the same hue. The Reuss, in leaving the Lake of Lucerne, is of a light green, almost approaching limpidity; the Rhine, in leaving the Lake of Constance, is of a darker green; the Rhone, in leaving the Lake of Geneva, bears a deep blue tint; while the Aar and the Limmat, as they flow out of the Lakes of Thun and Zurich, are almost entirely colourless.

The day after I arrived in Lucerne, the weekly corn-market was held. It is one of the largest in Switzerland, because it is meant for the supply, not of Lucerne only, but of the Cantons of Unterwalden and Uri, neither of which grow almost any grain; and Lucerne is the only place from which the inhabitants can supply their wants. Numerous boats from Fhuelen, and from the villages lying on the Unterwalden side, arrived during the morning; and the market was a busy and a very abundant one. There was a large supply of rye and of wheat, and a little oats and barley. The price of wheat, reduced into English money and measure, was 36s., the price of rye 14s. per quarter. The growth of grain in the Canton of Lucerne is not sufficient to supply these other Cantons of Uri and Unterwalden. Lucerne grows scarcely more than suffices for its own demand. The greater part of the grain that comes into the market at Lucerne, is from the Canton of Argovie, which is the granary of Switzerland.

From the corn-market I walked into the other markets. The vegetable market I found very abundantly supplied, and very picturesque, owing to

the great variety of the women's dresses. A stranger ought never to omit visiting the vegetable market in every town, because he may always gather, from what he sees there, a tolerable idea of the female peasantry, both as to dress and personal appearance. Here I found nothing to admire in the latter; and could only regret, that dresses so well calculated to set off a pretty face, were employed to so little purpose. The meat-market I found clean and orderly, and the meat, although not in great variety, seemed good. I found prices to be as follows:—beef 3½d., other kinds of meat 3d.; butter 7½d.; eggs 4d. p. dozen; a good fowl 8d. Bread I afterwards found to be 1½d. per lib. Vegetables and fruit are always abundant and reasonable. No wine is grown in the canton. The inhabitants drink either the wine of Neufchatel, or of the Pays de Vaud. The former costs, in an inn, a franc per bottle, the latter fifteen sous.

In walking through the streets of Lucerne, the stranger does not find much to attract him, unless he be so interested in Swiss history as to be arrested by the pictures on the old bridge, where all the important events in Helvetian history are faithfully represented in oil-colours, doubtless tending to keep alive, among the youth of Lucerne, a knowledge of Swiss independence, and a regard for its preservation. But Lucerne, although not prolific in those external attractions which catch the eye of a stranger, is possessed of many recommendations of another kind. The institutions for the intellectual and moral improvement of its inhabitants, are upon a scale of great liberality. Of these, I will mention only one—the great public school:

Into this school, every child until the age of twelve is admitted, upon payment of six francs per annum, and is taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and the first principles of Latin; and this privilege of acquiring, in early years, the rudiments of learning, is not confined to the city of Lucerne, nor even to the canton; persons may claim admittance from any other of the Swiss cantons, and even from foreign countries. But the privilege I have mentioned, is followed by another still greater. The college and the school are one establishment; and every one who has received his education in the school, is immediately received as a pupil of the college, and pays nothing for his instruction here. He is taught Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Theology, Painting and Music. The French language is also taught; but this costs six francs per annum—a trifling sum indeed, but nevertheless justifying the strange conclusion, that painting and music are looked upon as more indispensable branches of education than French. The original fund for this establishment amounted to 400,000 francs, but has subsequently been greatly increased by donations. With such an establishment as this, the Canton of Lucerne ought to be more enlightened than it is.

The state of morals in Lucerne, I have reason to think, are not remarkably pure—less so than in most of the other Swiss cities. I visited the jail, and found in it forty men, and the same number of women—twenty-six of the latter for repeated violations of chastity. The magistrates of Lucerne guard well the morals of the inhabitants; for there, as in Zurich, dancing is forbidden, excepting du-

ring the last three days of the carnival, and any two other days that may be selected. At marriages, however, the strictness of the law is relaxed, and permission may, upon such occasions, be easily obtained from the magistracy. I did not expect to find any limitation upon dancing in a Catholic canton; for, throughout Catholic Europe, dancing forms the chief recreation of the inhabitants.

There is one well-known object of curiosity in the neighbourhood of Lucerne—the monument erected to the memory of the Swiss guards who fell in defending the Tuilleries on the 10th of August 1792. Will some patriotic Swiss erect another monument to their countrymen, who fell in the second revolution of 1830? The revolution of 1792 was as necessary as the revolution of 1830; and although Louis was a better king than Charles, the Swiss are perhaps as deserving of a monument in the one case as in the other. But it is of the monument itself, not of the cause of its erection, that I must speak. The monument is to be found in the garden of General Pfyffer, a name well-known throughout Switzerland; it is hewn out of a solid rock, and represents a lion dying, wounded by an arrow, and seeming, even in the agonies of death, to protect the *fleur-de-lis*. The lion is twenty-eight feet in length, and is eighteen feet high; and the execution is deserving of every commendation. The idea was proposed to Thorwaldsen by a person sent to Rome for the purpose by General Pfyffer, and with some little variations Thorwaldsen adopted the original design, and executed a model accordingly, which

was brought to Switzerland and intrusted to M. Athorn, a sculptor of Constance, by whom the work was completed. He laboured at it eighteen months, and received 50,000 francs (2000*l.* Sterling.) Many objections have been made to this monument. I pass over those offered by such as condemn the cause of its erection, and who so admire the principle of the French revolution, that they cannot perceive any beauty in a work intended to commemorate resistance to it. Others say, the idea of the monument is not sufficiently national; but the principal objections are those which deny the originality of the design. They say, that two monuments of a similar design are to be found elsewhere; one at Strasbourg, the monument to Marshal Saxe; and the other at Vienna, in both of which, the union of strength and death is represented by a lion; but whatever may be said of the design, I believe no one objects to the execution. The old soldier who showed me the monument, was himself one of the survivors of the Swiss guard, and, of course, related to me, as I suppose he does to every one else, the history of his dangers and escape. He is a fine old man, and certainly adds to the interest of the *lion* he shows.

The same morning I made a more complete tour of the city, passing along all the four bridges, and looking into the churches and the shop-windows. One of the bridges is of extraordinary length; it crosses the river near its outlet from the lake, and is no less than 1370 feet long. Upon this bridge are a vast number of paintings from Scripture history; and I noticed that a greater

number of persons were attracted by these, than by the representations of Swiss history on the other bridge. There are still two more bridges, one uncovered and very ancient, and the other, adorned with pictures from Holbein's dance of death. I omitted to say, when speaking of the bridge consecrated to Swiss history, that near the centre is an ancient tower, called the Water-tower, probably used as a prison in former times, though some say it was used as a watch-tower.

If one should happen to be in the neighbourhood of the churches in Lucerne, it may be worth while to walk in. In the cathedral there is a picture by Lanfranc; and I was particularly struck with the size of the organ. It contains nearly 3000 pipes, some of them thirty-seven feet high, and cannot, I think, be much inferior in magnitude to the celebrated organ of Haerlem. While I stood admiring the organ, an old man accosted me, asking if I would like to see the relics; "*nous avons la plus belle collection du monde*," said he, and I willingly acceded to the proposal. The richest parts of the collection are the bones of saints; but if my little anatomical knowledge does not greatly deceive me, I took up some fragments, which would prove that there have been martyrs and saints among the brute creation. My conductor, to whom I expressed this opinion in as delicate terms as possible, only grinned at me a smile of suspicion of my orthodoxy, and passed on to a fragment of the true cross.

There are some delightful promenades in the neighbourhood of Lucerne, to which accident conducted me in the evening. One of them, a garden,

at a short distance from a gentleman's house, which is situated upon a little eminence. I was particularly pleased here with a trifling act of uncalled-for civility. At a short distance from the house, there is a jet of very clear water which falls into a small marble basin. The evening was warm, and I lifted a little water in my hand to my lips. A minute or two afterwards, a girl came running from the house, and presented me with a glass upon a silver salver. In the course of my walk I passed two convents, both of the Capuchin order, one for men, the other for women. The latter is as rich as the other is poor; and to the sisters, accordingly, the poor friars are indebted for whatever little comforts the rules of their order permit them to enjoy.

Lucerne is one of the most important of the Swiss cantons, not only as being one of the largest and the most fertile, but as sharing the Presidency of the diet with Berne and Zurich, and as being the chief of the Catholic Cantons. Spain had formerly an ambassador at Lucerne, and the Pope's nuncio is still resident in the city. The canton produces a little more than it consumes, but how much more would it produce, were industry as active within it, as in the Cantons of Berne and Zurich? A great part of Lucerne is covered with the finest soil; and I have never any where seen more abundant crops than are produced in those parts, where time and industry are bestowed upon the land. In no part of Switzerland might the inhabitants be more at their ease than in this canton; and yet there is not a *commune* in which paupers are not to be found. There are no direct taxes in the canton; but every inhabitant of the city pays

six francs per annum, without distinction of fortune ; and there is also a small tax levied for the maintenance of a police.

The canton is not so purely a republic as some of the other cantons. The city has the right of returning one half of the members of the Supreme Council ; and these members enjoy their dignity for life. The clergy in this canton are numerous. There are no fewer than 111 resident in the capital, which is nearly two to every hundred inhabitants.

Whilst I remained in Lucerne, the weather was unfavourable for the ascent of mountains. Mists were constantly hovering over them, and often obscuring their summits ; but I resolved to make an attempt. My choice was divided between Mount Pilate and the Rigi ; but as the weather cleared up considerably the second day of my stay in Lucerne, I resolved to attempt the ascent of Mount Pilate, because the Rigi being greatly lower, I might more probably find another opportunity of ascending it. I may be allowed to say a few words of my attempt, although it proved unsuccessful.

I left Lucerne about three in the afternoon, with an active and very intelligent guide, and passed through a very charming country between Lucerne and the base of the mountain. The lower part of the mountain is finely wooded, and the ascent to the pasturages is not at all fatiguing. These stretch to a very considerable elevation, and I found them covered with cattle. After about an hour and a half easy walking, I gained a ridge, from which the path descended rapidly into an

Alpine valley called Eigenthal. Traversing this, it mounts again, still passing through continued pasturage, and getting constantly steeper; and about half-past seven, or a little later, I gained the Bründlenalpe, where I purposed sleeping. At this time, the different summits of the mountain were entirely free from clouds; and I could not but regret that the evening was too far advanced to justify me in attempting the ascent. I slept in a chalet in the Bründlenalpe, and slept well; but it was a sad disappointment, when, upon looking out early next morning, I saw nothing beyond the elevation where I stood; especially as my guide had been quite confident in his anticipations of a serene morning. I waited two or three hours, in hopes that the sunshine might break through, and disperse the mists; but the expectation was vain; the clouds became more dense, rolling down the valleys; and below, as well as above me, the mountain was soon entirely shrouded. I turned towards Lucerne very reluctantly, and reached the hotel about mid-day.

Mount Pilate is, on many accounts, an interesting mountain. Its very appearance creates an interest; for the form of its three highest peaks is singularly striking; and, rising immediately from the lake to the height of more than 7000 feet, it presents a grand, and seemingly very elevated front. It was upon this mountain that, many years ago, a great and useful work was constructed, for the purpose of facilitating the descent of timber. It was a kind of groove, no less than 40,000 feet (nearly eight miles) in length;—a most gigantic work, and worthy of a more endur-

ing fate. A trunk of a tree, ninety feet long, and two feet in diameter, committed to this groove, accomplished its journey in the inconceivably short space of two minutes and a half. Compared with this, what are the movements of the locomotive steam-engines? This work was destroyed in 1819. *

There is a tradition connected with this mountain, which I must not omit noticing. There is a small lake, very high up in the mountain, into which Pontius Pilate, stung with remorse, is said to have plunged; and this event, in the popular belief of bygone days, was of course looked upon as the cause of all the storms that assailed the mountain, and of every misfortune that befel those who lived within its precincts. The superstition, I believe, has passed away; but that it did exist to a surprising extent, is certain. There are two caverns or grottos near the Bründlenalpe, said to be of vast extent; but for my part, I always refuse to visit grottos, which I have never found to repay the traveller for his trouble; and the entrance to those on Mount Pilate being dangerous as well as troublesome, I declined listening to the importunities of my guide.

* See Appendix.

CHAPTER XIII.

BERNE.

Journey from Lucerne to Berne—The Zempacher See—Appearance of Berne—Preparations for opening the Diet—Arrival of the Deputies—The Platform of the Cathedral, and View of the Oberland Bernois—The Markets, and Prices of Provisions—Berne as a Residence—Sunday in Berne—St Christophe—The Tirage Federal—Crime and Punishment—Anecdote—The Opening of the Diet—Honours rendered to Ladies—Details respecting the Opening Ceremonies—Public Opinion and Political Party in Switzerland.

THE Rigi continued enveloped in clouds ; and I did not remain at Lucerne till they were dissipated. I therefore missed the panorama of the Rigi, which all the world agrees is worth seeing; and left Lucerne *en voiture* for Berne. Pedestrianism is agreeable in mountainous countries only ; and as this is not the character of the country from Lucerne to Berne, I changed for a while my travelling character.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the environs of Lucerne, on the side of Berne. The Reuss flows in a fine broad rapid stream close to the road ; while, on the other side, the most inviting slopes redeem the country from the charac-

ter of tameness. Gardens and orchards lie along the other side of the river, and neat country-houses give animation to the landscape. This part of Switzerland strongly reminded me of some parts of the county of Worcester. The Lake of Sempach, or the Zempeacher-Zee, is not much heard of; and yet, if one arrived upon its banks without having previously seen any of those other lakes which are surrounded by more majestic scenery, the Lake of Sempach would be called beautiful. I journeyed along its banks just before sunset, and was greatly delighted with the gentle scenes that lay near it. The hills surrounding it do not rise more than a thousand feet above its level, and are covered with meadows and woods; and not fewer than six or eight villages are scattered along the margin of the water. A change in scenery, as in almost any thing else, is pleasing; and, glorious as is the scenery of the mountains, the mind experiences an agreeable emotion, when, after a long journey amid the sublime objects they disclose, we descend into the fertile plain. Excitement may be too intense to be long sustained without pain; and this is the secret of the pleasurable emotion we experience. The quieter and tamer beauties of the plain are felt to be a relief, and bring repose to the overwrought feelings.

After leaving the Zempeacher-Zee, I continued to pass through much the same kind of country, and stopped at a place I think called Casteln, for the night. In this neighbourhood, I remarked the most luxuriant crops, and the most neglected land, side by side. The cause was

worth inquiring into; and the explanation was such as I expected, but much regretted to learn. This part of the canton borders upon that of Berne. The proprietors, are some of them Catholics, some Protestants. So far the enigma is unexplained. But, unfortunately, there is no part of Switzerland where the consciences of the inhabitants are so tender as here, nor any part where this tenderness is so much encouraged. In the village I allude to, the bell rings for prayers at five. The church is not close to the village, so that dressing, going to church, the observances when there, returning, undressing and breakfasting, occupy the entire morning; and the same observances at two in the afternoon occupy other two hours. If we allow, as an average, twelve hours for labour, and say that four hours are occupied in the manner I have mentioned—and this is the very least that can be allowed—one-third more labour is bestowed upon the land belonging to the Protestants, than that belonging to Catholics; and if to these hours we add twenty-two holidays, we have a still more satisfactory explanation of the enigma I have mentioned.

That part of the Canton of Berne which lies between its metropolis and Lucerne, is a rich and well enclosed country, fertile in every kind of grain, and abounding in luxuriant meadows; and in approaching the city, well built, and sometimes prettily ornamented houses, show themselves every few hundred yards. The first view of Berne is striking. A fine irregular line of lofty houses is seen stretching along the top of the height that overhangs the river. Gardens

slope down to its brink ; and at the end of the line, on a still greater elevation, stands the cathedral, surrounded by the dark shade of some sombre trees. There are three principal hotels in Berne, Le Faucon, La Couronne, and Les Gentilhommes. I had been recommended to the latter, and found great reason to be pleased with it. The Falcon is the hotel chiefly frequented by the English ; and I have been told, that it happens frequently, at the table d'hôte, there is not a native of any other country than England. I believe it is an excellent hotel, though somewhat expensive.

Berne has much the air of a metropolis, and several of its streets are well worthy of the rank it holds ; for although Zurich be larger, and more populous, and the Canton of Zurich the first in the Confederation, Berne is the reputed capital of all Switzerland, and is, in consequence, the residence of the ministers of the different foreign powers. But although there is much permanent magnificence about Berne, the bustle which, upon entering the town, struck me as being so different from any of the other Swiss towns, I found was owing to a specific cause : the Diet was about to assemble, and this of course created a great influx of company. Scarcely ten minutes elapsed without an arrival ; but the most amusing of these, was the arrival of the deputies themselves. The carriage in which sat each deputy, generally in solitary state, was preceded by an official person on horseback, himself and the hinder part of his horse covered with an enormous mantle, one half of it of one colour, and the other half of another. Nothing can be more fantastic than the ap-

pearance of these men. One side of their mantles of flaming red perhaps, the other bright yellow, or white, or any other colour in perfect contrast with it ; and each had a great cocked hat on his head, and an enormous sword by his side. These are the colours of the canton ; but why two colours should be necessary, I could learn no farther, than that such is the will of the council. It was amusing enough to observe the contrast in the *entrée* of the different deputies. You hear the quick pace of a horse, and, mounted upon it, is the official in his mantle ; but the mantle is new, the colours bright, the feather in the cocked hat full and unsullied, and the horse that has the honour to carry all this, handsome, and handsomely caparisoned ; then is heard an extraordinary cracking of whips, and four or five well-conditioned horses, guided by a smart postilion, are seen trotting quickly along, and a handsome new painted, and somewhat gaudy carriage behind, in which sits the deputy. This is doubtless the deputy of Zurich, or Basle, or St Gall. Now for the contrast. You hear the stumbling pace of a hack, and, mounted upon it, is also the official in his mantle ; but the mantle is old, the colours faded, the feather in the cocked hat meagre and tarnished ; and the horse below bears its honours meekly, its head looks earthward, and its trappings are evidently recommended by long service. Then one or two feeble cracks are heard, just loud enough to acquit the conscience of the postilion from the charge of entering the metropolis without one sign of a deputy ; and two or three rough horses are seen at something between a trot and a walk, dragging along a heavy rolling machine,

though certainly of the coach species, in which sits the honourable deputy. This you may set down as the deputy of Unterwalden, Uri, or Tessin ; so great is the difference between the wealth and importance of one canton and another, and the means of their several representatives. It is not the etiquette for a deputy to make his entrée accompanied by any part of his family, so that a separate carriage generally followed at a little distance, carrying the wife and part of the family of the representative. Almost all the deputies bring their wives ; this is no doubt the result of a very natural vanity on the part of the ladies, who, for one year at least in their lives, are elevated above the station of their neighbours, and enjoy certain high privileges and honours while they mix in the society of Berne—precedence, for example. This is strictly observed, not only in general society, but among each other. The wife of a deputy not only takes precedence of all ladies who are not deputies' wives, but each takes precedence according to the rank which the canton represented by her husband holds in the Confederation. The consequence of this is, that the small have precedence over the great—a thing that I do not believe occurs in any other part of the world. The wives of the representatives of Uri, Unterwalden, and Schwytz, must take precedence of their rivals from the greater and richer cantons of Basil, St Gall, Argovie, Geneva, &c.

The first time I left the hotel, I directed my steps towards the platform of the cathedral, so celebrated for the magnificent view enjoyed from it of the Alps *Bernois*. This platform stands

about 100 feet above the river. It is not very large ; but the fine shade above, and the charming prospect around, sufficiently justify the preference of the inhabitants. The Aar sweeps in a noble stream below. Gardens in terraces hang upon the bank, which, for a mile in length, presents a beautiful declivity, covered with fruit-trees, and evergreens, and weeping-willows, and enamelled with the dyes of a thousand flowers. Beyond the river, the eye ranges over a country rich in every kind of verdure, sprinkled with villages, and thickly studded with white houses and cottages ; and beyond stretches the vast line of mountains, their summits distinguishable from the clouds only by their greater purity. I frequently returned to this spot while I remained in Berne, and contemplated this magnificent amphitheatre in all the varieties lent to it by the different lights and hues of morning, noon, and evening ; and so vivid and pleasing are my recollections of the hours I spent there, that were I asked to enumerate the advantages of different spots as places of residence, I should certainly bear this platform in mind. Many other cities have fine promenades, and *pointes des vues*, as the French call them ; but then an hour or two is perhaps required to get to them ; whereas one may walk from any part of Berne to the platform in ten minutes. There, too, other senses besides that of sight may be gratified ; for while nature has spread out a feast for the most intellectual of the senses, man has provided for the wants of another—the least refined of them all. A commodious *café* flanks the corner of the promenade, where you may one moment contemplate the glories of

Jungfraw, and the next, the more rosy and scarcely less frigid charms of an ice-cream. The union of pleasures can no farther go. I had almost forgotten to mention the cathedral, which stands upon the platform. I did not find much to admire in it. It is of the Gothic architecture of the end of the 15th century, and is not very remarkable any way. I mounted the steeple, which is almost 200 feet high, but found myself scarcely rewarded for the fatigue. The view from the summit is somewhat more extensive, but not more beautiful than that enjoyed from the platform below.

The next place I visited was the market; and, in going towards it, I could not but again remark the spacious streets, and excellent houses of the Swiss metropolis. I do not recollect many streets in England superior to the *Grande Rue* of Berne. The houses are lofty, handsome, and built of stone; the street wide, long, and adorned with many fountains; and an arcade runs along each side, offering shelter from the rain, and shade from the sun. I never saw any where (excepting at Toulouse) a more abundant vegetable market than I saw at Berne. It entirely filled the street for a space little short of half a mile, and every kind of vegetable is good and cheap. The season was not sufficiently advanced to afford a great variety of fruits; but the cherries were abundant and fine, and remarkably cheap. In the butcher-market, I saw excellent meat of every kind, and also in great abundance. Beef, in Berne, averages about 2½d. per lib., mutton 2d., veal 3d. Butter may generally be purchased at about 6d.; fowls 1s. 3d. a pair; eggs at 1½d. per dozen. Bread sells at 1½d. per

lib. Berne, therefore is a cheap place of residence, and would certainly be in many respects an agreeable one. Houses, however, are difficult to be had, and are consequently rather dear; but I noticed a considerable number of new half-built houses in the neighbourhood of the town, from which we may infer, that although dear at present, they are likely to be cheaper. I omitted to mention, while speaking of the price of provisions, that there are no dues of entry into the town of Berne, which satisfactorily explains the reason of their low prices. In Berne, the wages of servants are nearly the same as in England; but in the country they are not above one half. Horses may be kept for very little; and I need scarcely say, that there is no tax either upon horses or carriages. There is a tax of another kind, which exclusively affects strangers: it is a direct tax of 30 francs per annum upon the head of every foreigner resident within either the city or any part of the *Præfecture* of Berne. I see nothing unjust in this tax. If a foreigner selects, for his place of residence, any other country than his own, he receives the protection of the laws of the country in which he resides, and may justly be asked to contribute towards the expense of those establishments by which he directly benefits; and it were perhaps to be wished that other countries would follow the example of Berne, and thus diminish those temptations which lure so many of the English abroad. This would be better than a tax upon absentees. If sufficient in its amount, it would answer the same purpose, and would prevent the necessity (for to a necessity it very nearly amounts) of laying on

a tax which might be so justly objected to, as being a direct tax upon personal liberty.

The day after I arrived in Berne chanced to be Sunday—the best of all days for seeing and judging of the condition, and even the character, of the inhabitants—at least of the lower classes. During the forenoon, the general aspect of things was somewhat *triste*; but the evening brought with it the gaiety of a Catholic city; and I do not recollect to have any where seen a better dressed, better behaved, or seemingly a more happy, population.

The members of the Diet assembled in the afternoon to elect a president, and for other matters of form, previous to the public ceremonial of the following day. There was no procession; they went singly, each on foot, in full black dress, with sword and cocked hat, and preceded by the official in his mantle. A small guard of soldiers was drawn up before the Hotel de Ville; and, as each deputy passed by, he was received with the roll of a drum, and with presented arms. A good many people were assembled to see their representatives pass by. Every one took off his hat, but indeed it would have been positive rudeness to have done otherwise, as the deputies themselves walked uncovered. They were in general respectable-looking men; and were all dressed alike, excepting two, who wore boots. I should think shoes and silk stockings are unknown in some of the cantons.

In the evening I walked into the environs. Passing through one of the gates, I remarked an old tower and a colossal statue placed in a niche. This statue is commonly called Goliah, but in for-

mer times had the honour of being a saint, and even earned the reputation of performing miracles. He was then called St Christophe, and had a niche in the church of St Vincent ; but since he has been placed upon the tower, his character has been changed from a saint to that of a warrior. He has now an axe over his shoulder, and a sword in his hand. I had almost forgotten to say, that when St Christophe occupied his original place in the church, his situation was most convenient for those who desired to profit by his miracle-working power. It was only necessary to pass between his legs. I noticed also, in passing along the streets, several fountains constructed upon strange and inexplicable designs. Upon one of them is a statue of a gigantic person, whose face expresses any thing but cannibalism, busily employed in devouring a child. I observed in the fosse, near the Porte d'Arberg, some enormously large bears—one weighing, as I was told, 560 lib. Bears are more *a-propos* here than any where else, because the bear is the arms of the city, and is impressed upon the coin of the canton.

The principal object of my walk was to see the preparations for the *Tirage Federal*. The *Tirage Federal* may be called a national institution. Its object is to keep alive a martial spirit among the people, and at the same time to teach expertness in the use of fire-arms. This assembly is held yearly, and takes place alternately at Berne, Geneva, Aarau, Basil, and Fribourg. No one can enter the lists who has not resided ten years in Switzerland ; and with this single re-

striction, all are permitted to try their skill. The prizes distributed vary from 100 to 1000 francs. These are partly paid by grants from the different cantons, and partly from the fees which every candidate pays upon entering his name. The fee is but trifling—five or ten francs; but I forget which.

I confess I did not expect to find the preparations for this *fête*, as it may be called, so extensive, or so much importance attached to it. I found a wooden building erected of very great dimensions, rather more than five hundred yards long, a hundred and fifty yards wide, and the roof immensely lofty. This building is divided into compartments, from the front of which the candidates fire; and in the middle is an elevated place for the judges. Opposite to this building, at two hundred yards distance, are placed the targets, which extend in line the same length as the building; and behind the first mentioned building is another, of precisely similar dimensions, where innumerable tables are laid out, and benches placed, for the refreshment of the company. I found the field covered with people, all contemplating, with the greatest interest, the preparations for this favourite national trial; and, in a meadow at a little distance by the river-side, many of the young men of Berne were practising for the approaching *Tirage Federal*. One of the highest prizes in this tirage is looked upon by the young men of Switzerland as an object of the greatest and most laudable ambition. The best marksmen are greatly honoured in their neighbourhood; and as all those who gain the highest

prizes are allowed to carry away the targets that prove their prowess, it is not unusual to see these fixed upon the peasants' houses, in various parts of Switzerland.

: I returned to the city by a very delightful road, which I found crowded with the *Bernois* and *Bernoise*, enjoying their Sunday evening's relaxation from labour. I remarked among them a more equal mixture of the male and female population, than I had seen in the other Swiss cities. In most of the Swiss towns, that separation which exists between the sexes among the upper ranks, extends also to the lower orders. The women are seen walking in groups, and so are the men; but in Berne they order things better. I observed, as in England, lads and lasses walking together, and talking, laughing, jesting, and frolicking with each other. I even saw here and there a pair of sweethearts in the more retired walks. All this is as it ought to be.

In entering the town, I passed by the prison, and took the opportunity of making one or two inquiries of the person who happened to be standing at the door of the *concierge*. The result was not very favourable to the state of morals. There were then almost 400 persons confined, by far the greater number for theft. There was one person awaiting his trial for wilful fire-raising, a crime which is punished upon the principle of strict retributive justice. They who are proved to have been wilful incendiaries are burnt. About four months before I visited Switzerland, an incendiary had suffered this punishment at Bienne. The prison is new, remarkably handsome, and

very large ; but I fear not too large for the demands upon it. I did not visit the interior, but I understand its regulations are of the best possible kind.

A circumstance occurred at supper, at the table d'hôte, worth relating. Before supper, several gentlemen stepped into the room, among others one Englishman. The book in which strangers enter their names lay open upon a table, and the Englishman entered his name. Several persons looked into the book in passing, among others, a Russian gentleman and myself ; and I found the Englishman had put in the column marked *Caractère*, "*Homme de Lettres*." We placed ourselves at table, and it so happened that the Russian and the man of letters were placed opposite to each other. The Russian was scarcely seated before he addressed the Englishman in German ; but it being evident that he was not understood, he next tried Italian. The man of letters knew enough of Italian to distinguish the language in which he was addressed ; and he replied, in indifferent French, that he did not speak Italian. The Russian now concluded that he had at last found out the medium of communication, and he immediately addressed the man of letters in French, but was still unsuccessful. He replied, indeed ; but after a few more attempts, the Russian found that, even in French, he had all the conversation to himself ; and, as if determined upon following up his triumph, he then addressed the gentleman in tolerably good English, saying, he was always glad to meet with foreigners, that by talking to them in their own language, he

might improve his knowledge of it. I could not but feel for my countryman all this while, though his egregious folly in taking a title of so much pretension, almost removed him beyond the pale of compassion. He might possibly be entitled to the designation of "*Homme de Lettres*," though he could *speak* no language but his own; but it was extremely unwise to designate himself so, unless he possessed the power of proving his pretensions. The Russians are distinguished, beyond the natives of all other countries, for the facility with which they acquire languages; and it was certainly a remarkable piece of ill fortune, that the man of letters should have fallen so inopportunely into the hands of a Russian.

Next morning, I was awoke at an early hour by the commotion in the street. Bells were ringing, drums were beating, and carriages rolling, at the early hour of six o'clock. The first part of the ceremony of opening the Diet, consists in the deputies assembling at church, to attend divine worship. They repaired to it one by one, the same as the evening before; and although they entered the house of God, honour was paid, in entering, to the representatives of the people. A guard was drawn up on each side of the porch; and colours were lowered, and arms presented, as each deputy passed by. The church was extremely crowded; but I contrived to get near the preacher, who delivered a very well-arranged, very long, and rather energetic sermon, upon the duties of representatives and lawgivers. I left the cathedral before the ceremony was concluded, that I might obtain a place in the other church, where

the remainder of the ceremonies were to take place. I found the streets lined with a very motley description of soldiers—some in one dress, some in another, and some without any distinguishing dress at all, and at least one-half of the whole number boys of from twelve to sixteen years old. The interior of the church was very well arranged. All the pews were removed. A large table was placed at one end; and four rows of green velvet chairs occupied all the centre, excepting where a passage was left opposite to the table; and at the other end were ranged thirty or forty rows of benches, one above another, as in the pit of a theatre. When I reached the church, these were entirely filled with ladies in handsome morning dresses; but three benches in front were vacant, reserved for the families of the deputies, and perhaps some of the privileged aristocracy of Berne. Until the arrival of the deputies, I had nothing to do but scan the company; and after having run my eye over the thirty or forty benches, I was constrained to say, that not one fine countenance was to be seen.

After several general officers, dressed in splendid uniforms, and covered with orders, had been ushered in by the officer in waiting, a roll of a drum was heard at the door, and every one thought the deputies were coming; but, behold! three ladies entered—a deputy's wife and two daughters—who took their seats, with an air of extraordinary importance, upon the chairs reserved for the privileged; and so they well might; for to be received with military honours, is a distinction that I dare to say is not rendered to ladies in any

other part of the world. A man and his wife in Berne are truly *one*. I noticed that the most strict regard was paid to precedence; so much so, that two ladies, who had been improperly placed, were obliged to leave their seats, to make way for others who possessed a superior right. The clergy and the magistracy arrived next: for the former, two rows of chairs had been prepared; and the Protestant clergy were placed in the front row, the Catholic behind. It so happened, that the Catholic clergy had arrived first, and had been directed to occupy the seats reserved for the Protestant clergy; and when the latter arrived, the Catholic clergy were politely requested to occupy the place of less honour. But they have their days of honour also. The rule is, that precedence follows the religion of the canton in which the Diet is held; so that, when the supreme council holds its sittings at Lucerne, which it does every fifth and sixth year, the Catholic clergy occupy "the chief seats in the synagogue." This is quite fair. At length, a louder roll of the drum than usual announced the approach of the deputies, who entered at a slow and senatorial pace, preceded by the twenty-two officials in their mantles; and until the President had taken his place, and the deputies were seated, every one stood, and a solemn anthem was played by a full and very effective band, which was placed in the gallery. The deputies were all dressed as I had seen them before; and the two who wore boots, were in boots still. They walked the sixth and sixteenth, and were therefore the deputies of Unterwalden and Tessin. Among the wives of the

deputies, I noticed no distinguishing peculiarity in dress. The ladies from Unterwalden and Tessin were quite as much *à la mode* as those from Zurich or Geneva.

Almost immediately after the President had taken his seat, he rose, and addressed the assembly. He spoke of the greatness of the occasion, upon which they were met; he enlarged upon the excellence of the constitution; and dwelt upon the importance of the oath which the members were about to take; and, after a well-delivered speech, which occupied nearly three quarters of an hour, he took his seat amid a flourish of trumpets and drums. The heads of the constitution were then read, and the members took the oath to maintain it. Another anthem finished the ceremonies, and so the Diet was opened. I omitted to say, that the church was hung with tapestry, representing the deeds of arms by which Helvetia had distinguished herself in history.

The Swiss Diet, like the legislative bodies of other states, has its friends and its enemies, its panegyrists and its calumniators; and, even in Switzerland, there is such a thing as political party. Several questions of very great importance were expected to come under the consideration of the legislature; one, a project for a single code of laws for the whole Federal Republic; another, a proposal to assimilate the coins of the different cantons. I am confident, from what I have observed of the state of public opinion in the different states, that neither of these projects will ever be carried into effect. If the different jurisdictions in the country of the Grisons were, so

much opposed to one code of laws, even for their own canton, how is it to be expected that the twenty-two cantons—differing from each other in intelligence, in religion, in political constitution—should accept a project, the object of which is to narrow the distinction that now exists among them? It is only a feeling of political expediency that holds the republic together. Each canton looks upon itself as a distinct state, and is proud of all that distinguishes it from its neighbours. I fear, therefore, that the Swiss republic will continue to feel those disadvantages which are inseparable from a union of states (however inconsiderable), whose interests are in some respects opposed to each other, and in which knowledge and civilization have not made equal progress.

I intended to have gone, the day after the Diet opened, to visit the Lake of Bienné, but the badness of the morning prevented me; and the weather continued so unsettled during the greatest part of a week, that I still continued to make Berné my head-quarters.

CHAPTER XIV.

BERNE—ST PETER'S ISLE—HOFWYL.

Reasons for preferring Berne as a Residence—Society of Berne—Public Establishments—Excursion to the Lake of Biemme and Rousseau's Isle—Aarberg—The Lake—Character of St Peter's Isle—Reflexions—Return to Berne—Excursion to Hofwyl—Details respecting the Establishment—Canton of Berne.

IF I were to make choice of a Swiss city for a residence, it should certainly be Berne; chiefly because I prefer the character of the inhabitants, and the usages of the city, to the character and usages of other towns, and partly because I like its situation better. In the latter ground of preference, I may probably not find many to agree with me. It is true, that Berne will not vie with Zurich in the variety of scenery that surrounds it. It cannot be compared with Lucerne, in proximity to the Alps, and in the charm of lake prospects; nor can it boast so fertile a country, or so noble a river, as Basil. But upon the principle, that the human mind delights in variety, and that the scenery which we see constantly around us, must lose, in time, a part of its charm, nothing is, perhaps, lost to enjoyment, by being a little

removed from those scenes which are capable of bestowing it. But although the neighbourhood of Berne has not, like Lucerne and Zurich, its lake and mountains, nor another Rhine, like Basil, it has attractions of a different kind. Mountains have their mists and their rains, and lakes have their exhalations. Berne has a pure dry air, and a more equable temperature, than the other Swiss cities; and the lover of nature and of mankind will find around Berne, that pleasing union of animated with inanimate nature—that mixture of busy life and inert matter, and even that variety of natural scenery—which are altogether a more permanent source of enjoyment than more sublime and less animated pictures.

As a city, Berne is greatly superior to Basil, Lucerne, or Geneva. It is a pleasant thing to walk in wide airy streets, and at the same time to have the advantage of shade and shelter, if required. Where there are arcades, one may always choose between bustle and quiet—bustle under the arcades—quiet in the centre of the street; and in the *agremens* of a city, Berne has decidedly the advantage of its rivals. And this leads me to say a few words respecting the character of the inhabitants, and the *modes* of life. These are far less *triste* than in Zurich or Basil. In Berne, there is a more unrestrained intercourse among the inhabitants; and we do not find there, as in most parts of Switzerland, separate *reunions* of men and women. There is much of French gaiety, but little of the licentiousness which sometimes attends it; and this gaiety, is at the same time finely tempered by a portion of that senti-

ment and enthusiasm which belong to the German character. It is true, that the principle of exclusiveness is not forgotten in the society of Berne. The aristocracy is proud to a certain extent, and guarded in its intercourse; but the rights of the aristocracy are so well defined, that, to enforce them, produces none of those heart-burnings and envyings that so often result, in other countries, from distinction in *grade*. The assumption of certain privileges, and the exclusiveness to which these give rise, may seem excessively absurd—above all, in a republic; but it does not at all interfere with the amicable intercourse of the inhabitants; nor can the exclusiveness of the patrician society of Berne diminish in any degree the comfort of strangers. A stranger has his *grade* in his own country; and he has no right to expect, that, in visiting a foreign country, he will step out of it. If his rank at home be such as entitles him to enter the patrician society of Berne, he will find no difficulty in being admitted into it. On the other hand, if he belong to the middle ranks of his own country, he must be contented with the same rank in Berne.

Berne, too, possesses all those public establishments which render a place agreeable as a residence. It has excellent libraries—excellent academies—delightful promenades—convenient and well-ordered baths; a theatre, concerts and balls, during winter; clever lecturers upon most of the sciences; eloquent and pious clergymen of almost every denomination; and to this list may be added, abundance of shops, where all that contributes either to comfort or luxury may be found.

The French language is generally understood among the well educated. The higher the class in which you mix, the more you will find it spoken. At the same time, a knowledge of German will be highly advantageous to a resident in Berne, because it is almost exclusively the language of the people.

During my residence in Berne, I repeated my visits to the different places which I had before glanced at. I never passed through the market without receiving new gratification, though mingled with some painful reflexions. The healthy and robust appearance of the country-people, well clothed, and evidently well fed—busy, and seemingly contented—could not but recall to my mind the half-starved population of the great manufacturing cities of England and France, and almost begot a doubt in my mind whether England be in reality the happiest country in the world.

I also visited every part of the environs, particularly one promenade, called *l'Engue*, whose only fault is, that it lies about a mile from the city. It is a most charming walk, beautiful on every side, and commanding a vast amphitheatre, the sublime spectacle of the highest range of Alps. The Schreck-horn, the Monk, the Silver-horn, the Wetter-horn, the Jungfrau, and Mount Eiger, occupy the centre of the range—names that one has heard a hundred times, and that are associated in the mind with all that is sublime in the natural world. I always found that promenade crowded, especially in the evening. It is the favourite rendezvous of the Bernois, and, like the platform of the cathedral, it affords a union of pleasures.

A second visit to the cathedral showed me the Last Judgment carved in wood above the gate—a work reflecting credit upon the age in which it was executed. A model of the tower, not as it is, but as it was once intended to be, was shown to me. The reason why it was not completed according to the original model, is said to have been owing to the insecurity of the foundation.

Having entirely satisfied my curiosity at Berne, and the weather having cleared up, I left it at day-break in a cabriolet, to visit the Lake of Bienné, and the Isle of St Peter, commonly called Rousseau's Isle. In every direction around Berne, proofs are abundant of the great industry of the Bernoise peasantry, and of the easy and comfortable condition in which they live. I every where saw a fertile soil about to repay well the toil of the labourer. Every cottage appeared substantial; and the little gardens attached to it carefully dressed and neatly arranged. But one has not the satisfaction of knowing, in passing through this canton, that the labourer is lord of the soil he works, and that every seed he throws into the earth will return its produce into his own granary. Much of the land in the central parts of this canton, and especially in the neighbourhood of the capital, belongs to large proprietors—so large at least, that the land is laboured by hired-servants; but the condition of every order of society in most parts of Switzerland leaves little for the philanthropist to desire. As one proof that not a foot of ground is lost, I may mention, that I passed several dunghills, upon which there grew a luxuriant crop of sallad and cabbages. It may

also be worth while to say, that these dunghills are formed with as much nicety as hay-stacks in other countries. They are square, level on the top, thatched round with straw, and, unless where they are put to the use of gardens, covered at the top.

I breakfasted at Aarberg, a clean little town built upon the banks of the Aar, which almost surrounds it. Soon after leaving Aarberg, I reached a spot where formerly stood a village of twenty-eight houses, which were all destroyed a few years ago in a conflagration raised by an incendiary. The reason of this act is said to have been ill-will conceived against the different shopkeepers and other persons, who refused to give him credit. The common law of Switzerland against incendiaries was disappointed in this instance. The incendiary, being pursued, crept into a drain, where he was suffocated. A small monument is erected upon the spot where his house stood, setting forth the crime of its owner, and forbidding that any other dwelling shall be erected upon the same spot. Three hours more brought me to the height above the Lake of Bienne; and from this spot the view also embraces the Lake of Neufchatel, and the whole range of the Jura mountains. The view of the Lake of Bienne is not striking—scarcely beautiful or picturesque. It is merely pleasing;—mountains of the fourth or fifth order, covered with wood, and vines, and meadows, surround it, and several villages are scattered at their feet. The chief attraction of the spot lies in the Isle of St

Pierre, and the recollections it recalls of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

I hired a boat at the little village nearest to the island; and soon approached its bank; but, before landing, I made the circuit of it—a voyage of only a mile and a half; and, although in first looking down upon the Lake of Bienné, I had thought that Rousseau might have chosen a more select retreat, I was no longer of this opinion in sailing round the island of his choice. Nothing can be more varied, or of a sweeter or gentler character, than the scenery of this little spot. Steep rocks, sloping meadows, vines, and groves and thickets, are passed by in succession; and the water being absolutely without a ripple, the boat glided all the way above the grass and groves reflected beneath. I landed close to the house which Rousseau had once inhabited, and where he vainly fancied he had at last found repose from the real and imagined persecutions of mankind. The house is now used as an inn, and the room is of course shown, where the “self-torturing sophist” was wont to muse on the ingratitude of his species; and to congratulate himself upon having escaped from the toils of his enemies, and the intrusions of the impertinent.

I walked over every foot of the island; and I trust it will not be called misplaced enthusiasm, if I confess, that the recollections to which the scene gave birth, were mingled with some tenderness for the memory of the man who had there dreamed away half a lifetime. Rousseau was in reality a greater, and perhaps a better man, than his more fortunate rival; and although he has left

Behind him less voluminous records of his labours than Voltaire, this perhaps is only one proof of his greater genius. The errors of Rousseau are the errors of an excited imagination. He believed that he promulgated truths; but Voltaire, when he deluged the world with his sophistry, smiled all the while at the credulity of mankind. I cannot help thinking, that the philosophical works of Rousseau are less esteemed than they deserve; for although the *Emilius* is founded upon a dubious principle, yet it teaches many important truths, and even contains within it some beautiful and highly moral lessons.

In wandering over the narrow limits of St Peter's Isle, one cannot but compassionate the condition of the man, whose morbid state of mind drove him into exile; and yet it would perhaps be wiser to give credence to his own assertion, that the years which he spent in this secluded spot were the happiest of his life. Here he felt himself separated from that world, which he believed to be united in a league against him; and here he doubtless revelled in those day-dreams, which, to a mind constituted like Rousseau's, were happiness. I returned to the house to dinner, which consisted entirely of country fare, with neither kid nor fish added to it; and in the evening I passed over to the village, and from thence to Bienne, where I spent the night in a very excellent inn, called *La Couronne*. There is nothing very remarkable about Bienne. It is a pretty clean little town, lying near the lake, and at the foot of the Jura mountains; and would not perhaps be much visited by the traveller, if it did not lie so near to

the scenes which are consecrated to the memory of Rousseau. Next day, I returned to Berne by the same road.

One other spot remained to be visited ; and to this I dedicated the day before I left Berne for the Oberland—I mean the well-known establishment of M. de Fellenberg at Hofwyl.

Before saying a word respecting the system of education pursued at Hofwyl, or recording my own personal observations, I think it best to state what were the views and objects of M. de Fellenberg in founding this institution ; and I cannot do this more satisfactorily than in the words of a Report presented by the Comte de Capo-d'Istria to the Emperor Alexander. It runs thus :—“ M. de Fellenberg a acquis sa première réputation comme agronome ; mais son agriculture, et tout le matériel de ses établissemens qui s'y rapportent, appartiennent au grand objet de ses travaux et de ses espérances, savoir *l'éducation*, dans le sens le plus étendu qu'on puisse donner à ce mot.

“ Doué d'une ame active, et d'un esprit réfléchi, M. de Fellenberg partageoit l'inquiétude de tous le penseurs sur les circonstances générales, qui, au commencement de ce siècle, menaçoient les peuples du Continent. Père de deux fils en bas âge, ami de l'humanité, citoyen dèvoué à son pays, il considéroit avec effroi la situation morale et politique de l'Europe, et l'avenir qui se préparoit pour ses enfans et sa patrie. En réfléchissant sur l'état de la société, il la voyoit menacée de la dissolution de ses élémens, par l'oubli de la religion et le mépris de la morale ; par l'influence du despotisme sur les caractères ; par l'ego-

isme et la sensualité des riches ; par l'ignorance, et les vices grossiers des pauvres ; par un effet naturel des longues agitations politiques, et de longues souffrances qui lorsqu'elles ont abouti à la tyrannie, ne laissent que découragement et lassitude, et persuadent aux foibles, que la vertu n'est qu'une chimère, comme le furent leurs espérances.

“ Le vœu d'une réforme fondamentale dans les principes et les mœurs, étoit certes, bien naturel dans de telles circonstances ; mais comment le former avec quelque espoir de succès ? Comment un individu foible, isolé, pouvoit-il songer à préparer, encore moins à réaliser, une telle révolution, même dans l'enceinte reserrée d'un canton de l'Helvetie ? M. de Fellenberg n'en désespéra pas. Il pensa que les adoucissements, et les remèdes aux maux de l'état social, devoient se trouver dans une éducation appropriée aux besoins du temps, et à la destination générale de chacune des classes de la société. Il résolut d'épayer, dans l'échelle de ses moyens, de créer un établissement qui pût servir d'exemple, d'acheminement, et de noyau à d'autres établissemens du même genre, dans lesquels on pourroit profiter de son expérience, éviter ses erreurs, perfectionner ses moyens de succès, étendre enfin, de proche en proche, sur son canton, sur tout la Suisse peut-être, le bienfait d'une éducation régénératrice des mœurs et des caractères.

“ Telle fut son idée fondamentale — tels furent ses vœux et ses espérances. Il fit de l'agriculture la base de son entreprise. Dans tous les pays celle occupe la grande pluralité de la popu-

lation ; partout elle est un objet d'intérêt, d'amusement, ou de spéculation ; partout il importe de la perfectionner, et de l'ennoblir. Mais M. de Fellenberg considéra surtout l'agriculture sous un point de vue philosophique et nouveau c'est-à-dire comme fournissant, dans son étude et sa pratique, de grands moyens de développement des facultés humaines."

The natural inquiry is, Has M. de Fellenberg's project been successful? If the traveller visit the establishment at Hofwyl, as he would any other curious object, he will be delighted—he will in all probability say, that he has never seen any thing more interesting ; and at every step, while he finds new claims upon his admiration, he will see new cause to commend the excellent design of the founder, and to laud his kind-heartedness. But if Hofwyl be visited with different views—if it be regarded as a great moral experiment, capable, by its result, of influencing the happiness of mankind, a more guarded approbation will probably be the result. But I will proceed to detail shortly all that came under my own observation.

Hofwyl seems like a beautiful little town as you approach it ; and yet it consists entirely of the buildings belonging to the establishment, and which have been constructed, one after another, as the views of M. de Fellenberg extended, or as public aid enabled him to carry them into effect. I found an intelligent young man to carry me over every part of the establishment ; and I will readily admit that I was delighted with every thing, because I looked upon the whole as the pastime of an amiable philosopher. At Hofwyl, there are three

classes of students :—the *Pensionnaires* of the first class, who are all gentlemen's sons, and who pay a handsome sum for board and instruction ; the second or middle class, composed of persons who pay less, but whose education is in no respect different from the other class ; and the third class, whose education is gratuitous, and whose labour is considered an equivalent for their board. When I visited Hofwyl, there were about 100 Pensionnaires of the first class ; 30 of the second class, and 90 of the third class. The last class was composed of Swiss exclusively ; the middle class almost entirely of Swiss ; and the first class, of Germans, English, Russians, French, and Swiss. In this class there was one Spaniard. The instruments of education employed by M. de Fellenberg are various, and, at first sight, seem somewhat heterogeneous. There is, 1. A farm, destined to serve as a model of agriculture ; 2. An experimental farm, or land upon which agricultural experiments are tried ; 3. A manufactory or workshop for the construction and perfection of agricultural implements ; 4. A workshop for the manufacture of all instruments used in husbandry. These two latter may appear to be the same, but this is not the case ; the last is intended for the construction of all necessary agricultural implements, and comprises the workshop of the cartwright, the joiner, the turner, the blacksmith, the harness-maker, &c. The former is destined for attempts at improvement in agricultural implements ; and there are seen various kinds of ploughs ; new machines for chopping hay and peas-straw ; and three or four different kinds of machines—(all of late invention, and improve-

ments upon each other)—for sowing grain and seed of every kind, an operation never performed at Hofwyl by hand-labour : 5. & 6. A species of college, in one division of which all the branches of knowledge and polite education are taught, and in another all that bears directly upon agriculture.

The education of the poor comprises all that M. de Fellenberg considers useful. It includes reading, writing, arithmetic, a little grammar, a little geometry; a few facts in natural history; the history of their own country; drawing, singing, and moral lessons. M. de Fellenberg considers music to be an important auxiliary in education. To use his own words—"precious, as softening the character, and calming the passions; fortifying the love of order, and of the beautiful; strengthening the bonds that attach man to his country, and raising his imagination and his wishes towards Heaven." But all these branches of education are made subservient to agricultural education. The manual labour upon the farms is performed by this class chiefly. It is thus they gain their bread and their knowledge in labouring for them; and besides agricultural education, every one belonging to this class is taught some trade—either those directly connected with agriculture, as wheelwrights, blacksmiths, &c.—or any other handicraft; for the establishment comprehends the work-room of the shoemaker, the tailor, &c. who all labour for the establishment.

The education of the higher classes is of a different description. The theory and practice of agriculture form a part of their education also;

but in the school, there are teachers of every description of knowledge, comprising Natural Philosophy, Mathematics, Chemistry, the Languages ancient and modern, History, Geography, Natural History, Botany, and a course upon Religion and Morals. As relaxations from this, there are Music, Painting, the Gymnastic Exercises, Gardening, and the more elegant parts of Mechanics; and to assist in these relaxations, the establishment comprises music-rooms, containing every kind of musical instrument; models for painting; fire-arms, bows and arrows; small gardens appropriated to individuals; and work-rooms with implements for turning, &c.

As the formation of the moral character is one important object in the view of M. de Fellenberg, this has led to a departure from the ordinary system pursued in schools; for, wisely judging, that emulation, pushed too far, engenders unamiable feelings, all the usual means of encouragement are rejected. There is neither first nor last—no prizes—no medals—no humiliating punishments. A well-timed and gentle reproof, or an acknowledgment of duties fulfilled, supply the places of premiums and disgrace.

The establishment of Hofwyl is complete in all its parts. All that is consumed is produced upon the farms. In the byres I found thirty oxen, and sixty cows, all in the most excellent condition. There were also twenty horses, of the Mecklenburg breed, for the use of the farms. M. de Fellenberg makes much use of peas-straw for horses' food, and of potato parings for cows. These I saw the cows eat very greedily; and,

judging from the quality of the milk, which I tasted, as well as from its quantity, which was very great, I could not avoid the conclusion, that cows thrive upon this aliment. I could easily fill several pages with a description of the various dependencies of the establishment—the bakehouse, the butchery, the dairy, &c. &c.; but it is enough to say, that all these are faultless, and that there seems nothing wanting to render the establishment complete.

M. de Fellenberg has been as successful as any reasonable person believed to be possible. His establishment affords a beautiful example of how much may be accomplished by the union of perseverance with enthusiasm, when these are directed towards an object not too extensive for the *surveillance* of one mind; but even if this example were thought sufficient to warrant any plan for the extension of the principle, and for the formation of similar establishments, the proposal must be at once met by the question, “Have you other twenty M. de Fellenbergs?” The whole success of an experiment of this kind, depends upon the presiding genius. Establishments, such as those of Hofwyl or New Lanark, called into existence by the union of philanthropy and enthusiasm, depend for their continuance upon the life of the architect. It is probable that there are not other twenty M. de Fellenbergs in the whole world; and, if so, it is idle to speak of the establishment as a thing which can at all influence the general and permanent happiness of mankind.

It is perhaps scarcely fair to consider the opi-

nion of M. de Fellenberg's neighbours, the Bernois, as any evidence against his system ; but it is right to state the fact, that scarcely any of the Pensionnaires at Hofwyl are from the neighbouring city of Berne, and that the opinion of the inhabitants is decidedly unfavourable to the establishment. They say the education is superficial ; that too much is attempted ; that no one who has been instructed at Hofwyl has risen to eminence in any department ; and that M. de Fellenberg is so much of a despot within his own establishment, that professors and teachers will not remain ; and that the frequent change in instructors operates injuriously upon the progress of the pupils. Of the truth of these charges I have no way of judging. I state simply what I heard many times in Berne.

Berne is the largest and the most populous of the Swiss cantons, and perhaps also the richest, though Zurich might possibly dispute this claim. The greatest land-owners of Switzerland reside in this canton ; and for this reason it contains the greatest number of poor. The number receiving public relief is stated at upwards of 20,000, being one in every seventeen, if the population be reckoned at 340,000. The constitution of Berne is oligarchical—certainly the worst of all the forms of government ; and, from all that I could learn, the oligarchy of Berne does not deserve to form an exception.

CHAPTER XV.

THE OBERLAND BERNOIS.

Journey from Berne to Interlaken—Thun and its Lake—Unterseen, and the Plain of Interlaken—Inns and Boarding Houses—Interlaken as a Residence—Scenery—Mutability of Fashion—Journey by the Wehgern Alp and the Scheideck—Lauterbrunnen and its Valley—The Stubbach—Cheese-making—Mountain Scenery—The Jungfrau—The Silver Horns—The Wetterhorn—Mount Eiger—Details respecting the Ascent of the Jungfrau—Night Views—Mountain Legend—Effects of a Glacier—Descent towards Grindelwald.

HAVING satisfied my curiosity in Berne, I left that interesting capital for Thun, and the Oberland Bernois.

Nothing can be more charming than the country between Berne and Thun. It is a constant succession of meadow and orchard, beautifully diversified with neat cottages and gardens, and presenting all the fertility of a plain, without its monotony; for the surface is broken into hillocks, and every where offers to the eye the most delightful variety that cultivated nature is capable of affording. I noticed, that to every third or fourth house was attached a small manufactory of earthen ware. There is a particular kind of

earth especially suited for the purpose, found about three leagues from Thun, which costs only the expense of carriage. The pots made in these parts are held in high estimation, and are bought not only for the use of the neighbouring towns, but also by French hawkers, who make an errand there twice at least every year.

Every one must be pleased with the situation of Thun. Placed in the vestibule of the mountains, it unites the sublimity of mountain-scenery, with the softer graces of the fertile country that stretches towards Berne: the fine rapid Aar sweeps through the town, and the castle and the church crown the wooded hill that commands it. I reached Thun about six hours after leaving Berne; and, after visiting the churchyard, famous on account of the prospect enjoyed from it, and having obtained satisfactory evidence of the truth of what I had often heard, that the principal inn is one of the dearest in Switzerland, I hired a boat to carry me up the lake. The price of boats upon all the Swiss lakes, depends upon the number of boatmen; and a traveller who has no opinion of his own, as to the wind and weather, will certainly be subjected to high charges. Boatmen always complain of the bad weather. With them, it is always either much wind, contrary wind, or the appearance of wind. It was as serene a sky as was ever reflected in the bosom of a lake when I arrived at Thun; but the boatmen assured me that I could not attempt the passage of the lake with fewer than three towers. They admitted that it was not much wind just then, but the wind was rising; and besides, it blew exactly down the lake. Now, I knew per-

fectly that the wind was precisely in the other quarter ; and that, if it did increase, our voyage would be only so much the shorter ; and so the event proved. I took two rowers. The wind rose, and carried us up the lake without the aid of their oars at all. The voyage was rapid and agreeable. The banks of the lake are extremely varied, changing gradually from the picturesque to the sublime ; and a boat full of peasants, returning home from market, contributed greatly to heighten the pleasure. They sang some pretty national airs, and sung them well ; and, long after we had passed them, the chorus, swelling and dying away as the breeze fell and rose, came in wild and undulating melody over the water.

Our voyage terminated about six in the afternoon, and I immediately walked forward to Unterseen, a little village situated about half way between the lakes of Thun and Brienz, and certainly one of the most charmingly situated in Switzerland. The village itself is old and rather ugly ; but it is so small, that three minutes walk is sufficient to carry one beyond its precincts. About three quarters of a mile from Unterseen, is Interlaken, the well known resort of the English. Next morning I walked through it, and at every step from Unterseen, I found new reason to be delighted with the scenery of this most enchanting valley. Interlaken consists of fifteen or sixteen boarding-houses, lying at little intervals from each other, upon either side of a broad avenue which reaches from lake to lake. The terms of these boarding-houses are reasonable enough. The two or three enjoying the highest reputation,

charge 5 francs per day, wine excluded ; and for this, a well-served table and a comfortable apartment are provided. The next of the boarding-houses charge $4\frac{1}{2}$ francs. The inns both at Interlaken and at Unterseen, are the property of government ; which has, in consequence, made a most unjust decree, by which no stranger can be received in any of the boarding-houses for a less time than nine days. In consequence of this regulation, travellers meaning to reside at Interlaken for a less time than nine days, are obliged to go to the hotel, where they pay a direct tax to the government, in the shape of most enormous charges made by the two innkeepers. This seems to me to be a most odious monopoly, alike unjust towards travellers, and oppressive towards the keepers of boarding-houses. The boarding-house speculation at Interlaken has been overdone. I saw two magnificent new houses almost ready for the reception of company, while the fifteen old ones were not half full. When I visited Interlaken, there were only between seventy and eighty strangers there ; and last year, at the same season, there were no fewer than seven hundred, of whom nearly five hundred were English. There were reasons why fewer English than usual should be found upon the Continent in the summer of 1830 ; but there is a fashion also in these things ; and it is more than probable, that Interlaken has already seen its most prosperous days. But it is impossible that it can ever cease to be a rendezvous ; for it is without doubt the most central point in Switzerland, for those who wish to find an agreeable spot, situated at a moderate distance from many of the most remark-

able objects ; and, besides, the beauty of the place must always have power to arrest the steps of many travellers. An English gentleman has lately built a house about two miles from Interlaken, and resides there permanently with his family. The house cost about 50*l.* building ; and the expense of his housekeeping, four in family, does not exceed four francs per day. The canton of Berne has lately passed a law, by which strangers are forbidden to become proprietors of land or houses within the canton. This law the English gentleman has avoided, by the title being made out in the name of a peasant with whom he was accustomed to board before the house was built ; but it is difficult to perceive, how, upon the death of the owner, his heirs will be able to prove their title to the inheritance. To one who is fond of chamois hunting, and who has no ties at home, (and yet, who are they ? for has not every man the tie of country ?), Interlaken is as choice a spot as can anywhere be found ; and, if a house can be built for 50*l.*, and a family maintained upon four francs a day, small means are required for the luxury of such a residence. I can easily believe that the expenditure of a small family does not exceed this sum ; for all kinds of provisions are extremely cheap. Veal is 3*d.* per lib. ; mutton 3½*d.* ; beef the same ; butter 5*d.* or 6*d.* ; vegetables and fruit for almost nothing ; and many kinds of game and fish may be had for the trouble of killing or catching them.

I have spoken of the beauty and attractions of Interlaken ; but I have not yet said in what these consist. The valley, or little plain, in which In-

Interlaken is situated, is about four miles long, and from one to three broad. I need scarcely say, that it derives its name from its situation, lying between two lakes of Thun and Brienz, which are connected by the river Aar. The beauty and fertility of this little valley are extraordinary. The greenest and most luxuriant meadows—the richest and most variegated foliage—orchards pendent with their beauteous burden—gardens enamelled with flowers, and stored with every vegetable production—form altogether a carpet of rare beauty. And although I have called this spot the plain of Interlaken, and it may well be called a plain in comparison with the surrounding country, yet it is not literally a plain—it is strewn with picturesque eminences, rocky, and overspread with fine old wood; and, along the right side of the river, the bank rises gradually up to the mountains that shut in the valley. I do not believe a more charming spot than Interlaken is to be found in Europe. I know of nothing that it wants. It combines the beautiful, the picturesque, and the sublime. The little plain is redolent in beauty and fertility. The immediate environs present the picturesque in its multiform aspects; and the glorious peaks of the Silver Horn, the Monk, Mount Eiger, and the Jungfrau, are the boundary of its horizon. Add to all this, that the climate of Interlaken is mild; that, in the hottest sun, the fine avenues of magnificent walnut-trees offer an effectual shade; that within the limits of a stroll are the shores of two charming lakes; that, in one's morning gown and slippers, a dish of trout may be taken from the Aar for breakfast;

and that comfortable accommodation, and a choice of good society, are at command. And I think I may safely say, that if fashion should desert Interlaken, she will run counter to good taste.

While I remained in this valley, I resided in the hotel at Unterseen, which, I am told, is not quite so good as the hotel at Interlaken; but, being rather more central for the different excursions, I preferred it. This hotel used to boast for its hostess, the *Belle Batellière* of Brientz; but it seems that the incivility of the landlord outweighed the beauty of the landlady in the eyes of travellers; for custom falling off, the Bernese government, to which the hotel belongs, displaced the tenant, and found another, the brother of the hotel-keeper at Interlaken, under whose *surveillance* it has recovered its reputation. The *Belle Batellière* now keeps a little shop in Unterseen; and there, I understand, her reputation secures her a comfortable livelihood; for scarcely does any stranger leave the valley, without purchasing some little ornament, the price of which, not being proportioned to its intrinsic value, is understood to include also the value of a glance at the fair vender. She is now thirty-four, and is not what she has been.

Without much riches, the villagers of Unterseen seemed contented and cheerful. It was pleasant to see them assemble in whole families every fine evening before their cottage-doors, watching the return of their goats. No family is without a few goats; and about dusk, or a little earlier, the whole squadron, the united property of the villagers, arrive at the market-place, and there, like a bat-

talion to which the word "dismiss" has been given, they break up the order of march, and run to their respective homes, in groups of twos and threes, while some one of every family rises to receive and tend the wanderers.

After having passed two or three days at Inter-laken, I left it on an excursion to Grindelwald, across the Wengern Alp, and Scheideck. I walked out of Unterseen about five o'clock, and was not a little pleased to see the summits of all the mountains disrobed, their snowy peaks backed by a serene sky. After crossing the little plain of Inter-laken, the road winds up the narrow valley by the side of the river Leutchen, to the point where the two branches of the stream unite; one, the White Leutchen, coming from the valley of Lauterbrunnen; the other the Black Leutchen, from the valley of Grindelwald. United here, they are called *Zweylutchinen*, and flow towards the Lake of Brienz. From this point a carriage-road leads to Grindelwald, up the bank of the Black Lutchen; but no traveller who can walk, or ride on horseback, ought to go by that road to Grindelwald, but by Lauterbrunnen and the Wengern Alp. I accordingly turned to the right towards Lauterbrunnen, and followed up its narrow valley, often a mere gorge, to the *auberge* which lies about 2500 feet above the sea.

Lauterbrunnen is an interesting valley, and in many places a beautiful one. It is nearly fifteen miles long, and scarcely ever exceeds half a mile in breadth, and, like all the Swiss valleys of a similar character, it is subject to the visitation of the avalanche, and to the fall of rocks. The

name *Lauterbrunnen*, signifies "clear fountains;" and it is well named; for on each side innumerable rivulets are seen tumbling down the mountains, in long threads of silvery foam. The village of Lauterbrunnen only contains about 200 persons. The rest of the inhabitants, about 1000, are scattered in cottages and chalets up and down the valley. They are poor; a consequence here, as in some other parts of Switzerland, of the influx of strangers, whose chance-benefices are too often preferred to the regular returns of industry. The valley might well maintain its inhabitants in comfort. Few of the Swiss valleys produce a more delicious cheese, or one more esteemed; and in the lower parts of the valley, oats, barley, and even some wheat, might be successfully cultivated. On entering the village of Lauterbrunnen, I was accosted by at least half a dozen persons requesting employment as guides to the different objects of curiosity, and by one or two beggars besides. Thus it is, that good and evil spring up together, and that that which scatters riches on one side, sows poverty on the other.

I had heard much of the cataract of the Stubbach, but was miserably disappointed by it. The name—meaning fall of powder—is well applied. The cascade is said to be nearly 800 feet high; but it descends entirely in spray, and is wanting in that greatest attraction of a cataract—sublimity.

I met two parties at the inn preparing to pass the Wengern Alp to Grindelwald;—one a party of German pedestrians; the other a party of English, two ladies and a gentleman. The character of the English ladies for enterprise, courage, and perseverance, ranks very high in Switzerland. I have

heard some old guides speak in rapturous terms of my countrywomen, on account of their contempt of difficulty, and even of danger; while, on the other hand, the reputation of Frenchwomen for these same qualities stands as low as possible in their estimation.

The ascent begins immediately when leaving the village, and for the first two hours it is sufficiently laborious. The labour is repaid; however, by the charming view which may at any time be enjoyed by turning round. The long, deep valley of Lauterbrunnen, with its hundred rills stretched at your feet; opposite, the cascade of the Stubbach is seen issuing from a mass of snow which crowns the height; and to the left, the eye follows the valley up to its majestic barrier, the Gröshorn, and the limbs of the other giant mountains that stretch behind the Wengern Alp. You look down also upon the Schmadribach, a vast snowy plain, where, at break of day, troops of chamois may generally be seen, and where also the finest eagles in Switzerland have their eyrie. One was killed about a fortnight before I visited this place, measuring fourteen feet and a half from wing to wing.

After an ascent of about an hour and a half, I found myself descending, and in another half hour I entered upon the Wengern Alp. In this little hollow I saw several pretty cottages; and even at so great an elevation, the gardens attached to them were full of peas in fine blossom. A little farther, just on leaving the belt of wood that girds the lower part of the Wengern Alp, I reached an open rocky space, where seven or eight small houses were perched. These I found to be receptacles for

cheese. The temperature of this altitude is thought to be more suitable for the ripening of cheese, than either a lower or a higher elevation ; and every day, the cheese that is made higher up the mountain, is brought down and deposited here. One of the mountaineers having just brought some cheese, I took the opportunity of looking into the depository. I counted sixty cheeses, and he told me that, before September, there would be 200. These belonged to four persons, each of whom have therefore fifty cheeses. The cheese sells at nine sous to the merchant, and by him to the public at twelve ; and is called *fremage de Wengern-Alp*. There is still a more delicious and more delicate cheese made at *Sévenon*, a village on the other side of the valley, situated upon a mountain of the same name. It is made in very small quantities, and is all sent to Berne, where it sells at sixteen to eighteen sous.

At every step I found the path become more interesting. New mountain-peaks successively came into view, till at length the stupendous range of the Oberland Bernois rose before me—the Jungfrau in the centre, the two Silver Horns on either side, the Crispalt, and the shoulders of the Wetterhorn and Mount Eiger, stretching behind the Scheideck. From the path across the Wengern Alp, the precipices of the Jungfrau seem scarcely distant a gunshot ; but a deep valley lies between, probably a league across. The highest point of the Jungfrau presents a reddish rock in front, too *escarpé* to permit the snow to lodge upon it ; but the Silver Horns and the Monk exhibit smooth surfaces of dazzling white-

ness. The former especially, though less elevated than the neighbouring mountains, are peculiarly striking, from the pointed forms of their summits, and the unbroken mantle of snow that envelopes them. But the Jungfrau is the chief object of attraction, not entirely owing to its great elevation, though that approaches nearly to 13,000 feet, but also because of its tremendous precipices, frightful ravines, and vast accumulations of snow. The Jungfrau was long believed to be inaccessible; but this idea has been proved to be erroneous. Two persons named Meyers, enjoyed for some years the reputation of having reached the summit of the Jungfrau. The attempt was made by them in 1812; but there afterwards appeared reason to doubt if the attempt had really proved successful. No other endeavour was made till the year 1828. In the early part of that year, an English gentleman engaged some peasants of Grindelwald to attempt the ascent; but the weather proving unfavourable during some weeks, the person who had engaged their services left that neighbourhood for Berne; but the weather soon after clearing up, they set out by themselves on the 10th of August. They were six in number; and their names are Pierre Bowmann, Christian Bowmann, Pierre Roth, Hiltbrand Burgunnen, Ulrich Vitver, and Pierre Mosser. They commenced the ascent from Grindelwald, entering between the Mettenberg and Mount Eiger, and passing by the *Glacier Inferieur* of Grindelwald, and the *Mer de Glace* behind Mount Eiger. The first night they slept in a natural grotto; and at one in the morning they recommenced their

journey, leaving the Monk on the right, and proceeding along the southern declivity of the Jungfrau. The journey was attended with much difficulty and danger; but at length they reached the summit, and fixed an iron pole upon the highest point, by screwing it into the ice, where it may now be seen by the help of a telescope. The area of the summit is from thirty to forty feet in diameter. Towards the south a vast field of ice extends towards the *Vallais*; and towards the north descends that range of precipices seen from the Wengern Alp.

Notwithstanding the accomplishment of this attempt, it has never been successfully repeated. In the summer of 1829, two English gentlemen, accompanied by guides, attempted the enterprise; but a storm compelled them to return, and the guides have subsequently refused to repeat the experiment. The guides of Grindelwald are probably less adventurous than those of Chamouni; and I was informed that storms are more frequent and sudden in this part of the Oberland Bernois than in the neighbourhood of Mount Blanc. Of such honourable notoriety is the name of an Englishman, that an impostor occasionally screens himself under it to commit iniquity. An instance of this occurred last summer, and with reference to the ascent of the Jungfrau. A person calling himself English, and at all events master of the language, gave out that he meant to ascend the Jungfrau. He hired guides, laid in provisions on credit, and lived for a month at the Hotel des Gentilhommes at Berne, upon the reputation of having formed so great a project.

It is the usual practice to cross the Wengern-Alp and the Scheideck to Grindelwald in one day; but I preferred passing the day and the evening upon the mountain, and sleeping at the chalet, where every traveller stops to rest and refresh himself. I descended as far into the deep valley that separates the Wengern-Alp from the Jungfrau as the precipices permitted, and spent the remainder of the day among the steep declivities that lie opposite to the majestic scenes which the bosom of the Jungfrau discloses; and when the sun went down, and the shadows crept up the mountains, I returned to the chalet, where I had some hours of comfortable sleep upon a skin spread upon a table. When I awoke, it was past midnight; and feeling rather chilly, I walked out. The light of a waning moon fell dimly upon the mountains. It was the reign of solitude and silence. Even the avalanche was at rest. The stars alone watched above the mountain-tops. At daybreak I commenced my journey towards Grindelwald. The path, after traversing the Wengern-Alp, enters upon the Scheideck, and other mountains come into view successively—Mount Eiger, the Wetterhorn, the Shriekhorn, and the Finsteraarhorn. These are all very elevated mountains, and striking from their forms and position, as well as from their elevation. These, with the Jungfrau, are indeed the highest mountains of Switzerland, excepting Mount Rosa and Mount Cervin. Mount Blanc is not a Swiss mountain. Of all the mountains I have seen, Mount Eiger is the most imposing. Most mountains have several peaks, or summits, as they are improperly

called ; and the highest of these generally recedes, and is only visible at a distance. But the highest peak of Mount Eiger overhangs the valley of Grindelwald ; and the eye is able to scan, at one glance, the whole range of precipices, embracing an elevation of not less than 8000 or 9000 feet.

After passing the shoulder of the Scheideck, which is somewhat less than 5000 feet high, the path begins to descend towards Grindelwald. Here the Wetterhorn becomes the most conspicuous object, and a view opens into the heart of the mountain. It has long been supposed, that this mountain contains gold, and, about thirty years ago, an attempt was made to open a mine ; but the superstitions of the miners were so strong, that the design was abandoned. It was said, that whenever the hammer of a miner struck the rock, the stroke was repeated by some invisible being. Thus far the story may easily be credited ; but it goes farther. Sometimes the miners were assailed by showers of stones ;—frequently the excavations of one day were found filled up next morning ; and at length, one morning the whole mine was found to be occupied by the rightful inhabitants of the mountain-caves, and, upon the miners endeavouring to make their escape, the roof fell in, and buried them all. There might probably be superstitions to contend with from the first ; and, some accident having happened to the miners, truth has helped out the legend. It is certain, however, that the attempt was made, and has not been repeated.

In descending towards Grindelwald, one remarks with astonishment the extraordinary effects

of a glacier that fell some years ago. It is entirely a mistake to suppose that woods offer an effectual barrier to the progress of a great glacier. In this place, the ground is entirely cleared ; the trees have been swept away like reeds ; and an area of at least a mile and a half square is strewn with stones and roots of trees. On each side of this area, where the glacier has not touched, there is a fine forest. The descent from the Scheideck is tolerably rapid, but neither difficult nor long. The level of the valley of Grindelwald is greatly higher than that of Lauterbrunnen ; so that the ascent from Lauterbrunnen is much greater than the descent upon Grindelwald. In about two hours and a half, I reached the *Glacier Inferieur*.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE OBERLAND BERNOIS—THE CANTONS OF
FRIBOURG AND VAUD.

The Glaciers of Grindelwald—Excursion on the Mer de Glace, and Details respecting the Death of M. Mouron—State of the Inhabitants of the Valley of Grindelwald, and strange Laws and Usages peculiar to it—Return to Interlaken—Escape of a Schoolmaster—Valley of the Black Leutchen—Visit to the Lake of Brienz—The Giesbach—The Evils of Imagination—Brienz—A Moon-light Sail, and Return to Interlaken—Journey from Interlaken to Vevay, by the Semmenthall—Spietz—Wimmis—Character of the Semmenthall—Saanenland, Gruyère, and Gruyère Cheese—Descent to the Lake of Geneva—Vevay.

THE glaciers of Grindelwald are always one principal object of the traveller's curiosity, and are well deserving of a visit, even by one who has been at Chamouni. The lowest part of the *Glacier Inferieur*, which I first visited, reaches into the valley. The finest verdure is seen within a few yards of it; and, for at least a mile on either side, it is fringed with firs. One branch of the river Leutchen issues from beneath it, of course at the lowest point; and here an arch is formed about seventy feet high, and thirty wide, the ice, forming

the roof of this arch, is like greenish crystal, and is extremely loose. A part had lately fallen in, and other large fragments seemed ready to detach themselves. The glacier extends up the mountain about two miles, and certainly presents a very singular appearance viewed from below. It is covered with pinnacles, some of them thirty or forty feet high, varied and picturesque in their forms, and is intersected by immense cracks, which render it difficult and dangerous to traverse. Beyond this glacier lies the *Mer de Glace*, which extends between Mount Eiger and the Merühorn. I also visited the *Glacier Supérieur*, which differs from the other only in having no pinnacles; but the cracks and crevices that traverse it are still more numerous and formidable than those of the *Glacier Inferieur*.

There are two inns at Grindelwald, the lower and the upper. The former has the character of being the best; but I preferred the situation of the other, and found nothing in it to complain of. From the *Salle à Manger*, which, upon one side, is entirely glass, there is a magnificent view of both the glaciers; and of Mount Eiger, the Wetterhorn, Finsteraarhorn, &c. I found the inn crowded with travellers, chiefly pedestrians, many of them Germans. The other inn is more run upon by the great, especially by *Messieurs les Anglais*.

Next morning very early, I left the inn with a guide, to visit the *Mer de Glace*, which lies beyond the glaciers, and which is chiefly remarkable for its connexion with the melancholy occurrence which, a few years ago, deprived the world of a

good man, and the church of a pious minister. I ascended by the side of the *Glacier Inferieur*, and then turned to the left upon the *Mer de Glace*, which extends about two leagues in that direction. From the commencement of the *Mer de Glace*, it is little more than an hour's walk to the spot where the catastrophe took place. A small stream runs from the upper part of the *Mer de Glace*, in a little bed three or four feet deep, and here precipitates itself into a hole, which I found to be about six feet in diameter, the orifice forming an irregular square, and somewhat inclining inward. The unfortunate individual whose life was here suddenly and awfully terminated, was a Protestant clergyman named *Mouron*. He had made an excursion from the Pays de Vaud, where he lived, to pass a few days in the Oberland Bernois; and the day after his arrival in Grindelwald, he went with a guide to walk over the *Mer de Glace*. M. Mouron, in passing near this hole, was naturally attracted by it, and approached its brink; and, that he might with safety look down, he struck his spike into the ice, and leant upon its head. The spike penetrated the ice, or slid forward; and M. Mouron, losing his prop, necessarily lost his balance, and fell forward. This is the true version of the story. It is a mistake to suppose that he lost his balance in throwing a stone into the hole. The spike was found stuck in the opposite side, about a foot below the orifice, which could not have happened, unless the accident had occurred in the manner I have described. Three attempts were made to recover the body, and the last of these succeed-

ed. The head was found much bruised, and one thigh and an arm were broken. In all probability, the unfortunate M. Mouron did not survive the descent, which was ascertained to be 778 feet, and was therefore spared the dreadful consciousness of his condition. But who can imagine the horror of that moment, when he found the prop give way, and when he sunk beneath the light of day ! The recollections and the hopes of a lifetime, were probably crowded into that moment of agony. Some suspicions of the guide were at first entertained ; but when the purse of the unfortunate M. Mouron was found upon his person, they were of course at an end. His body was interred in the churchyard of Grindelwald ; and upon a plain marble slab, is the following inscription.

Aimé Mouron, Min. du S. Ev. ;
 Cher à l'Eglise par ses talens et sa piété.
 Né à Chardronne, dans le Canton de Vaud,
 le iii. October 1790.
 Admirant, dans ces Montagnes,
 Les ouvrages magnifiques de Dieu,
 Tomba dans un gouffre
 De la Mer de Glace,
 le xxxi. Aout 1821.

Ici repose son corps,
 Retire de l'abyme apres 12 jours,
 Par Ch. Burgenen de Grindelwald.
 Ses parens et ses amis,
 Pleurant sa mort premature,
 Lui ont élevé ce monument.

The inscription, I think, is faultless, unless perhaps that the word *magnifique* might have been omitted.

The Mer de Glace of Grindelwald was formerly occasionally crossed by the peasantry before any better communication was opened into the *Vallais*, and a rude chapel stood half way. But an avalanche destroyed it ; and it is said that the bell belonging to it was found in the bed of the Leutchen.

The valley of Grindelwald is, upon many accounts, one of the most remarkable in Switzerland, not more owing to its natural position, than to the state of its inhabitants, and to the peculiarity of some of the customs and laws which obtain in it. In no valley throughout all Switzerland, are the inhabitants so generally placed above poverty. Their numbers amount to between two and three thousand ; and there is not one among them dependent upon public or private charity. One reason may partly explain this phenomenon. There is a law peculiar to this valley, which forbids the transference of small parcels of property. A man must sell all, or none ; he cannot sell his meadow-land without his mountain-grazings also, nor these without his wood ; so that the multiplication of very small proprietors, and the division of land, is checked. There are several other curious laws and usages peculiar to Grindelwald—one, among others, that a man cannot bequeath his property to his children by testament, or according to his own wishes. He must divide it into parts, and his children draw lots for their separate inheritances. There is yet another usage still more extraordinary—so extraordinary, indeed, that I took great pains to inform myself upon the subject, as I could with difficulty bring myself to.

give credit to it; yet, however incredible it may seem, I feel that I am entitled, from the inquiries I made, to assert the existence of the usage. When persons are married, in whatever rank they may be, the bride passes the twenty-four hours previous to the celebration of the ceremony, with her intended husband *as his wife*; and I could not learn that a refusal to celebrate the marriage had ever followed this uncommon license. Unlike many other parts of Switzerland, marriages in this valley are generally marriages of inclination.

The inhabitants of Grindelwald are remarkable for their unwearied industry. The elevation of the valley above the sea is between three and four thousand feet. The cherry is the only fruit-tree that ripens; and wheat is scarcely a profitable crop. But the inhabitants lose nothing that industry can accomplish. They cultivate excellent barley and rye; and every house has its garden, bearing abundant crops of vegetables, and such fruit as the climate will ripen. When I left the valley to return to Interlaken at the early hour of four, the peasants were already in the fields busy with their hay-harvest. There is no concentrated village in Grindelwald; the houses are scattered over its whole extent; and in no where in Switzerland have I found any more contented with their lot, than the peasants of this Alpine valley—none more sincere in giving to their abode the name of “the happy valley.”

The morning following my visit to the *Mer de Glace*, I left Grindelwald on my return to Interlaken, taking, of course, the short road by the

bank of the Black Leutchen. The valley of the Leutchen is extremely narrow, and is remarkable for the dreadful visitations to which it has been subject. Fifteen years ago, in the month of January, an avalanche swept away part of a forest, destroyed an inn which stood by the road-side, and, choaking up the river, caused a most destructive inundation throughout the valley. Upon this occasion, the schoolmaster of Grindelwald had a wonderful escape. The affairs of the aubergiste having got into disorder, he applied to the schoolmaster to look into them, and make up his accounts; and accordingly, during the whole of the day upon which the event took place, the schoolmaster had been in the inn, engaged with the affairs of the aubergiste. When night came, a severe storm of snow set in; and the investigation not being concluded, the aubergiste pressed his friend to remain till morning, setting forth the dangers of a walk home during so violent a storm; but the schoolmaster answered, that he had family worship always at eight o'clock, and that he must not neglect his duty. He accordingly left the inn, and had proceeded only a few hundred yards, when he heard behind him the thunder of the avalanche, which swept away the house he had just quitted.

Lower down the valley, there are traces of a still more dreadful visitation. A mountain must there have fallen; but the history of the catastrophe has not come down to our times. The ground, for the space of half a league, is strewn with enormous fragments of rock; some overgrown with grass, some with trees growing out of their

crevices, and some broken up and converted into dikes and chalets. The view into the mountains, looking back from the valley of the Black Leutchen, is magnificent. The whole range of the highest mountains is visible from several points in this valley—the Finsteraarhorn, the Shrieckhorn, the Wetterhorn, the Monck, and Mount Eiger. None of these have ever been ascended, and it is believed that all of them are inaccessible; but this cannot be ascertained until the attempt be made, which there is no temptation to do; because the Jungfrau, which lies in the same range, and which is higher than any of the others, has been already ascended; and the triumph—at all times and in all circumstances foolish—would upon that account be the less. The sun was just rising when I looked back upon these mountains; and the peak of the Finsteraarhorn alone was touched by its rays. If peaks do not intercept each other, sunrise or sunset offers a very simple mode of determining their relative altitudes.

The day after I returned from Grindelwald, I visited the Lake of Brienz. In navigating this lake, the strong current of the Aar renders an additional boatman necessary; and, for some time, the progress is even then extremely slow. Just where the river flows out of the lake, I noticed another handsome building (I believe a boarding-house), erected upon a beautiful tongue of land, which has the river on one side and the lake on the other. I found much to admire in the Lake of Brienz. The mountains that environ it are not of the greatest altitude, but they are fine in their forms, and beautifully green upon

their lower declivities; and one side of the lake is spotted with houses and hamlets. The colour of the lake is whitish, arising, as is said, from the complexion of the Aar as it flows from the glacier. If so, it deposits its impurities in the Lake of Brienz, because it flows a limpid stream through the plain of Interlaken; and the Lake of Thun, which it subsequently enters, is dark-coloured. I passed a beautiful peninsula—almost an island—about half way up the lake. A pretty country-house stands upon it; and the whole is the property of a Milanese general, who made the purchase before the enactment of the law forbidding the acquisition of property by strangers. I noticed a handsome boat coasting the island, with the Bourbon flag flying at the stern. It probably now carries a different ensign.

After a charming sail, the boat was moored in the little cove, close under the well-known cascade of the Giesbach. I had heard much of this fall; and although I never expect much from the fall of a small river, yet I did expect something from a cascade, of which every body spoke in terms of rapture. "Have you seen the Giesbach?" is almost as common a question in this neighbourhood as "Have you been on the Rigi?" is in the neighbourhood of Lucerne. I was much disappointed in the Giesbach. It is merely pleasing, somewhat picturesque, but not at all striking. The water is by no means abundant; and if I found the stream scanty in the month of June, when the snows were fast dissolving, and in a rainy season too, how insignificant must it be during the autumnal droughts! Every thing has

been done to recommend the spot to the notice of strangers. Here, there is a rustic bridge ; there, a little gallery ; winding paths lead to different *pointes de vue* ; and a house has recently been erected close by, where the organist of Brienz and his family live, and where parties take their pic-nic, and are serenaded by the organist and his family. This part of the entertainment, however, is pleasing enough. None of the voices are remarkably fine, but they harmonize well ; and the character of the music which they sing is interesting, because it is national and local. There is an air of simplicity and rusticity about the family rather attractive. This may possibly be affectation, or it may not. I should be sorry to judge harshly. The Lake of Brienz is dear to the gourmand, from its being the habitation of the Brienz ling—a fish that is said even to exceed in flavour the far-famed Sardiña.

Imagination, without which the traveller cannot feel the charm of the natural world, acts also as a check upon his pleasure. It is owing to the activity of this faculty that our expectations are never realized ; because imagination has already pictured something beyond reality. Nay, even while contemplating a great object, we are apt to imagine something greater. For my own part, I confess that nothing has ever come up to my expectations. I can conceive something more charming than even the most charming of the Swiss lakes—something more majestic than the greatest of its mountains. There is no scene which imagination may not heighten—no beauty to which it cannot lend another grace—no sub-

limity which it dare not attempt to elevate. When I have stood below the "Monarch of Mountains," I have imagined a mightier than he. The ocean in storm leaves least for the imagination. All this is simply the power of multiplication. Where multiplication can add nothing to the charm, imagination rests. In the external world, imagination only multiplies what exists—strews the bank of the lake with more flowers and finer trees—and places Mount Rosa upon the shoulders of Mount Blanc; and so does it act in some of the works of art. We can imagine a vaster building than the Escorial—a higher than the dome of St Peters—a greater than the aqueduct of Segovia; but we cannot add, in imagination, to the charm of perfect harmony—nor imagine a finer than the Apollo; because, in these, multiplication would introduce discord, or change a god into a monster.

The Lake of Brienz is said to be more subject to storms than any other of the Swiss lakes. The wind, which had carried me so agreeably to the Giesback, rose into a storm while I remained there, and it was necessary to wait until it subsided. The organist produced his choicest bottle of kirshwaser, and another round of songs helped away another hour. In the Swiss inns on the high roads, the traveller will seldom meet with kirshwaser. Unless he knows that immense quantities of it are made in almost every peasant's family, he will be at a loss to account for the consumption of so great a quantity of cherries as are produced in Switzerland. There are various qualities of kirshwaser; but the genuine liquor is

made without the assistance of the kernel of the cherry. That in which the kernel is used, is not so wholesome, and is always considered of inferior quality. The storm having somewhat abated, I left the Giesbach in the intention of dining at Brientz. Indeed, had my intention been to return to Interlaken, I could not then have accomplished it, for the wind was still too high to permit the navigation of a small boat against it.

Brientz is a pleasant little town, and the inn is admirable ; but, owing to the accomplishments of the landlord, who adds, to a knowledge of cookery, some acquaintance with the French and English languages, the charges are not remarkably moderate. All sorts of culinary implements, and little vases of various forms, are made in the neighbourhood of Brientz from the maple-wood, and are extremely beautiful ; but they are made chiefly for English travellers, and are therefore dear. It was past nine before the storm had altogether subsided ; and about half past ten I left Brientz for Interlaken with a serene sky, a full moon, and a calm lake, gently heaving from the effects of the storm, but smooth as crystal. Rowing up the bank of the lake, I could not help thinking how unsuccessful are the efforts of painters in their representations of moonlight. The moon itself they paint well, but the light of the moon I have never seen represented with truth. Long before our voyage terminated, morning had dawned upon the mountains ; and before I reached land, the highest peaks were ready to receive the golden tints. A scene like this is inexpressibly beautiful at the dawn of day. The morning air was waking the sleeping lake into life ;

mountains were unveiling themselves; the beautiful carpet of the little plain was gemmed with pearls; and the refreshing rains of the last evening had given a brighter hue to the meadows, and a deeper tint to the woods. I had never seen Interlaken look so lovely.

My route was now to Vevay, to which there are two roads from Interlaken; one returning to Berne, and from thence to Vevay, which is the road almost invariably taken; the other direct to Vevay by the Semmenthall. The first part of this latter road is extremely bad, and the inns upon it are very different from those found on the more frequented Swiss roads; but if this road were more frequented, the Swiss would soon find it to be for their own interest to erect better inns, and to make a smoother highway. After leaving Interlaken, I passed through a continued orchard of cherry and apple-trees, which cover the slopes that stretch upward from the bank of the Lake of Thun. Many charming vistas of the two lakes, and of the plain of Interlaken, are discovered from these slopes, and many pleasant pictures of country life lay around; for the hay-harvest had not yet ended, and the ingathering of the fruit had begun.

Between Interlaken and the head of the valley of the Semmen, I saw two most charming spots—Spietz and Wimmis. Spietz is the last village which the road touches, before it leaves the Lake of Thun. Here the lake forms a little bay. Upon a small eminence stands the church and the minister's house, with a charming garden stretching into the lake. All the houses of the village are white, and each is detached with its garden. Round the

village are woods and meadows, and the quiet bay reflects them all.

Wimmis is perhaps still more beautiful. It lies on one side of an undulating plain—if the expression be allowable—rich in every kind of fertility, and bounded by lofty mountains on three sides, and behind, and on either side of the village, mounts, covered to the highest pinnacle with wood, rise in the most picturesque forms to the height of 600 or 800 feet; and near the summit of one of these, are the ruins of a chateau. The river Semmen runs close to the village, the houses of which are white and detached, like those of Spietz. In the garden of the inn at Wimmis, I gathered some red currant berries as large as small cherries, and some raspberries twice as large as they are generally found in England.

At Wimmis begins the Semmenthall, which stretches to the foot of the mountains that form the northern boundary of the Lake of Geneva. I have seen few parts of Switzerland more beautiful than the upper part of this valley—no part of it so *riante*. I should think it must be impossible to travel through this valley, without being conscious of an inward cheerfulness; it is fruitful, smiling, abundant, beautiful. There is no sublimity to be seen, scarcely even any thing of the picturesque. The hills which slope gracefully back, are covered to the summit, with a varied carpet of meadow, wood, and corn. Houses, hamlets, and villages, lie thickly along the banks of the river, which flows through a succession of orchards and gardens. Here, as in other parts of Switzerland, the hay-harvest was not completed; and I noticed a curious

mode of leading hay from a steep slope. A man collected a large load, attached it to his body with a rope, and, seating himself upon the ground, slid down the steep, with his hay-stack behind him. In this valley the number of cherries is really incredible; but I saw no other kind of fruit, not even gooseberries in the gardens. It seems strange, at first sight, that in Switzerland no use should be made of the great quantity of fruit, especially cherries and apples, as a common article of diet. An apple or a cherry-pye is never seen in Switzerland. The reason of this may probably be the expense of sugar, or at least the habit of considering all foreign commodities articles of luxury, which cannot fail to be the case in a country where every peasant lives upon the produce of his own property.

I passed the first night after leaving Interlaken, at Oberwyl, and next day I walked to Chateau D'Ex. During this day's journey, the valley became more contracted, but scarcely less beautiful. Here, as in many other parts of Switzerland, the country appears more populous than it really is, owing to the great number of houses that are scattered over the valleys; but these are in many places only chalets, inhabited during a few months by the person who tends the cattle, or only by the cattle themselves. During the forenoon, I passed from the valley of the Simmen, into that part of Switzerland called Saanenland, and dined at the little town of Saanen. This is the beginning of the most famous cheese country in Switzerland, perhaps on the Continent; for it is here that the celebrated Gruyère is made. There is a curious

law in this valley respecting the support of the poor. Whatever money is given to parents for the support of their children, the latter must repay afterwards. This seems to be an unjust law, because it visits the sins of the fathers upon the children: it may have the good effect, however, of rendering the former prudent and frugal. The wages of labour in this valley, are about 7½d.; but every thing is not upon so low a scale. The rent of the little inn where I dined, was no less than 32l. All along this line of road, I found the inns remarkably cheap. The luxuries which are always to be found in the inns on the great Swiss roads, were not indeed to be met with in the Semmenthal, or in Saanenland; but comfortable accommodation and a tolerable dinner are always provided at a very moderate price. At Saanen, I was charged one franc for a good dinner and a bottle of wine; and the landlord made the demand with the air of a man who thinks it very questionable if his demand will be complied with.

Chateau D'Ex, where I arrived late in the evening, is charmingly situated. I arrived thoroughly wet, having walked during the last three hours, under a torrent of rain; but a whole family of old ladies who keep the inn, took me under their especial care—lighted a blazing fire, made me a comfortable cup of tea, and bore me company during the evening. Next morning I left Chateau D'Ex for Vevay.

The road lies through the valley of the Saane, and passes near, but not through, the town of Gruyère. No cheese is made in Gruyère, but in the different villages and hamlets in the valley

of the Saane, though all the cheese made in the canton is called Gruyère. The best cheese is made at Albeuve, between Chateau D'Ex and Gruyère. All the cheese of Switzerland is of the same kind as that known by the name of Gruyère, excepting Chapsieger, of which I have already spoken, and Neufchatel, which is somewhat different; and all the cheese made in every part of Switzerland, is sent into France under the name of Gruyère, provided it is not too delicate to bear carriage. But the finest of the Swiss cheeses are consumed in Switzerland, because they are too delicate for exportation. At Andermatt, at Saanen, and at other places, I have tasted cheese far superior to any that can be bought in Paris. In the year 1829, the Canton of Fribourg exported 24,000 quintals, or 2,400,000 lib. Generally throughout these valleys, and in the commune of Gruyère, the inhabitants are above poverty. During a part of the year, there are not so many hands in the cheese-country as are required, and these are of course borrowed from other and poorer communes. Wages are there very high, in comparison, at least, with most other parts of Switzerland: they are about 2s. 6d., exclusive of living.

The finest cattle in Switzerland are reared in this neighbourhood; and in these, and the export of cheese, consist the prosperity of the Canton of Fribourg. At the fair of Bulle, as many as 2,000 head of cattle are often shown. Fribourg ought to be richer than any other canton in Switzerland of the same size. It grows sufficient grain for its consumption, its meadows rear a choice breed of cattle, and its mountains produce

cheese renowned all over the world. The canton is rich, but it might be richer; the people are comfortable, but they might be affluent. The same reasons that affect the prosperity of the Canton of Lucerne, operate prejudicially upon the condition of Fribourg.

Gruyère is a striking object from the road; and I walked up the mount upon which it stands. The extent of the ancient castle is great, and in other days its strength must have defied the attempts of a legion of bowmen. It is said to be more than 1200 years old. As I continued my journey from Gruyère, I arrived at a scene of singular desolation; it was the ruins of a village which had been burnt on the sixth of the preceding March. It consisted of thirty-eight houses, and they were all consumed. The church and the minister's house alone escaped, which I need scarcely say was looked upon as a miracle. The peasants were all busy rebuilding their houses, and seemed as cheerful as if their labour were voluntary.

The descent down the little river Vevaise, to the town of Vevay, is rapid; and a small part of the Lake of Geneva is seen below, deeply imbedded in the mountains. I was now in the Pays de Vaud, and in a land of vines, which every where covered the slopes; and, before reaching Vevay, I passed many pleasant country-houses, with gardens and orchards, whose produce bespoke a milder climate than that of the Oberland Bernois.

There is nothing in the town of Vevay particularly attractive. Its situation is its charm, and that is truly delightful. The waters of Lake Lemman come close up to the houses; and a fine

shady promenade extends from the little harbour along the bank of the lake. There are some good streets and houses, and one well-built square, open towards the water, in which the *Hotel de Londres* is situated; but I selected *Les trois Couronnes*, which is in every respect an excellent hotel. Here, and at all other places upon the Lake of Geneva, the Swiss character, appearance, customs and dress, are lost in those of France. It was Sunday when I arrived, and the promenade was crowded all the afternoon and evening. No characteristic dresses were to be seen here, as at Berne, Zurich, or Lucerne: all was French. In place of the coarse petticoats of home-manufacture, the knit-stockings, the picturesque hats, or grotesque head-dresses, were seen French prints, shawls, *ceintures* and *chapeaux*. I should think Vevay a delightful place of residence for the autumnal months; for it is in autumn, not in summer, that the weather is to be depended upon in Switzerland. There is more than one boarding-house at Vevay; and lodgings can easily be had at a very reasonable rate. Meat of the best quality does not cost above 3d. per lib.; butter is about 8d.; fish, fruit, vegetables, and wine, all very low in price. The bread, too, I found excellent; and this is not a matter of minor importance. Vevay is not a dull residence. The coasting trade occasions a little bustle at all times at the harbour; and the arrival of steam-boats, two or three times a-week, from Geneva and Lausanne, creates a little variety. The market-day, too, is always an interruption to the monotony of a country town. As

for the environs of Vevay, they are enchanting ; and a boat on the lake could leave nothing to desire. Vevay was the refuge of Ludlow, one of the Judges of Charles I., and of Broughton, who read the sentence of death. Their tombs are in the old church of St Martin ; and that of Ludlow bears this inscription—*Acerrimos impugnator arbitrarie potestatis.*

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAKE, CITY, AND CANTON OF GENEVA.

Lake Lemman and its Phenomena—Visit to Chillon—Clarens—Rousseau—Byron—Enchanting Scenery—Lausanne—Lausanne as a Residence—John Kemble—Gibbon's Library—Geneva—Manners and Morals of the Genevèse—the City and Canton—Voltaire.

THE great charm of all this country is the Lake of Geneva, more commonly known in the *Pays de Vaud* as Lake Lemman. The lake is eighteen leagues in length, and varies in breadth from one to three leagues. Its greatest depth is 900 feet, and its height above the Mediterranean is 1150 feet. As a whole, I do not greatly admire the Lake of Geneva; but there are parts of it at least equal in beauty and grandeur to any thing that is to be found elsewhere. The charms of the Lake of Geneva are not seen in sailing from Villeneuve to Geneva. There are innumerable charming little bays, which must be individually explored; but all the upper part of the lake is eminently fine. Draw a line from Vevay across to the Savoy side, including Vevay on one side and Meillerie on the other, and the part which you thus cut off—a fifth part, perhaps, of the whole—can-

not be rivalled by any thing that I have ever seen.

Every lake has its wonders, and Lake Lemman is not without them. In summer, it rises from five to six feet above its winter level. It experiences sudden oscillations of several feet. It never freezes; and the Rhone traverses it without mingling with its waters. The first of these phenomena is attempted to be explained, by ascribing the rise to the melting of the snows; but I incline to agree with an intelligent writer, in doubting whether so extraordinary a rise, over a surface of twenty-six square leagues, can be entirely attributed to the cause assigned. With respect to the second phenomenon, other lakes as well as Lake Lemman are subject to sudden rises and falls; and these have generally been considered to be the result of electricity, acting in one or other of its many forms. As to its never freezing, I am bound to give credit to the testimony of those who reside upon its banks; but it is not difficult to believe that deep water should retain a higher temperature than the incumbent atmosphere. And as to the last of the phenomena named—that the Rhone traverses the lake without mingling with its waters—it is too absurd to need refutation. This could not be, unless the impetus of the Rhone were able to conquer the resistance of the waters of the lake—which is a ridiculous supposition.

The day after I arrived at Vevay I dedicated to Clarens and Chillon. I left Vevay about four o'clock, taking a carriage as far as Chillon, where I sent it back, that I might enjoy alone, and at

leisure, the interesting and delightful scenery of these beautiful and almost classic spots. I was particularly fortunate in the choice of an evening. The weather had been unsettled for a week previous to my arrival at Vevay; but the same evening it cleared up; and as I passed along the shore of the lake towards Chillon, all was beauty—beauty, serenity and repose. About a mile from Vevay, turning a headland, the head of the lake opens to view, with Chillon's gray walls rising out of the water, and reposing against the dark woods that lie behind.

“Clarens! sweet Clarens! birth-place of deep love,”

Who could pass thee by? Here it was that Rousseau dreamed the dream that has made him immortal. These scenes are peopled with the creations of his fancy; and scarcely can we forbear inquiring, where is the dwelling of Julie? Clarens was doubtless Rousseau's *beau idéal* of natural beauty; and who is there that will quarrel with his choice? It lies in a bay within a bay, and climbs up a gentle acclivity—gentle at first, but afterwards steeper, and crowned with the old walls and towers of Chateau Chatelard. It is more a concentration of hamlets than a village; and the walnut and fruit-trees, and weeping-willows that surround and mingle with it, form a perfect *vallambrosa*. All the way to Chillon the country continues charming; and every moment the massive walls of the castle become a more prominent object in the magnificent picture that stretches around.

Independently of the historic interest of Chil-

low, it is interesting from the beauty of its situation, from its forming one of the most conspicuous objects in one of the most enchanting scenes in the world. The castle is built upon a rock, which, in former times, must have fallen from the neighbouring mountain; and both the strength of its position, and the strength of its walls, have more than once enabled it to make a stout resistance in times of trouble. A drawbridge leads into the castle; and I was, of course, conducted into the dungeons. The history of these dungeons is known to every one. The principal dungeon is large, cold, but not dark. Several stone-columns run along the middle of it; and to three of these are still attached the rings to which prisoners were chained. It has often been repeated, that these dungeons are below the level of the lake; but this is an error. The floor of the dungeon is about the average level of the lake. In spring and autumn, their level is the same. In summer, the level of the lake is sometimes from two to three feet above the floor of the dungeon, and in winter as much below it. But although these dungeons are not quite so dark and damp as they have been represented to be, they are bad enough to have served as a fitting receptacle for the victims of tyranny.

The chief historic interest attaching to the Castle of Chillon, is its connection with the name of Bonnivard, who inhabited its dungeon during six years. Although every one knows the history of Bonnivard, I cannot entirely pass it over.

François Bonnivard, Lord of Lume, was born in 1496, and, in his very early youth, he fell heir

to the rich Priory of St Victor, which lay close to Geneva. When the Duke of Savoy made war upon the Republic, Bonnivard zealously opposed his encroachments, and thus incurred his resentment. In the year 1516, when Bonnivard was twenty-three years old, the Duke of Savoy entered Geneva, and Bonnivard fled in the direction of Fribourg; but he was overtaken and seized by command of the Duke, and was made to taste captivity first in the Grolée, where he was a prisoner two years. When his imprisonment ended, he returned to the priory; and, in 1528, he was in arms against the possessors of his ecclesiastical revenues. Upon this occasion, the city of Geneva supplied him with the means of combating for his rights; and he, in return, sold his birthright to the city. Subsequently to this, Bonnivard employed his talents in the secret service of the Republic; and, in the year 1530, when travelling between Moudon and Lausanne, he was attacked, probably by emissaries of the Duke of Savoy, and was made prisoner, and delivered up to the Duke, who sent him to the Castle of Chillon, where he remained six years. Bonnivard was then thirty-three years old. It is impossible to know whether he was chained to any of the pillars to which rings are attached; but, in such a dungeon, one would be apt to think chains superfluous. Tyranny, however, is inventive in cruelty, and it may have been so exercised.

In March 1536, the Bernese took the Castle of Chillon, and Bonnivard was liberated from captivity. But his troubles did not end here. In consequence of the Genevese refusing to pay

his debts, he quarrelled with them, and claimed restitution of his Priory of St Victor. The dispute was referred to the Pope, who decreed to him 800 crowns, besides a pension for life of 140 crowns; and, after a succession of quarrels and difficulties, he died in 1571, at the age of seventy-five. Twenty years before his death, he presented all his books to the Genevese Republic; and these are still seen in the public library of the city, where also some of his unpublished manuscripts remain—among others, a History of Geneva.

But the associations of Chillon with the name of Bonnivard are, after all, but of very remote and very partial interest; and his sufferings in the cause of liberty carry us back to so distant a time, that our sympathies are but feebly excited; besides, the object of his exertions seems to have had more reference to the preservation of his own possessions, than to any higher purpose. But how, in those days, could this be otherwise? The poetry of Byron has given to Chillon a warmer, and perhaps a more abiding interest: as the captivity of Bonnivard, as the blaze of Rousseau's eloquence, and the fervour of his imagination, has surrounded Clarens with a halo of almost supernatural beauty—so has the poetry of our bard thrown around the prison of Chillon a glory that cannot die.

The person who accompanies strangers through the Castle of Chillon, seems to take pleasure in repeating the particulars of Lord Byron's visit to the castle. He arrived in the afternoon in a chaloape. He visited every nook in the castle,

and spoke very little to his conductress, who stoutly asserts, that the name Byron, seen upon one of the pillars, was carved by himself. This *may* be true, but it is certainly improbable. No one who has visited Chillon on such an evening as that by which I was favoured, can ever forget the scene. I lingered long near it, and carried away a remembrance from one of the fig-trees that shoot out of its walls. Returning to Vevay, I ascended to the churchyard of Montreux, and enjoyed from it the most enchanting prospect that I ever recollect to have seen. The lake, dappled with the thousand hues of evening, lay stretched below; all its wooded bays and creeks, and little promontories, standing out in fine relief, touched by the golden light of evening. The great mountains of the *Vallais*, towering into the serene sky, had covered themselves with their brightest vestment; for the gorgeous west streamed upon their pinnacles and fields of snow, veiling its purity in a robe of pale carnation. Around was the deep foliage of summer—below lay Clarens, mingled with the waters of the lake—and opposite were the rocks of Meillerie, already forsaken by the sun-beams, and throwing their shadows forward into the glassy mirror. Chillon, dark and stern, reposed in shade in its deep tranquil bay. All was very still. One blackbird now and then sent up from a low dell beneath, its unanswered note. One or two lizards appeared and disappeared upon the gray wall that bounds the churchyard. The old church, too, and its sacred precincts, gave a sombreness to the scene; and the jasmine that covered its walls, sent a-

round as sweet a fragrance as ever mingled with the summer air. In leaving the churchyard, I noticed the following inscription placed above a *botte aux pauvres*. "Toi, qui viens admirer nos riens paysages, en passant, jete ici ta pitié aux malheureux, et le Dieu dont la main dessina ces rivages, te benira des cieux !"

Long before I reached Clarens, the sun had set ; and the reader will excuse me, when I acknowledge that I lingered a while by the margin of the lake, and strolled up one of the little winding roads that lead round the houses and orchards, scrutinizing them as keenly as if I might have chanced to see through Julie's parlour-window ; or Julie, her cousin, and *St Preux*, seated in the *bosquet*. It was quite dark when I reached Vevay. The supper-table was laid out, and I sat down with a large party of English, just arrived in the steam-boat from Geneva, and taking this road to the Simplon and classic Italy. One of them, hearing me speak of Ohillon, asked if I had been there, and if it was true that Lord Byron had one of the dungeons fitted up as a bedroom !

Next morning, I left Vevay for Lausanne, in a small boat and two boatmen. Between Vevay and Lausanne, the banks of the lake present a continuous vineyard. This seemed to me far from beautiful, after having been accustomed to the verdure of the mountains of Brientz and the Semmenthall.

There is scarcely any city in Europe better known to travellers than Lausanne. Every one visits Lausanne ; and there are many who select it

as a summer-residence. For my own part, I would greatly prefer Lausanne, were it situated close to the lake ; for its great elevation, as well as its distance from the water, are unpleasant drawbacks upon the enjoyment of an evening stroll along the banks of Lake Lemman. But, with this single inconvenience, it must be admitted, that Lausanne is a delightful place of residence. There is no doubt, too, that it is greatly more healthy than Geneva. This is proved by the bills of mortality, and is certainly to be attributed to its greater elevation above the water.

Lausanne is at present a flourishing city. I noticed many new houses erecting, and very few old houses to let. Several public buildings were also newly finished ; among others, the *Maison de Force*. The inhabitants, too, are steadily on the increase ; and the number of resident strangers is also greater every year. When I visited Lausanne, there were about 200 resident English, forming a society altogether independent of the natives. There are some cheaper places of residence than Lausanne ; but no one, I believe, where education is cheaper or better. It does not cost above one-fourth of its price in England ; and I have good reason to know, that most of the English resident at Lausanne have been attracted to it in consequence. It is pleasant to think, that there exists any plausible reason for absenteeism. There can be little doubt, that the intention of those who banish themselves from their native country, that they may educate their children, is good ; but whether the determination be wise, is a different question. For it may admit of

a doubt, whether it be wisdom to go abroad in quest of an education, which the means of the absentee do not permit him to give to his family in England. House-rent is decidedly lower in the neighbourhood of most of the English provincial towns, than it is in Lausanne, and the necessities of life are not greatly dearer; and for a family in the middle ranks of life, an education quite as suitable may perhaps be procured in Exeter, Chester, Norfolk, or Derby. The following are the prices of different articles at Lausanne:—Meat the same as at Vevay; butter 8d. or 9d. per lib.; bread $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. or 2d. per lib.; eggs from 4d. to 6d. a dozen, according to the season; fowls 16d. to 18d. a pair; a duck 1s. 4d.; a turkey 3s.; wine of a tolerable quality 6d.; fish are generally plentiful, and reasonable in price; and vegetables and fruit abundant.

A week may be very pleasantly spent at Lausanne. The inns are extremely good, and not excessively expensive; and at the principal *tables d'hôte*, the travellers will find an excellent and even elegant repast. There are, besides, several good coffee-rooms, where the best French and Swiss newspapers are regularly received. The promenades on every side are beautiful, and the excursions various; and let me not forget one spot where a day may be delightfully spent by the lover of flowers—the garden of Barraud, who possesses no fewer than 400 varieties of the carnation.

Lausanne may boast of some objects of interest, independent of its situation, or of the *agremens* which it offers. There may be some who would

scarcely reckon among these, the monument erected in the *Cimetière* to the memory of John Philip Kemble; and yet who has not been accustomed to associate with the productions of Shakespeare their best interpreter? This monument cannot be devoid of interest to him who remembers the god-like Roman, or the lover of the gentle Ophelia.

But the name of Gibbon is associated with Lausanne; and his library still remains in the condition in which he left it. I, of course, visited it: It is tolerably large; but more remarkable for the selection of the best works and best editions, than for its extent. I noticed on the shelves, four copies of his own great work, *three of them translations into foreign languages, French, German, and Italian, completed during his own lifetime*. With how proud a feeling must he have deposited upon their shelves these best rewards of his labour! The fourth copy I have mentioned was the Basil edition in English, which is even now the favourite edition of the work throughout Germany. I also noticed upon the shelves several editions of the Bible.

Lausanne, after Berne, Zurich, and Geneva, is the largest city of Switzerland. It contains upwards of 10,000 inhabitants, and is the capital of the Canton de Vaud. The whole canton, one of the largest in Switzerland, contains 150,000 persons, almost all professing the Protestant religion. This canton enjoys the finest climate in Switzerland, and is the only one in which wine is the staple produce. The constitution is democratic. The inhabitants are, upon the whole, little depressed by poverty. Education is very generally

spread ; and, altogether, the *Pays de Vaud* perhaps merits the name that has been given to it — *Le Paradis de la Suisse*.

I left Lausanne for Geneva by the steam-boat, which, although extremely convenient, harmonizes but indifferently with the picturesque and beautiful ; and the banks of the lake are somewhat tame after leaving Lausanne ; and, if one navigated Lake Lemman no higher than Lausanne, its claims to beauty might probably be questioned. As a whole, it is undoubtedly much inferior to the Lake of Zurich. As we passed down, the house of the De. Stael family was pointed out to me ; and also the house formerly occupied by Joseph Buonaparte. It is said to be his property still. I reached Geneva about four o'clock, and was fortunate enough to find a vacancy in the *Ecu de Genève*, a hotel which, with a thousand recommendations, possesses one fault. It is, at all times, ten to one against finding a spare corner in it.

Geneva is, from its history, one of the most remarkable, and most interesting cities of Europe. Long the metropolis of the reformed church, its connection with the name of Calvin is alone sufficient to invest it with interest. Calvin was elected to the chair of Theology in the year 1536, and died in 1564, after having founded the College, the Academy, and the Library. Well may Geneva be proud of a name to which millions owe the light of rational religion.

The stranger will find it difficult to discover in Geneva any trace of the puritanism and severity of manners for which that city was so renowned

in earlier times. I was never among a livelier or gayer population. Amusement seemed to be the reigning passion, and religion little less a matter of form than it is in France on Sunday. After listening to a favourite preacher, the Genevese flock to the theatre. The shops of Geneva also are open on Sunday, the same as on other days, and every man plies his trade as usual. The gaiety of the Genevese is chiefly seen on Sunday; for the citizens of Geneva are most of them engaged in trades that require application and close confinement—no fewer than 3000 of the 23,000 inhabitants being engaged in watch-making and gold working. The number of watches made in a year is said to be somewhat beyond 70,000; and of these, at least 60,000 are of gold. In these, and in the jewellery trade, between 70,000 and 80,000 ounces of gold are employed, and about 50,000 ounces of silver. A considerable quantity of precious stones, particularly pearls, are employed in jewellery, and in the embellishment of watches, amounting in value, as I was informed, to 20,000*l.* sterling yearly.

There are many bad, and some good streets in Geneva; and both within, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, are many pleasant promenades, among others the Botanic Garden; but I remarked, that the Genevese preferred the streets, and left the shady walks nearly deserted. The Rhone divides the city into two unequal parts, and is spanned by several wooden bridges. It is beautifully blue, but is certainly not so rapid as the Reuss.

The Canton of Geneva is extremely small—the

least in the Confederation. It is composed of the territory of the ancient republic, and of certain parts of Savoy added to it by the Congress of Vienna, and secured by the treaty of Paris. At the same time, the constitution of the republic was remodelled. Its government is now representative. The executive part of it is composed of a council of twenty-eight members and four syndics, or chief magistrates, all of whom are elected by the Council of Representatives, amounting to 278 members—formerly called the Council of Two Hundred. These representatives are elected by the citizens, who, in order to enjoy the right of voting must be twenty-five years old, and pay in direct taxes, about 15 francs per annum.

Geneva, previous to the French Revolution, had long been the scene of violent political dissensions. The form of government was democratic ; but certain families were constantly seeking to establish a permanent aristocracy. In 1783, in consequence of certain disputes between the citizens, and the Council of State, the latter, in order to preserve their power, invited foreign troops to enter the territory, and Geneva was taken possession of by the troops of France, Sardinia, and Berne. This was the first example of interference on the part of foreign states, with the internal governments of other territories—an example that was afterwards quoted by the Empress Catherine, when she interfered with the affairs of Poland, and which was followed upon a greater scale, and with more fatal results, by the allied sovereigns, when they forced a Bourbon upon the French nation.

Before leaving Geneva, I visited Ferney ; but

with the writings of Voltaire I have no sympathies ; and when I recollected the comforts and luxuries with which he was surrounded, and the adulation that every where waited upon him, my mind reverted to the Lake of Biemme, and the solitary dreamer of St Peter's Isle.

•

APPENDIX.

A P P E N D I X.

THE SLIDE OF ALPNACH.

THE following description of this extraordinary undertaking is from the pen of the late Professor Playfair.

“ On the south side of Pilatus, a considerable mountain near Lucerne, are great forests of spruce-fir, consisting of the finest timber, but in a situation which the height, the steepness, and the ruggedness of the ground, seemed to render inaccessible. They had rarely been visited but by the chamois hunters ; and it was from them, indeed, that the first information concerning the size of the trees, and the extent of the forest, appears to have been received. These woods are in the canton of Underwalden, one of those in which the ancient spirit of the Swiss republics is the best preserved ; where the manners are extremely simple, the occupations of the people mostly those of agriculture ; where there are no manufactures, little accumulation of capital, and no commercial enterprise. In the possession of such masters, the lofty firs of Pilatus were likely to remain long the ornaments of their native mountain.

“ A few years ago, however, Mr Rupp, a native of Wirtemberg, and a skilful engineer, in which profession he had been educated, indignant at the political changes effected in his own country, was induced to take refuge among a free people,

and came to settle in the Canton of Schwytz, on the opposite side of the Lake of Lucerne. The accounts which he heard there of the forest just mentioned determined him to visit it; and he was so much struck by its appearance, that, long and rugged as the descent was, he conceived the bold project of bringing down the trees, by no other force than their own weight, into the lake of Lucerne, from which the conveyance to the German Ocean was easy and expeditious. A more accurate survey of the ground convinced him of the practicability of the project.

“ He had, by this time, resided long enough in Switzerland, to have both his talents and integrity in such estimation, that he was able to prevail on a number of the proprietors to form a company, with a joint stock, to be laid out in the purchase of the forest, and in the construction of the road along which it was intended that the trees should slide down into the Lake of Lucerne; an arm or gulf of which fortunately approaches quite near to the bottom of the mountain. The sum required for this purpose was very considerable for that country, amounting to 9000*l.* or 10,000*l.*; 3000*l.* to be laid out on the purchase of the forest, from the community of Alpnach, the proprietors of it, and the rest being necessary for the construction of the singular railway by which the trees were to be brought down. In a country where there is little enterprise, few capitalists, and where he was himself a stranger, this was not the least difficult part of Mr Rupp's undertaking.

“ The distance which the trees had to be conveyed is about three of the leagues of that country, or, more exactly, 46,000 feet. The medium height of the forest is about 2500 feet, (which measure I took from General Pfyffer's model of

the Alps, and not from any actual measurement of my own). The horizontal distance just mentioned, when reduced to English measure, making allowance for the Swiss foot, is 44,252 feet—eight English miles and about three furlongs. The declivity is therefore one foot in 17.68; the medium angle of elevation $3^{\circ} 14' 20''$.

“ This declivity, though so moderate, on the whole, is, in many places, very rapid. At the beginning the inclination is about one-fourth of a right angle, or about $22^{\circ} 30'$; in many places it is 20° , but nowhere greater than the angle first mentioned, $22^{\circ} 30'$. The inclination continues of this quantity for about 500 feet, after which the way is less steep, and often considerably circuitous, according to the directions which the ruggedness of the ground forces it to take.

“ Along this line the trees descend in a sort of trough built in a cradle form, and extending from the forest to the edge of the lake. Three trees squared, and laid side by side, form the bottom of the trough; the tree in the middle having its surface hollowed, so that a rill of water, received from distance to distance over the side of the trough, may be conveyed along the bottom, and preserve it moist. Adjoining to the central part (of the trough), other trees, also squared, are laid parallel to the former, in such a manner as to form a trough rounded in the interior, and of such dimensions as to allow the largest trees to lie or to move quite readily. When the direction of the trough turns, or has any bending, of which there are many, its sides are made higher and stronger, especially on the convex side, or that from which it bends, so as to provide against the trees bolting or flying out, which they sometimes do in spite of every precaution.

In general, the trough is from five to six feet wide at top, and from three to four in depth ; varying, however, in different places, according to circumstances.

“ This singular road has been constructed at considerable expense ; though, as it goes almost for its whole length through a forest, the materials of construction were at hand, and of small value. It contains, we are told, 30,000 trees : it is, in general, supported on cross-timbers, that are themselves supported by uprights fixed in the ground ; and these cross-timbers are sometimes close to the surface : they are occasionally under it, and sometimes elevated to a great height above it. It crosses in its way three great ravines : one at the height of 64 feet, another at the height of 103, and the third, where it goes along the face of a rock, at that of 157. In two places it is conveyed under ground. It was finished in 1812.

“ The trees which descend by this conveyance are spruce-fir, very straight, and of great size. All their branches are lopped off ; they are stripped of the bark ; and the surface, of course, made tolerably smooth. The trees or logs, of which the trough is built, are dressed with the axe, but without much care.

“ All being thus prepared, the tree is launched with the root-end foremost into the steep part of the trough, and in a few seconds, acquires such a velocity as enables it to reach the lake in the short space of six minutes ; a result altogether astonishing, when it is considered that the distance is more than eight miles, that the average declivity is but one foot in seventeen, and that the route which the trees have to follow is often circuitous, and in some places, almost horizontal.

“ Where large bodies are moved with such velocity as has now been described, and so tremendous a force of course produced, every thing had need to be done with the utmost regularity, every obstacle carefully removed that can obstruct the motion, or that might suffer by so fearful a collision. Every thing, accordingly, with regard to launching off the trees, is directed by telegraphic signals. All along the slide men are stationed at different distances, from half a mile to three-quarters, or more ; but so that every station may be seen from the next, both above and below. At each of these stations, also, is a telegraph, consisting of a large board like a door, that turns at its middle on a horizontal axle. When the board is placed upright, it is seen from the two adjacent stations ; when it is turned horizontally, or rather parallel to the surface of the ground, it is invisible from both. When the tree is launched from the top, a signal is made by turning the board upright ; the same is followed by the rest ; and thus the information is conveyed, almost instantaneously, all along the slide, that a tree is now on its way. By and by, to any one that is stationed on the side, even to those at a great distance, the same is announced by the roaring of the tree itself, which becomes always louder and louder ; the tree comes in sight, when it is perhaps half a mile distant, and in an instant after, shoots past with the noise of thunder and the rapidity of lightning. As soon as it has reached the bottom, the lowest telegraph is turned down, the signal passes along all the station, and the workmen at the top are informed that the tree has arrived in safety. Another is set off as expeditiously as possible ; the moment is announced as before ; and the same process is repeated, till the trees that

have both got in readiness for that day have been sent down into the lake.

“ When a tree sticks by accident, or when it flies out, a signal is made from the nearest station, by half depressing the board, and the workmen from above and below come to assist in getting out the tree that has stuck, or correcting any thing that is wrong in the slide from the springing of a beam in the slide ; and thus the interruption to the work is rendered as short as possible.

“ We saw five trees come down. The place where we stood was near the lower end, and the declivity was inconsiderable (the bottom of the slide nearly resting on the surface), yet the trees passed with astonishing rapidity. The greatest of them was a spruce-fir 100 feet long, four feet in diameter at the lower end, and one at the upper. The greatest trees are those that descend with the greatest rapidity ; and the velocity, as well as the rearing of this one, was evidently greater than of the rest. A tree must be very large to descend at all in this manner. A tree, Mr Rupp informed us, that was only half the dimensions of the preceding, and therefore only an eighth part of its weight, would not be able to make its way from the top to the bottom. One of the trees that we saw, broke by some accident into two ; the lighter part stopped almost immediately, and the remaining part came to rest soon after. This is a valuable fact : it appears from it, that the friction is not in proportion to the weight, but becomes relatively less as the weight increases, contrary to the opinion that is generally received.

“ In viewing the descent of the trees, my nephew and I stood quite close to the edge of the trough, not being more interested about any thing than to experience the impression which

the near view of so singular an object must make on a spectator. The noise, the rapidity of the motion, the magnitude of the moving body, and the force with which it seemed to shake the trough as it passed, were altogether very formidable, and conveyed an idea of danger much greater than the reality. Our guide refused to partake of our amusement ; he retreated behind a tree at some distance, where he had the consolation to be assured by Mr Rupp, that he was no safer than we were, as a tree, when it happened to bolt from the trough, would often cut the standing trees clear over. During the whole time the slide has existed, there have been three or four fatal accidents ; and one instance was the consequence of excessive temerity.

“ I have mentioned, that a provision was made for keeping the bottom of the trough wet. This is a very useful precaution ; the friction is greatly diminished, and the swiftness is greatly increased by that means. In rainy weather, the trees move much faster than in dry. We were assured, that when the trough was everywhere in its most perfect condition, the weather wet, and the trees very large, the descent was sometimes made in as short a time as three minutes.

“ The trees thus brought down into the Lake of Lucerne, are formed into rafts, and floated down the very rapid stream of the Reuss, by which the lake discharges its water—first into the Aar, and then into the Rhine. By this conveyance, which is all of it in streams of great rapidity, the trees sometimes reach Basil in a few days after they have left Lucerne ; and there the intermediate concern of the Alpnach company terminated. They still continue to be navigated down the Rhine in rafts to Holland, and are afloat in the German

Ocean in less than a month from having descended from the side of Pilatus, a very inland mountain, not less than a thousand miles distant. The late Emperor of France had made a contract for all the timber thus brought down."—*Professor Playfair's Works, Vol. I., Edinburgh, 1822.*

THE END.

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SWITZERLAND,
THE SOUTH OF FRANCE,
AND
THE PYRENEES.

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SWITZERLAND,
THE SOUTH OF
FRANCE, AND THE PYRENEES,

IN

M.DCCC.XXX.

BY DERWENT CONWAY,
AUTHOR OF "SOLITARY WALKS THROUGH MANY LANDS," &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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SWITZERLAND,
THE
SOUTHERN PROVINCES OF FRANCE,
AND
THE PYRENEES.

CHAPTER I.

FROM GENEVA TO LYONS—LYONS.

*Change of Scenery in passing from Switzerland into France
—The Perte de la Rhone—Lyons—The Quay of the
Rhone—The Inhabitants—Paris Influence—The Quay
of the Soane—Rouviers.*

To the traveller who journeys from Switzerland, the route between Geneva and Lyons scarcely possesses the interest which it deserves, because, with the bolder and more captivating scenery of Switzerland fresh in his memory, the comparatively milder scenery that lies between Geneva and Lyons seems tame and unattractive. But, under any other circumstances, it would be considered highly interesting. The course of the Rhone is marked by many picturesque views, preserving much of the character of Swiss scenery; and gradually, as it flows eastward, the scene changes. The bed of the river becomes shallower; the rocks

less precipitous ; the wild abruptness of the Swiss landscape is lost in the soft undulations of the *Lyonnois* ; and the river, no more an impetuous torrent, battling with the huge rocks that jut from its bank, or half-choke its bed, flows through the fertile fields of France with gentle force and graceful bendings.

I was particularly struck with a view which opened upon us, just as dusk was fading into darkness. It was a long narrow lake of a peculiarly dreary character, along which the road winds its whole way, and which possesses, in the eye of the traveller who has taken farewell of Switzerland, a kind of adventitious interest, by bringing with it a renewal of the scenes which he thought he had left forever. It is, in fact, like the face of a friend returned, from whom we had sorrowfully parted. A little farther than this lake, there is a descent of extraordinary length and rapidity, marking the natural boundary between France and Switzerland, though the conventional boundary has long been passed. This descent made me sensible of the marked difference in temperature between the plains of France and the high lands of Switzerland. In the early part of the evening I had felt the cold inconvenient ; but when I had descended into the plains, although it was then midnight, I threw aside my cloak, and yet felt the heat oppressive.

The *Perte de la Rhone*, which cuts so great a figure on the page of the traveller, might almost be denominated a take-in. I followed the example of all other travellers, and scrambled down a rugged bank, steep and slippery from rain, to see this famous marvel ; but I saw nothing. The guide said the *Perte* was to be seen only when the river was low ; but that, at that time, there was too much wa-

ter to be lost. As I approached Lyons, the views expanded ; the eye ranged over a wide and fertile country ; and soon the irregular masses of building below, and the villas that crown the heights above the river, announced the vicinity of Lyons. A gradual descent, and a long suburb, led to the Quay of the Rhone ; and I established myself in the Hotel de L'Europe, the only unexceptionable hotel in the city.

It is at Lyons that we first perceive our approach to the regions of the South. People seem to live more in the open air. Trades even are carried on without the drawback of rent. The lower orders appear to look upon covering, even for the body, as not at all indispensable ; and ices and iced water supply the place of *ponch à la Romaine*. In the houses, too, the confines of a southern climate are visible ; the rooms are generally nearly dark, the art in warm countries being to keep out the sun, and even the hot air ; and the floors begin to be covered with brick. All this seems comfortless and gloomy to a traveller who arrives from Switzerland, with the many charms of the Swiss inns fresh in his recollection.

The evening of my arrival in Lyons, I began to perambulate the city ; and chance first conducted me to the Quay of the Rhone, in every way worthy of a great city, whether from its extent and breadth, or from the buildings that line it. A great part of the quay, close to the river, is occupied by a bazaar, a long row of low shops, open in front, displaying all kinds of commodities of an inferior order ; and there is every where visible that throng and bustle that indicate a populous, busy, and commercial city. But I do not recollect to have ever seen, in any of the great

manufacturing towns of England, so much to remind one of the fatal vicissitudes of trade, in the spectacles of poverty and wretchedness that every moment presented themselves ; and it struck me, that, among the lower orders of this city, there seemed to exist, in a remarkable degree, the elements of turbulence and civil commotion. The look, air, and expression of the unemployed workman of Lyons, has nothing in it of uncomplaining sufferance. He carries an air of defiance in his countenance ; and solicits alms in the manner of one who thinks he has a right to partake the purse of another, who wears a better coat than himself. Three years before I visited Lyons, 28,000 persons were employed in the silk manufactories ; and three years later, in the year 1829, when I again visited it, not more than one-fourth part of this number was required.

I continued my walk beyond the city, to the spot where the Soane merges its tranquil waters in the impetuous current of the " arrowy Rhone." Here, at the confluence of these great rivers, Napoleon began the erection of a palace ; and no site could have been better chosen ; but his purpose was frustrated by the events that destroyed alike the prospects of his ambition and his caprice.

In returning to the hotel, I passed through the great square, *La Place Bellecour* ; which indeed lies in its immediate neighbourhood. It was now almost dusk ; and the square was crowded with the middle and upper classes, who now enjoyed the mild coolness of a delicious evening, after the oppressive heat that had confined them all day to their twilight apartments. There is scarcely any difference perceptible between the upper and middle classes in Lyons and in Paris. *La mode* in Paris is *la mode*

all over France. The important air and display of fine linen among the men, and the tripping step, and charming bonnets and frills among the women, are equally characteristic in the *Place Bellecour* of Lyons, as in the Tuilleries of Paris—of that nation which contains the vainest men, and the best-dressed women in the world. “*Vive la gaieté !*”—“*Vive la bagatelle !*” seemed to be as well understood there as in the metropolis ; but, here and there, I remarked one of those haggard countenances I had seen on the quay, eyeing the triflers who sat eating ice ; and receiving, at the doors of the *cafés*, frequent alms from the light-hearted Frenchmen, who, with all their faults and absurdities, are good-natured ; and, notwithstanding their parsimony, are generally ready with a *sous* for *un miserable*.

The *Place Bellecour* of Lyons is a much finer square than the only square in Paris, the *Place Vendôme* ; and the greater part of it has been erected since the Revolution of 1793. At that period, it was the scene of dreadful outrage. The destruction of this square was made a republican *fête*. The infamous barbarian *Couthon*, who was too infirm to walk, was carried round the *Place* on a palanquin, and gave the signal of destruction by striking the condemned house with a small hammer, saying, at the same time, “*Maison, je te frappe de mort !*”

“ You must by no means omit going to the top of the hill of *Fourvières*,” is the injunction of every one you speak with at Lyons. This reminded me of the universal question at Lucerne, “ Have you been up the Rigi ? ” But there is always something in these injunctions ; and as the distance was only a pleasant walk, I resolved not to omit profit-

ing by the advice. On the road, I passed, for the first time, across the Quay of the *Soane*, which I thought still finer than the Quay of the Rhone. The Rhone skirts the city; the *Soane* traverses it. The bank of the Rhone, opposite to the Quay, is flat; the banks of the *Soane* are lofty, especially the north bank, which is indeed beautiful, viewed from the bridge—presenting, as it does, so charming a variety of town and country; for gardens mingle with the houses that stand upon its acclivities; and, above these, a fine range of wooded heights stretch down the river, sprinkled with the country-houses of the inhabitants. In contemplating this agreeable prospect, it is better not to turn the eye below, towards the river; because its muddy waters refuse to reflect in their bosom the scenes that lie along the banks, and rather impair than improve the effect of the view.

From the Quay of the *Soane*, I ascended to Fourvier by a steep winding path, from which, at every turn, new and agreeable glimpses were caught of the city below and the country beyond. I should prefer, if this were possible, to reach the summit of an elevation blindfolded, because, before we arrive at the *veritable pointe de vue*, it has lost much of its novelty, by the many snatches we have already taken in ascending. The view from the summit is imposing, standing upon the spot from which Pope Pius VII. blessed the city. To the east, the snowy summits of the Alps tower into the sky, but scarcely to be distinguished from the clouds or vapour that mingle with them; while the mountains of Dauphiny, lower and more distinct, stretch towards the south. Looking towards the south-west, the eye follows the course of the wide and glittering Rhone,

flowing between the vine-clad acclivities that skirt the Lyonnais ; while below, the city, environed by its two rivers, stands surrounded by fertility.

My object now was, to reach Avignon ; and, having learnt that a steam-boat left Lyons twice a week, and descended the Rhone to Avignon in one day, I could not resist the temptation of so easy and expeditious a mode of being carried to the south of France ; and I anticipated, besides, great enjoyment from the scenery upon the banks of this celebrated river, which, although in Switzerland, and at Geneva, familiar to every tourist, has few travellers, and fewer chroniclers, between Lyons and the Mediterranean. With Dauphiny, Provence, and Languedoc, who is there that has not pleasing associations ? and although my expectations were doomed to be afterwards bitterly disappointed, I stepped into the boat full of pleasant fancies, and with very excited anticipations of a delightful voyage and much enjoyment.

CHAPTER II.

DESCENT OF THE RHONE.

Scenery of the Rhone between Lyons and Vienne—The Côte Roti Vineyard—Commerce on the Rhone—Indications of Heat, and Discomforts—Dauphiny and Languedoc—The “Hermitage” Vineyard—Valence—St Peray Vineyards—Sufferings from Heat—Accidents—Dangerous Navigation of the Rhone—The Rapid of the Pont de St Esprit—Scenery—Approach to Avignon, and Arrival—More Accidents.

AT five in the morning, the boat left the river-side at Lyons, and it was promised by the master, that, in thirteen hours, we should be in Avignon—a distance, by water, of not less than a hundred and fifty miles. It was a singularly beautiful morning. The sun had but newly arisen, and was, as yet, ineffectual; only the balmy mildness of a summer morning was felt; and a slight air from the south, scarcely cool in itself, was woo'd into sufficient strength, by the rapid motion of the boat, to lift the streamer from the mast-head, and to be refreshing to the ungloved hand or uncovered brow. On such a delicious morning, how could the voyage be otherwise than charming? But the captain's prediction at parting, “*Nous aurons de la chaleur aujourd'hui,*” proved too well founded.

Between Lyons and Vienne—the first town of any consequence lying on the bank of the river—we shot through a succession of the most charming scenery. Sometimes the Rhone swept past fertile meadows or corn-fields—sometimes between thick and laden orchards—sometimes under high banks, picturesque, and clothed with wood; and frequent villages stood close to the water, or nestled at the foot of the heights that lay back from the river, leaving narrow plains or stripes between them and the stream.

Vienne, situated under a high cliff, and the castle upon its summit, is a striking and beautiful object in descending the river; but it is after passing Vienne that the scenery becomes most attractive; for there is now a perfect union of the beautiful and the picturesque. Naked rocks, crowned by ruined castles, rise from the midst of gardens and orchards; and the bold and precipitous banks advancing into the river, contract its impetuous current, and force it into frequent, though not dangerous rapids. These are to be encountered lower down. It is here also, about a league and a half after passing Vienne, where the vineyards lie, so celebrated for their produce of *Côte Roti*. A little plain lies by the side of the river, covered with corn, and sprinkled with fruit-trees; and about half a mile back from the stream are the heights or *côtes* that produce the Rhone wines. The hill upon which the *Côte Roti* is grown, stands somewhat isolated from the other ranges. It is about half a league in length, and about a mile in breadth, from the foot of the hill to the summit, where the vineyard terminates. The hill is rock, covered with a very scanty soil. This is the only vineyard producing the true *Côte Roti*; but, like all

other esteemed wines, its reputation enriches all who are fortunate enough to possess vineyards in its vicinity ; and accordingly, the produce of all the adjoining *côtes*, although distinguishable by the *connoisseur* from *la premiere qualité* of *Côte Roti*, (which is in fact the true *Côte Roti*), finds its way into the French and foreign markets, and passes as the genuine produce of that esteemed vineyard. It is at the cost of much toil, and many anxieties, that we drink the produce of any celebrated vineyard. The labours of the husbandman are incessant, and often abortive. The management of a delicate vine allows no intermission of toil. Digging, watering, weeding, smoothing, pruning, staking, tying, and gathering, fill up the entire year ; and all this labour may be frustrated by a storm of hail or a swarm of insects.

Between Vienne and Valence we met several boats ascending the river, dragged by horses. I noticed two boats with twenty-seven horses attached to it ; some of which were obliged to swim. The navigation of the Rhone must be both tedious and expensive. Every boat that descends the river with merchandise, must have another boat attached, carrying horses to drag it up again. The transit from Avignon to Lyons occupies about a fortnight.

So far our voyage had been pleasant. The rapid motion of the boat had carried us a long way before the sun had acquired great power ; and, up to this time, the light air from the south had continued : But a breathless calm had now succeeded ; and the sun every moment acquiring new power, the heat began to be felt—passing through all the gradations of small to great inconvenience, and at length becoming insupportable. This day at Avignon the thermo-

meter in the shade rose at 1 p. m. to 98 of Fahrenheit. Our boat had no awning ; there was no shelter ; and there was not even a possibility of sitting down. It chanced next day to be fair at *Beaucaire*, the largest fair in the south of France ; and the manufacturers of Lyons had naturally taken advantage of the steam-boat, to carry themselves and their goods thither. There were no fewer than three hundred and forty passengers ! I need scarcely say, therefore, that, with so enormous a quantity of goods on board, and the boat being by no means large, one dense mass of persons crowded the deck. There was not a vacant spot. To sit down even upon deck, I have already said was impossible ; and as for the cabin, it was not only crowded as much as the deck, but, from its small dimensions and confined air, reminded me, when I attempted to enter it, of what I had read of the Black Hole at Calcutta. And let it be recollected, that there was not a cloud in the sky ; that the rays of the sun shot fiercely down upon the unprotected heads ; and that the air occasioned by the motion of the vessel, could only reach the fortunate few who had succeeded in stationing themselves in front. I need say nothing more of the really pitiable condition in which we found ourselves. Heat such as this, I had never before experienced, and God forbid I should ever experience it again. Many persons were seriously unwell. One young Englishman, in particular, who seemed at times to lose the perfect command of his intellect, turned to me, with an inflamed countenance, and said he could bear it no longer, and that he was resolved to throw himself into the river ; and it was not without difficulty that I succeeded in tranquillizing him.

Between Vienne and Valence, we passed some

ruined arches of a Roman bridge in the centre of the river ; and we also passed under two suspension-bridges, one near Vienne, the other before reaching Valence. We had now left the Lyonnais, and had Dauphiny on one side, and Languedoc on the other ; two provinces whose names cannot fail to awaken romantic associations in the minds of all who, in the season of youth, have fed the imagination upon the writings of Anne Radcliffe. Reality is, however, a sad enemy of romance. Nothing could be less allied with romance than a crowded steam-boat, and the groanings of human infirmity ; and although the banks of the river were always agreeable, and sometimes charming, they possessed nothing of the character of romance. There were neither forests nor gloomy chateaux. The country on both sides was fertile, and for the most part flat, till, at *Tournon*, about a league before reaching *Valence*, the bank rose into the hill which produces the celebrated wine called *Hermitage*. The extent of the Hermitage vineyard is about three quarters of a league long, and half a league broad. The *côte* upon which it is cultivated is upon the left bank of the river, and it is therefore a Dauphiny wine ; but Hermitage Côte Roti, St Peray and St George, are all known in France under the general name of wines of the Rhone. I need scarcely say, that the limited vineyard of Hermitage, is totally inadequate to supply the demand, and that neighbouring vineyards supply the *deuxième* and *troisième qualités* of this esteemed wine.

Valence lies pleasantly on the left bank of the river, surrounded by a fertile country, abounding in mulberry-trees, almond, and many kinds of fruit-trees—among them a few figs. Opposite to the town, a conical hill rises close to the Rhone ; and at the dis-

tance of about a mile behind Valence, a long range of vine-covered hills runs parallel with the river. Part of these produce the different species of *St Peray*, a wine comparatively little known in England, but which will no doubt find its way into the English market, along with many other delicate and unknown wines, now that the enlightened policy of the British government has equalized the duties. The *Mousseux St Peray* is, to my mind, greatly superior as a dessert wine, to the best Champagne.

After passing Valence, the heat became more and more insupportable ; and an accident which happened to the machinery, in place of being regarded as a misfortune, was welcomed as a blessing, for it purchased a slight respite from the real sufferings which the heat inflicted. It was found necessary to run the boat ashore, and we received the agreeable permission to leave the vessel till the machinery could be put to rights. There was fortunately a clump of mulberry and other trees, at but a short distance from the bank ; and their welcome shade was soon occupied by all who had the courage to walk along the narrow plank from the boat to the shore. The luxury of this half hour was complete. Divesting myself of part of my clothing, I lay among the long grass, cooling my mouth with oranges, which I had providently brought with me from Lyons. Much amusement was excited by the timidity of a priest, who, after he got on shore, could not find courage to return on board the vessel. One of the passengers, seizing the priest's arms behind, pushed him along the plank. The priest screamed, the passengers laughed ; but the priest, suddenly freeing himself from his tormentor, and running forward, the other lost his balance, and fell into the river. It was with

some difficulty he scrambled out ; but I believe there was nobody that did not envy him the dip.

We had not descended another league, when the machinery was again found to be out of order ; and at the spot where the vessel was again obliged to be put ashore, the distance between it and the bank was too great to allow the plank to be laid : And here we were obliged to remain, exposed to the burning sun, and tantalized with the view of a delightful shaded slope not forty yards distant. Two or three of the passengers, however, found the temptation irresistible ; and, plunging into the river, which was about four feet deep, reached the shore and the shade, and were brought back to the boat with the assistance of ropes. The machinery being again put in order, we once more got into the stream.

The navigation of the Rhone has always been accounted dangerous, owing to the rapids ; and in descending some of these, many accidents have occurred. In the month of June 1828, a party of pleasure consisting of seven persons, descending from Lyons in a small boat, all perished, the boat having turned in a whirlpool, and struck the arch in passing beneath the *Pont de St Esprit*. We were now approaching this bridge, and the dangerous rapid beneath it. The chimney of the boat was entirely lowered, and every one was ordered to sit down, or lie upon deck ; an order which could not be obeyed, owing to the crowd, and for which, therefore, an injunction to stoop as low as every one saw to be necessary, was substituted. The prospect in approaching the *Pont de St Esprit* is sufficiently alarming ; the arches seem scarcely wide enough to admit the vessel, and so low as to threaten every one upon deck with being swept into the river. The alarming

appearances of course somewhat diminish in approaching nearer, though they still retain enough of the same character to create the strongest excitement; and the rapidity of the river too, seems as if hurrying one to destruction. One sheet of foam covers its surface several hundred yards before reaching the bridge; excepting in the middle of the stream, where a narrow smooth current, with numerous eddies, glides in a surf, and fall towards one of the centre arches, underneath which, the rapid increases almost to a cataract. The boat was of course kept in the centre of the stream; and when we had safely passed the bridge and the rapid, the general silence broke out into a loud huzza.

After passing the *Pont de St Esprit*, the intensity of the heat began in some degree to subside; but it was not until sunset, that it was felt to be no longer oppressive. This was a joyful event. We watched, with the utmost interest, the great globe of fire descend and approach the horizon; and, when it was no longer visible, a shout of joy burst from the deck. It has often been said, that at a certain latitude, the sky assumes a new aspect, most obvious at sunset; and the latitude of Avignon has been named as the line at which this change is perceptible. Some English gentlemen, who were passengers, found no difficulty in discovering a sunset different from any thing they had ever seen before; but, for my own part, heavenly as the evening was, and glorious as was the sunset, I thought I could remember many as beautiful in my native country. It is in the latitude of Naples or Valencia that glorious sunsets are to be seen.

As we approached Avignon, the country became less interesting, less fertile, less wooded; and at

length the fading light, only sufficient to show the more gigantic objects, discovered but the dim outline of high rocks and irregular ruins against the deep blue sky. The dark mass of buildings on the left, now showed that we had reached Avignon; and although we arrived three hours later than the time promised when we started from Lyons, yet we were all satisfied that we had escaped the perils of faulty machinery and dangerous rapids; and we had certainly no great cause to complain of delay, in completing a voyage of a hundred and fifty miles in one day.

But the disasters and discomforts of the day were not yet entirely terminated. The engine had not been stopped in time; and the steam and the current together, carrying us rapidly past the quay, and towards the bridge, where certain destruction awaited us, the vessel was turned towards the mole, in the hope that, by throwing out cables from the stern, her progress might be arrested. But this could not be accomplished without the boat striking the wall, which she did with such force as to stave in the railing that encircled the deck, and to throw the whole of the passengers prostrate; some upon the deck, some upon each other, some among the bales of goods, but, fortunately, none into the river; for, when the collision seemed inevitable, every one pressed back, and left sufficient room to be thrown upon their faces, without falling overboard.

It may easily be supposed, that the arrival of between three and four hundred persons, and landing all the baggage, would probably occasion much confusion, and many mistakes—some of them perhaps intentional. So thought the captain of the boat; for he issued his command, that not one article should

be removed from the vessel that night. The passengers, however, exhausted from heat and fatigue, crowded eagerly on shore to seek accommodation and refreshment; and, as every one seemed to be aware that the former could not easily be obtained for three or four hundred persons, there was a general race from the boat to the town. For my own part, I had never been in Avignon before, and I accordingly suffered by my ignorance. One hotel after another I found crowded, and beds were let to the highest bidder. At the hotel du Midi, I was told I might have a bed for twelve francs; but, rather than pay so much for what would in all probability prove little luxury in a filthy house, and at so hot a season, I resolved to return to the vessel and sleep on deck. This was no hardship on such a night, and indeed appeared rather enviable, after the excessive heats of the day. So, after swallowing ten or twelve cups of tea in the hotel de l'Europe, to the excessive amusement of a company of Frenchmen, who could not understand the wisdom of swallowing hot tea after suffering, and while still suffering, so much from heat, I made my way to the quay and the vessel, where I found about forty of my fellow-passengers, who had, either like myself, searched for accommodation in vain, or were too much fatigued to search at all.

The night was so sultry, that even a cloak in the open air was oppressive; but the tea had allayed my fever, and the discomforts of the day were repaid by a sound sleep. Next morning at six o'clock, the boat proceeded to Beaucaire with almost all its cargo of merchants and bales; and I found room in the hotel at something less than twelve francs for a bed.

CHAPTER III.

AVIGNON.

The Charms of Narrow Streets—The Influence of Climate upon the Usages of Countries—The Palace of the Popes—Filthiness of Avignon—Observations upon the Scenery of France, and upon the Misrepresentations of Travellers and Romanciers—The duty of exposing Error—The Environs of Avignon—The State of the City.

It is not at all uncommon to find, in the page of the traveller, some such observation as this—"The city presents a magnificent and almost magical effect when viewed at a distance. As you approach, it seems a city of palaces; but, no sooner do you enter it, than the delusion is at an end; the streets are narrow and gloomy; you are at once shut in among high walls, and shut out from the light of day." So talks many an intelligent traveller; and indeed, I scarcely know any book of travels in southern countries, in which narrow streets are not spoken of as a blot upon many a fine city. Now, so far from agreeing with these travellers, I bless narrow streets, and almost feel inclined to doubt, whether those who speak so much in disparagement of them, have in reality visited the places where their blessings are felt. The peculiarities of every country are chiefly referable to their climate; and there is equal wisdom

in the brick floors, dark apartments, and narrow streets of the southern cities, as in the thickly matted rooms and heated stoves of the north. Peculiarities in the usages of the people, also, arise from the climate in which they live; and customs that would justly excite astonishment in one country, ought not to create even a smile in another. Without a due consideration of the influences and results of climate upon the habits of the people in different countries, a traveller is apt to draw many false conclusions. He might conclude, that in Naples, or in Seville, there is more distress among the lower orders than in London, because, in these cities, he sees hundreds lying asleep during the night in the streets; but the same persons who are houseless in Seville, would not be houseless in London. Some miserable hovel would receive them. It is merely that the climate measures the scale of necessities.

I never had more reason to be pleased with narrow streets, than in walking from the hotel towards the palace of the ancient Popes at Avignon, for the weather was but little cooler than during our descent of the river; and so wisely narrow are the streets of Avignon, that one may walk from one end of the city to the other, without once stepping out of the shade. There is no particularly pleasing association with Avignon, arising from its former greatness, because that greatness was not of a kind that could ennoble it. Avignon was but the residence of popes and cardinals; and the history of this city, during the period of its magnificence, presents only reminiscences of knavery and cunning; of ambition without grandeur, and vicissitude without romance.

.. But the ancient palace of the Popes scarcely re-

quires the aid of association, to render it an object of curiosity. Its vastness is of itself sufficient to create a strong impression upon the spectator; and its ruined condition—scarcely warranted by its antiquity—seems to interpret the destiny of that empire of which it was once the seat. Every thing is colossal about this edifice. The height of the walls is no less enormous than their extent; and their extraordinary thickness and solidity lead us to wonder the more at their premature decay. The total want of uniformity in the building, certainly adds to its effect as a ruin. Built at various epochs, no fewer than nine Popes had a hand in its construction; and, from the diversity of style in which it has been completed, it would appear that the views of the sovereign Pontiffs on architecture, differed as widely as did their lives and characters.

I saw no other building excepting the metropolitan church that deserved attention. This church was built by Charlemagne upon the site of a Pagan temple. There are many tombs of cardinals, and even popes, in this church, and some monuments possessing attractions from the excellence of the sculpture that adorns them.

I have never seen any town that I would not prefer to Avignon as a residence: its filthiness is disgusting—absolutely inconceivable—to be found in a civilized country. It is quite impossible that I should illustrate this assertion by a relation of facts; the facts would not be credited; and I should sully the purity of this narrative. But this is not the only objection that lies against Avignon. The environs are detestable; and if a city were a city of palaces—fit for gods to dwell in, and possessed not the charm of pleasing environs—it should be no city of mine. The

cities of France, indeed, are remarkably deficient in this charm ; for the best of all reasons, because France is an ugly and uninteresting country. All panegyric upon the loveliness and laughing fertility of France is rhodomontade. There is more of the beautiful and the picturesque in many a single county of England, or even of Scotland, than in all the scattered beauties of France, were they concentrated within a ring-fence ; excepting always the Pyrenees, which I cannot help looking upon as a kind of separate territory—the mere boundary between France and Spain : but, at all events, the Pyrenees must be excepted. I have travelled through almost every part of France ; and, truly, I have found its beauties thinly sown. If the banks of some of its rivers be excepted—the Seine, the Loire, the Rhone, and the Garonne—some parts of Normandy, and the departments of the Pyrenees, (and all these comprise not one hundredth part of the country), France is an unromantic, uninteresting, unlovely land. And even in these favoured parts, such as the vaunted Orleannois, where shall we find the green meadows that lie along the banks of our Thames, or Avon, or Severn ; or upon which of them shall we pause to admire those romantic and picturesque views—that charming variety of rock, wood, and mountain—that characterize the banks of the Tamar, the Wye, the Derwent, the Swale, the Wharff, or the Dove ? These are nowhere to be found. Beautiful, doubtless, are the banks of the Loire ; soft and swelling are its vine-covered hills ; and graceful are the bendings of its broad and glassy stream. But vines are a wretched substitute, in the dominion of beauty, for the tender grass of an English meadow ; and the uniform flow of a wide and silvery stream, palls more upon the

sense, than the capricious reveller that one moment rejoices in its deep, dimpling, glassy pools, and the next riots on its course, mid impeding rocks, lost in the defile of wooded cliffs that close above. I pity the man who crosses France in any direction. Thousands know how *ennuyant* is the journey from Calais to Paris; but they who never travel farther, suppose that lovely France—panegyriized by so many—lies beyond. No such thing. Let them continue their journey by whichever road they please, and they will find but little improvement;—let it be from Paris to Strasburg, from Paris to Thoulouse, from Paris to Lyons—it is all the same. There is scarcely, in these thousand miles, one spot at which a man would draw his bridle, and say to himself “This is beautiful!”

But this barrenness of beauty would be nothing, were it not that France has been cried up as a land of beauty, and been made the scene of romance. Delightful France! land of loveliness and laughing fertility! have been by-words ever since the days of Mary Queen of Scots; and more than this, *Romanciers* have laid there the scenes of their fictions. Dauphiny, Provence, and Languedoc, have been associated in our minds from infancy, with romantic story; and we have been taught by Anne Radcliffe, to suppose these provinces a terrestrial paradise. The disappointment to the traveller who goes there with the expectations in which he is well entitled to indulge, from the representations of others, is truly painful. Woods, chateaux, romantic glades, rocks and rushing streams, where are ye? Woods of olives are indeed seen, scattered over a valley, or skirt-ing a river; but who that knows the olive of France finds beauty in such a picture? I do not wish to

underrate the olive of France, or rather the French olive ; but it must submit to the humble praise of adding zest to a glass of *Lafitte*, or lending its oil to the delicacies of lobster and mackerel. The fruit is one thing, and the tree another ; and the dingy pale green of the olive leaf, its puny trunk and unmajestic branches—such as the olive-tree is found in France—can never adorn a landscape. Chateaux also we have in these provinces ; but, oh ! how different from the chateaux of which we read in the romance writers, and which never existed but in their imaginations ! The chateaux are for the most part boxes upon a large scale, staring houses with wings, and a parapet wall in front, covered with vases of flowers. In short, we find the whole a delusion ; and our minds revert to the green acclivities of our own hills, our oak-forests, our lakes and rivers, and the beauty and fertility that, along with the picturesque, mingle in an English landscape.

I am perfectly aware, that, in denying to the country through which I am travelling, the charm of romance, I deprive my page of an attraction which it would be very easy to transfer to it. It would be easy to foster the delusion, to talk as those have talked before me, of lovely and *riante* France ; and to increase the discontent of fire-side travellers, by making them believe that the country beyond seas is all a paradise ; but I will be authentic at the risk of being uninteresting. If the traveller wishes to give to his page the charm of romance, let him go where it may be legitimately gathered ; but if he visit a country where it does not exist, it is his duty to disrobe the representations of others of their false colouring, and to tell the truth. The world beyond seas is not all an Eden. Every land is not “ a land

of the rose and the myrtle." There are cloudy skies elsewhere than in England; bogs in other countries than Ireland; and barren mountains in more lands than Scotland.

I am sick of the misrepresentations of travellers, especially respecting natural scenery. The scenery of countries which have even less pretension to beauty than France, has found admirers, commentators, and even illustrators. No one travels without thinking it necessary to pause now and then, and rhapsodise upon the delightful and romantic, or sublime scenery that lies around. This gives interest to the journey, allows the display of descriptive powers, and fills the book besides. I have read of charming spots discovered among the Steppes of Russia; and we read in the expeditions to the North Poles, of attractive scenery in the country of the Esquimaux: But this is scarcely surprising; for, after sailing the salt seas, the scanty verdure of a hill-side, or the margin of a brook, or even less than this—the very earth itself, scattered with a few stunted pines, will appear to furnish the materials of a captivating sketch.

These observations have all been occasioned by my cicerone at Avignon leading me to an elevated rock not far from the palace of the popes, from which a view of the country round Avignon is laid open. Somehow, I had always thought of Avignon as a place of perfect beauty—of verdure, and deep shades, and cool waters; and so strongly had this persuasion been fixed in my mind, that I had half determined to make Avignon a retreat for two or three months. But the view from this terrace dissipated these illusions; for a more sterile and unlovely prospect, my eye never rested upon. Ranges of light-gray rocks, olive plantations and vines, were alone to be seen.

Shades there were none, verdure as little ; and I was glad to seek the shade of the narrow streets, and to hope for verdure at Vaucluse.

Avignon is one of the most decayed of the French towns ; I do not mean in comparison with its papal grandeur, but within the last fifty years. Its manufactures have been transferred to Lyons. The annual fair at Beaucaire has usurped its market ; and it lives only by its olives, its vines, and by the transit of goods upon the Rhone. I saw many beggars in Avignon, and was informed that there were many *miserables* in the city. Wages of labour in Avignon average about two francs per day ; which is not much, considering that provisions are scarcely cheaper than in country towns in England. Beef is 6d. per lib., mutton 6½d. ; eggs are 9d. a dozen ; a fowl costs two francs. Wine is about threepence per bottle.

I did not prolong my stay in Avignon. The filth and heat of the town, and the sterility of the country, made me anxious to leave both ; and two days after I arrived in it, I set out for Vaucluse.

CHAPTER IV.

VAUCLUSE.

Claims of Petrarch upon the Gratitude of Posterity—Journey to l'Isle and Vaucluse—The Valley of Vaucluse—The Fountain—Grandeur of the Scenery—Petrarch's Gardens—His way of Life—His House—Monument at the Village—Trait of the Duchess D'Angouleme—The Bise Wind of Provence the Circius of the Ancients—Return to Avignon.

IT was not because of any extraordinary veneration for the memory of Petrarch, still less from any romantic ideas of the loves of the poet, that I visited Vaucluse. But a traveller who should pass from Avignon, on his way, without turning a few leagues out of it, to see the fountain of Vaucluse, might be justly taxed with being an incurious traveller; and besides, I had, like every body else, heard so much of Vaucluse, without having ever read any description of it, that I had some curiosity to see it; especially as I had long formed an idea of it in my own mind, and wished to ascertain if the guesses of fancy were ever correct. Although I have disclaimed any extraordinary veneration for the name of Petrarch, I am not insensible to his claims upon the respect and gratitude of succeeding times. The world is under great obligations to him, not only on account of that

legacy of his genius of which we are all the inheritors, but also, because it is to him that we owe many of the treasures of ancient learning which have descended to us. He was not only the greatest poet, but the most learned man of his day ; and his own exertions, as well as the industry of others employed by him, were the means of rescuing from oblivion many valuable remains of Roman genius.

We must not blame Petrarch because he preferred his " Africa " to his Sonnets. The former is indeed forgotten, and the latter live ; but in the days of Petrarch, few works had been written in the vulgar tongues ; and Petrarch, whatever his own opinion might have been of the intrinsic merit of his sonnets, probably thought them less likely to live, because they were not written in the language of the learned. It is probable, therefore, that had Petrarch never seen Laura, he might never have been known as the most polished and elegant of lyric poets ; but only as the author of a Latin poem called Africa, for which he was crowned in the capital, but which has long been forgotten. But Petrarch is deserving of our gratitude, not only for the legacy of learned love, which his zeal in the cause of letters has bequeathed to us, but also for the inheritance of his love poems : For although it may be admitted, that in these, we cannot discover that nature, and tenderness, and deep pathos, for which much of the poetry of our own time is so remarkable—they will ever deserve the character of being the most graceful and polished productions of the lyric muse that have adorned the literature of any people ; and Petrarch is entitled, besides, to the singular praise of having perfected, in his own lifetime, the language of his country. The sameness of Petrarch's sonnets has often been ob-

jected to them ; but how was it possible to avoid this fault in the composition of three hundred sonnets in praise of the same woman ? *We* see them all collected together, which Laura did not ; and I have somewhere read, that had his mistress been presented with them all bound up together, even she would have been fatigued with the repetition of her own praises.

It was in those days that genius found its reward. In life, it was courted and honoured ; in death, it was celebrated and mourned. The most splendid appointments, the highest offices of the state, waited upon literary merit. Crowns were placed upon the brows of the victor poet in the Roman capital—embassies were sent to congratulate poets on the success of their works—princes were their companions ; and we read that Mahomet, a king, a conqueror, and an accounted prophet, stript himself of his royal cloak, to throw it upon the shoulders of an author. But all this has passed away, and there is now little left, to incite to high endeavour the mind of him who, with the loftiest genius, needs an incitement more powerful than the love of gain, or even than the prospect of general celebrity.

The distance to Vacluse from Avignon is about six leagues. I hired a cabriolet for the journey, and left Avignon about nine o'clock. The road between Avignon and l'Isle, a small town about a league and a quarter from Vacluse, is any thing but interesting. The soil is covered with stones, and vines, which generally flourish best in such company ; and the only trees are olives, and some few mulberries. But let me do justice to the skies of this latitude, which were cloudless and beautiful ; and, had it not been that the sun was somewhat too powerful, any country

must have looked well under so serene a heaven. The heat was indeed oppressive; field-labour seemed to be suspended: I saw the labourers lying almost naked under every tuft of trees; and I found it necessary more than once to draw up at any spot where the friendly shade of a rather larger tree than usual flung itself across the road. As I approached l'Isle, the country swelled into undulations, but without any improvement in beauty. The two hills were yet stony, and covered with vines; and the trees, excepting some almond-trees, were still olives; yet how delusive even this might appear in description! "An undulating country spread on every side—knolls, clothed to the summit with fresh and luxurious vines, laden with their rich burden, rose by the way-side—while copses of almond-trees, olives and mulberry, filled the hollows, and dotted the neighbouring acclivities." This is by far the most interesting style of composition, and in fact the easiest; but even on my way to Vacluse, I will not vamp up a country that has nothing to recommend it.

The heat was so intense, and I travelled so slowly, that I did not arrive at l'Isle until nearly two o'clock. Here I found an improvement—I found water and shade. L'Isle is indeed surrounded and intersected by different streams of the Sorgue, which issues from the fountain of Vacluse; and a fine row of elms lines the avenues that lead in and out of the town. The adjacent country, too, is tolerably well covered with poplars, willows and olives—none of them indeed beautiful trees—but better a thousand times than dwarfish vines. L'Isle is quite celebrated for the excellence of its auberge; and as I preferred visiting Vacluse in the evening, because every pleasing scene is viewed to greater advantage at such an hour, I order-

ed dinner at l'Isle, and sought the shelter of a dark, cool room, where, reversing the order of things, I indulged in a siesta before, in place of after dinner: and so *recherché* a dinner as the aubergiste at l'Isle produced, and so choice a bottle of St George, were admirable preparatives for a visit to the love-seat of an unimpassioned poet. I was in no haste to leave these delicacies, for the sun yet shone fiercely down; and it sometimes happens, that a man seated as I was, falls into the most agreeable train of thought in the world. I left l'Isle about six o'clock, and, passing through a tolerably agreeable country, in less than an hour turned into the Valley of Vaucluse—which is rather a defile than a valley. On the left, it is bounded by a steep rocky acclivity; and below the road on the right, flows the limpid and rapid Sourgue, skirted by a stripe of the finest verdure, about two or three hundred yards broad. Beyond this, another range of rocky hills bounds the right side of the defile. After following the stream upward about half a mile—the defile continuing to be of the same breadth, but exhibiting features of more rudeness and grandeur—I reached the little village of Vaucluse, which is only a few houses and an inn.

From this little village to the fountain, a narrow path leads up the ravine by the margin of the stream, which is a rapid the whole way from the fountain to the village. The defile grows gradually narrower, and the scenery becomes at every step wilder and grander and more steril. There is now no green stripe by the margin of the Sourgue. Huge blocks of rock lie in its channel, and are strewed on every hand; and the sides of the defile approach nearer to each other. After about twenty minutes walk, the defile is seen to terminate in a huge perpendicular

rock, from four to five hundred feet high ; and this rock is the sublime portal of the fountain of Vaucluse. As we approach nearer, the scene becomes more striking and majestic. The rocks stand around like pillars and pyramids—behind them the walls of the defile rise inaccessible—the stream is now almost a cataract—and a few cypress-trees lean over it ; and high among the rocks, are seen the almost vanished ruins of the castle, said to have been in other days the stronghold of the Lords of Vaucluse. It must indeed have been a stronghold, for the rocks beneath are totally inaccessible. Let me say, that I scarcely recollect any scene I have ever looked upon, with the exception of the Pass of Mount Albula in the Grisons, that presented features of wilder or more desolate sublimity.

Scrambling among the rocks, I now stood before the celebrated fountain of Vaucluse. At the distance of a few yards, rose above me the huge bald rock I have mentioned, its front inclining a little forward from the perpendicular ; and about half way up, springing from two fissures, hung two fig-trees, green and flourishing. In front, the under part of this rock showed a wide arch, the entrance to a cavern ; and beneath the arch slept, dark and deep, the fountain of Vaucluse. I made my way down the rock that inclines upwards from the water, that I might look into the cavern. The rocky chamber of the fountain appeared to me, as far as the gloom permitted me to ascertain its size, to be about thirty yards in diameter ; and the roof, in most places, from ten to fifteen feet above the surface of the fountain. The water is perfectly tranquil ; there is no boiling up, or swelling out as from a spring—this, as well as the apparent blackness of the water, being

owing to its great depth. The fountain has often been sounded, but ineffectually—not because it is bottomless, but probably because the force of the spring bursting upwards, added to the inefficiency of the instrument used, has prevented the lead from reaching the bottom. That it is of great depth, is, however, indisputable. I remarked, in descending to the brink of the fountain, a slight violet odour, which I at first imagined arose from the water; but, upon looking more narrowly at the rocks, I found it proceeded from a deep red vegetable substance which grew upon them—I think the *Byssus jolithus* of Linnæus.

The fountain of Vaucluse presents a totally different aspect, at the season when I saw it, and when it is seen after a continuance of heavy rain. In dry weather, it is, as I have described it, a smooth, deep fountain, confined to its rocky chamber; and when in this state, it escapes by subterranean passages into the bed of the Sorgue. When the fountain is high, these passages are insufficient; the cavern is no longer visible, for the water reaches the roof, and pours into the bed of the river in the form of a cascade. In this state, however, it must lose that character which to me is its chief attraction—that charm of stillness, placidity and depth, which hangs over its rocky basin. The cascade may be fine, but I am sure I should have felt disappointment, had I seen it thus.

Nothing that I have ever seen, has so much exceeded my expectations as Vaucluse. These are rarely equalled by realities, but exceeded scarcely ever; yet, such is the fact in this one instance. I was not deceived by the misrepresentations of travellers, for I had never read any account of Vaucluse.

I had imagined to myself a cool, clear fountain, with a grassy, or perhaps a rocky margin ; but I was not prepared to find it surrounded by such scenery as I had rarely looked upon even in Switzerland. The words applied by Rousseau to Meillerie, might, with even greater truth, be spoken of Vacluse. " Ce lieu solitaire forme un réduit sauvage et désert, mais plein de ces sortes de beautés qui ne plaisent qu'aux âmes sensibles, et paroissent horribles aux autres . . . En comparant un si doux séjour aux objets qui l'environnent, il sembloit que ce lieu dût être l'asile de deux amans échappés seuls au bouleversement de la nature. "

The mean temperature of the fountain of Vacluse is 10.30 of Reaumur. Its greatest annual variation is not more than 0.90 ; its greatest coldness being in the month of April, and the least in September. The fountain, when at its lowest, ejects a cubic fathom of water every second, three when at its highest elevation, and two in its mean state. This, by simple multiplication, gives upwards of sixty-three millions of cubic fathoms in the year, or 13,627,872,000 cubic feet.

As I returned from the fountain to the village, I noticed innumerable wild flowers by the way-side ; but a catalogue of them would scarcely be interesting. The defile of Vacluse is known, however, to be a fertile field for the botanist ; and I was informed from good authority, that, between the village and the fountain, no fewer than 700 varieties of plants are to be found.

I did not return to l'Isle that night, but sauntered and lingered in the defile till dark, and then took up my abode for that night, and part of next day, at the auberge at Vacluse, not so cele-

brated as its rival at l'Isle, but quite good enough for any one who has just returned from a visit to the fountain of Vaucluse.

By the side of the river, there is a little garden and a meadow, which are called, by the inhabitants, the Garden of Petrarch. A high rock rises above it, on the southern side; and there is a natural grotto in the rock, about thirty feet long and fifteen wide, which is also called the Grotto of Petrarch; and probably both the garden and the rock are justly named; for their features agree with the description given by Petrarch himself of his retreat. He says, in one of his Latin Epistles, "On one side, my garden is bounded by a deep river; on another, by a rugged mountain, a barrier against the noon-day heats, and which never refuses, not even at mid-day, to lend me its friendly shade; but the sweet air reaches me through all obstacles. In the distance, a surly wall makes me inaccessible to both man and beast."

I cannot resist the temptation of adding a few extracts from the Latin Epistles of Petrarch—less generally known than his Sonnets—descriptive of his manner of life in the solitude which he had chosen. "You have heard me speak," said he to the friend to whom he indites the first epistle of the Third Book, "of my warfare with the Nymphs, who reign at the foot of the rocks that lose themselves in the clouds. It is from these that the Sorgue, transparent as crystal, rolls over its emerald bed; and by its bank, I cultivate a little steril and stony spot, which I have destined to the Muses; but the jealous Nymphs dispute the possession of it with me; they destroy, in the spring, the labours of my summer. I had conquered from them a little meadow, and

had not enjoyed it long, when, upon my return from a journey into Italy, I found that they had robbed me of all my possession. But I was not to be discouraged : I collected the labourers, the fishermen, and the shepherds, and raised a rampart against the Nymphs ; and there we raised an altar to the Muses ; but, alas ! experience has proved, that it is vain to battle with the elements. I no longer dispute with the Sourgue a part of its bed ; the Nymphs have gained the victory. There is, however, at the foot of the rock, a little angle, where I have re-established the Muses ; and this asylum is sufficient : it is well guarded ; for if the Nymphs would chase them from this retreat, they must carry away the mountain also. ”

In another place, he says :—“ Here I please myself with my little gardens and my narrow dwelling. I want nothing, and look for no favours from fortune. If you come to me, you will see a solitary, who wanders in the meadows, the fields, the forests, and the mountains, resting on the mossy grottos, or beneath the shady trees. Your friend detests the intrigues of court, the tumult of cities, and flies from the abodes of pageantry and pride. Equally removed from joy or sadness, he passes his days in the most profound calm, happy to have the Muses for his companions, and the song of birds and the murmur of the stream for his serenade . . . I have but few servants, but many books. Sometimes you will find me seated upon the bank of the river ; sometimes stretched upon the yielding grass ; and, enviable power ! I have all my hours at my own disposal, for it is rarely that I see any one. Above all things, I delight to taste the sweets of leisure ; some-

times fixing my eyes upon one object, and then allowing them to wander over all."

One more extract from one of his manuscripts will suffice. "The only woman whom I ever see is a black servant, dry and withered like the deserts of Lybia. Here, neither the harmony of human voices nor of instruments reaches my ear. I hear only the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the warbling of birds, and the murmuring of waters. I am silent from morning until night, for I have no one to speak to. The people, who are occupied in cultivating their vines, or mending their nets, understand not the charms of conversation, nor the sympathies of life. I often content myself with sharing black bread with my valet, and I enjoy it. This man reproaches me with the severity of the life which I lead; but as for me, I find it easier to accustom myself to the simple food of the poor, than to a more artificial way of life. Figs, grapes, walnuts, almonds—these are my delights. My table is also graced with the fish that abound in my river; and it is one of my greatest pleasures to watch the fishermen draw their nets, and to draw them myself. All about me is changed. I used once to dress myself with care; now you would believe me a labourer or a shepherd. My house resembles that of Fabius or of Cato. I have but a valet and a dog. The house of my servant adjoins my own. I call him when I want him; and when I have no more need of him, he returns home."

These passages neither convey to us a very favourable idea of Petrarch's mind and character, nor make us envious of his way of life. I will say nothing of Laura, because all the world is acquainted with as much as can be known of the history of his

love, and with the sonnets that have rendered them both immortal.

Of the house of Petrarch not a trace remains. It is certain that it was situated somewhere between the village and the fountain; because he tells us in one of his Epistles, that his house is situated between his gardens; and one of these is known to have been adjoining to the village, the other close to the fountain; for so he also tells us.

A morning visit to the fountain abated nothing of the pleasure I had felt the evening before, in contemplating the magnificent scenery around. Indeed, morning is peculiarly in unison with the coolness and freshness of a fountain; and a draught of its crystal water, in the hollow of my hand, produced—oh! how unpoetical!—a most convenient appetite for the breakfast of classic trout of Vaucuse, which, along with other delicacies, were set before me. I had almost forgotten to mention, that the village is adorned by a simple unpretending monument to the memory of Petrarch; but the history of the monument is curious. A committee of the inhabitants superintended the disposal and erection of the monument; and where—oh! ye admirer of the wild and savage in nature—where do you suppose the inhabitants of Vaucuse placed this monument? But remember that the inhabitants of Vaucuse are French, and therefore wonder the less. They placed the trim white monument within ten yards of the dark majestic rock that rises above the fountain! I am happy, now that the Bourbon family has passed into the oblivion it deserves, to be able to say one kind thing of any of that fallen race. The Duchess D'Angoulême, travelling through the South of France, visited Vaucuse; and, seeing the monument in the place

to which the taste of the committee had adjudged it, her Royal Highness took upon herself to order its removal; and it now stands in the little square or market-place of the village. I have nothing more to add of Vacluse.

I left Vacluse to return to Avignon, after an early dinner, with every prospect of being overtaken by a storm, which soon came on. It proved to be one of those violent winds to which the southern parts of France are so liable, and which are, in their nature and effects, peculiar to the provinces lying around the Gulf of Lyons. This wind, called in Provence *Bise*, is the *Circius* of the ancients, mentioned by Seneca, Pliny, Diodorus, and Strabo. Diodorus, in the Fifth Book of his history, says, "The wind blows with so much impetuosity, that it raises up stones larger than the fist, and clouds of gravel. It is so violent, that it carries away the arms and clothing from the soldiers, and throws over horses and their riders." And Strabo, in speaking of the field of Hercules, situated between Marseilles and the mouths of the Rhone, says, "The north wind is so horrible and violent in this place, that it carries stones before it, throws over men and their chariots, and snatches from them their arms and their clothes." Any one who has had the misfortune to travel in the south of France during the prevalence of this furious *bise*, will be able to recognise the truth of these descriptions. I, more than once, left the carriage, fearful that it might be blown over; and my face bore painful evidence of the showers of small gravel which it carried along with it. This wind is the curse of all these provinces; and it is scarcely possible, in travelling through this country, to meet a greater misfortune than a *bise* wind, especially if the word

“meet” be interpreted literally. It was opposed to me all the way to Avignon, and rendered the journey one of the most unpleasant I ever recollect. Its effect upon the frame, too, is singularly disagreeable; it parches the mouth and throat, creates a feeling of suffocation, and seems to dry up the whole juices of the body.

CHAPTER V.

JOURNEY TO NISMES—NISMES.

Ignorance of some Travellers—Journey to the Pont de Gard—Its Magnificence—Arrival at Nismes—Necessary Privations—Character of Nismes—Its Antiquities—Errors upon the Subject of French Politeness.

THERE are two roads from Avignon to Nismes—one of these passing within less than a league of the *Pont de Gard*, that most imposing among Roman remains, of all that are to be found out of Italy. No one, therefore, travelling from Avignon to Nismes, can do otherwise than choose this road. I cannot help mentioning, in this place, the extreme ignorance of purpose with which some persons travel. A party of young Englishmen, who descended the Rhone along with me, did not seem to be provided with even the common knowledge afforded by a guide-book; for one of them, when near Avignon, asked me, how one could get from Avignon to Geneva? Finding that they had left Geneva behind, they resolved upon travelling through the southern provinces; but never having heard of either Vaucluse, or the *Pont de Gard*, they visited neither the one nor the other, until meeting them again accidentally, in the Hotel de Luxembourg at Nismes, and natu-

rally asking how they liked the Pont de Gard, they went back all the way from Montpellier to see it; because, as one said, "people may ask about it at home."

I left Avignon *en cabriolet*, the morning after I returned from Vaucluse; and journeyed through a very uninteresting country—the sweet Provence. It was not, however, a plain, but a constant succession of low hills, many of them covered with vines, and most of them sprinkled with olives. In the morning, the *bise* blew furiously, and the first part of the journey was made by it both uncomfortable and dangerous; but it suddenly fell, and a perfect calm succeeded. About mid-day, I reached the point where the road diverges to the Pont de Gard; and, leaving my cabriolet at an auberge, I walked towards the aqueduct. However uninteresting Provence is in some respects, it is, I believe, a fine field for the botanist. I picked up, in this short walk, innumerable wild flowers; and, in many places, the air was filled with the fragrance of aromatic plants. Lavender, sweet marjoram, and peppermint, were thickly scattered around; and all the acclivities were covered with box in flower.

I shall not easily forget the impression made upon me by the first view of the Pont de Gard; and the impression was not diminished by a nearer approach to it. This is certainly one of the most splendid relics of the Roman empire; and, whether to the antiquarian, or to the mere lover of the picturesque and the sublime, it must ever be looked upon as one of the most interesting of all the monuments of antiquity. Even were there no Pont de Gard, the valley of the Gardon would be beautiful; but, spanned by this majestic aqueduct, the charac-

ter of sublimity is added to the naturally picturesque features of the valley.

Antiquarians are nearly agreed, that the Pont de Gard is a part of that stupendous aqueduct, which conveyed to Nismes the waters of the Eure and the Airau—both having their sources in the neighbourhood of *Uzes*; and which must, therefore, have been upwards of twenty miles in length. The two sides of the valley, or banks of the Gardon, connected by this aqueduct, are distant from each other about 800 feet. The aqueduct is formed upon three bridges, one above the other;—the total height from the level of the river to the top of the aqueduct being one hundred and fifty-six feet. The undermost of the bridges consists of six arches, through the largest of which the river passes. The middle bridge has eleven arches; and the uppermost has thirty-five arches. Above this is the aqueduct, which is four feet and a half high, and four feet wide. The arches, both of the lower and of the middle bridge, are unequal; which, if it does not increase the architectural beauty of the structure, certainly adds to its picturesque effect. The two lower stories of the bridge are formed of hewn stones, placed together without the aid of any cement; but the mason-work underneath the aqueduct is of rough stones cemented, by which all filtration was of course prevented.

It is impossible to view this stupendous relic without the truest delight. There is no occasion to enter into, and understand the details of antiquarianism, that we may enjoy its magnificence. As a fine and imposing object, in connection with the surrounding scenery, it is worth a pilgrimage;—as a relic of other days, it is wonderful and impressive. We know not the precise era of its construction; but we know that

two thousand years have nearly elapsed since the Roman workmen rested upon the summit, and threw down their tools. All that these Romans attempted, was commensurate with the extent and seeming stability of the empire; but they guessed not that the work of their hammer and their chisel would outlive a thousand years, the glory of that empire.

I do not know, whether the greatness of this monument is most conspicuous seen below, or from its summit. The traveller must view it from both positions. I remained long seated underneath a rock, about three hundred yards down the river; and from this spot, the union of the grand and the picturesque—of the wild romantic features of nature, with the majestic and unperishing work of art—is complete. I then climbed, by a difficult ascent, among rocks and tangled shrubs, to the summit; and examined, though not with a critic's eye, the aqueduct; and walked along and through it, till some gaps and doubtful footing forced me to return. The stupendous dimensions of the structure are made more obvious from every point, by the erection of a modern bridge across the river, one side of which is supported upon the ancient bridge. The modern bridge is fine and elevated; but, oh! how insignificant beside its majestic neighbour! The top parapet of the modern bridge does not reach half way up the lowest tier of arches of the *Pont de Gard*. I turned away unwillingly from this imposing monument, which I yet often see in fancy, spanning the deep valley, seeming like a bridge constructed for the use of giants, rather than of men—the work, too, of colossal hands.

In returning to the inn where I had left my carriage, I kept by the river-side, in place of going along

the road, that I might not lose too soon the view of the object I had come to see ; but finding that the curve would carry me, I knew not how far, out of my way, I endeavoured to find a path to the road, by crossing a thick wood that lay between the road and the river ; but I soon lost myself in its intricacies ; and when I emerged from it, I found that I had walked two hours without having advanced three hundred yards from the Pont de Gard. But I scarcely regretted this, both because I saw once more that majestic object which I had never expected to see again ; and because, in my wanderings through the wood, I had found verdure, shade, and coolness—all rarities in Provence. It was late when I reached the auberge, and night when I arrived at Nismes, where I found excellent accommodation in the Hotel de Luxembourg. But when I speak of excellent accommodation in the South of France, this is to be understood with one reserve upon its excellence. I mean filth—particularly the plague of fleas, which abound all over these parts—even in the very best hotels. I have frequently been obliged to walk through my bed-room from one chair to another ; and I always found it a necessary precaution to undress upon a chair, that I might not, by putting a foot upon the ground, carry into bed with me half a score of tormentors. A traveller will also perhaps look upon it as a grievous thing, and a direct proof of bad accommodation, that if he ring the bell, and ask for butter,—(for what Englishman can breakfast without butter ?) the answer is, “ *Il n’y en a pas.* ” *Pourquoi ?* For this reason, that in the temperature of the South of France during the summer months, the only kind of butter that could be procured would be melted butter, which might suit a Russian, but no-

body else. And there is another reason why butter is not to be had. Pasture is scarce, and therefore milk is scarce; and all the milk that can be procured is used for *café au lait*, without which, it is well known, a Frenchman cannot exist. It is, therefore, quite unnecessary to ring the bell and ask for butter.

I like Nismes better than any city in the South of France. It is cleaner than any of the others. There is rather more shade about it; the promenades are finer; and its antiquities give to it a pre-eminence of one kind over every city in Europe, excepting, of course, the cities of Italy. Many of the modern buildings, too, are fine, and the private houses are respectable, if not handsome. The streets indeed would have been better, had they been a little narrower; for it is not possible to walk through the town as in Avignon, without stepping out of the shade. At Nismes we find ourselves arrived in that latitude where night is converted into day. During the day, the streets are comparatively deserted; but at sunset, every one leaves his house; the streets and the promenades are crowded; and until after midnight, there is nothing like silence in any part of the town.

I began my tour of the antiquities at sunrise next morning; and first visited the Amphitheatre, which has the reputation of being the most in preservation of any of the Roman amphitheatres of which the cities of Italy, Spain, or France, can boast. It is certainly the most perfect that I have seen. It is elliptical in its form. Its length is four hundred and twelve feet, and its breadth three hundred and six feet. The wall all round is entire, and is embellished by two rows each of sixty arcades, one above another. The good taste of the civil authorities of Nismes has prevent-

ed all building in the immediate neighbourhood of this splendid remain. A large void space almost surrounds it, and it is open towards the west, to receive the rays of the setting sun. How insensible does habit render us both to beauty and deformity? I noticed hundreds, I might say thousands, of the inhabitants pass across the square; and I scarcely saw one turn his eyes towards that glorious edifice, which is not only the pride of the city, but, as a relic of past ages, one of the most wonderful monuments that the world contains.

The interior of the Amphitheatre fully maintains the interest awakened by viewing the exterior. Thirty-five rows of steps, once the seats of the spectators, rise the whole way round from the arena to the summit of the wall; and all is yet—not indeed as it was two thousand years ago, but—in such a condition as might lead one unacquainted with antiquities to guess, that three or four hundred years had perhaps passed over it. Rank grass indeed grows on the arena; and weeds, and flowers, and tangled roots, spring up among the seats, and creep over the walls; and wild fowls nestle, and lizards play, in their crevices; but the walls are solid, and the stone-seats are all there; and spectators might yet assemble, and gladiators fight, within its precincts. It is said that this amphitheatre sufficed to contain 25,000 spectators. In this, however, I suspect there is some exaggeration. I judge by the comparative size, and number of persons seated in the buildings in the Spanish cities, which are dedicated to the bull-fights. Their construction is precisely similar to that of a Roman amphitheatre, excepting that they are generally circular, in place of being elliptical. About a year after seeing the Amphitheatre of Nismes, I saw the

Spanish bull-fights; and preserving then a tolerably accurate recollection of the Amphitheatre of Nismes, I thought the *Plaza de los Toros* at Madrid considerably exceeded the size of the Roman amphitheatre, and yet the former will not contain more than 20,000 spectators.

The French government—be it Bourbon, Corsican, or any other—deserves praise on account of the jealous care with which it watches over the preservation of the monuments of antiquity that are found in France. I noticed at the Amphitheatre, and at all the other antiquities of Nismes, guards placed, to protect them against the injuries of the mischievous or the thoughtless. This feeling of reverence, which no doubt has its origin in French vanity, and which has probably therefore operated from the earliest times, is, without doubt, one cause of the excellent preservation in which all the Roman monuments in France are still found.

From the Amphitheatre I directed my steps to the *Maison Carrée*, the absurd name by which this relic is known. If the *Pont de Gard* and the Amphitheatre are stupendous, majestic and imposing, the *Maison Carrée* is beautiful. Antiquarians, I believe, prefer it to them all; partly because it is the most perfect Roman remain to be found in the world—not excepting Italy; and partly because some mystery was long supposed to hang over its origin and use. This ground of interest is, however, I believe, nearly at an end; for, in the year 1758, *M. Siguer* discovered accidentally the following inscription:—*G. CAESARI. AVGVSTI. F. COS. L. CAESARI AVGVSTI F. COS. DESIGNATO PRINCIPIBVS INVENTVTIS*,—which proves that this was a temple erected in honour of Caius and Lucius Cæsar, the

grandsons of Augustus. It was therefore built sometime about the middle of the eighth century from the foundation of Rome—the epoch of the first establishment of Christianity. From the name *Maison Carrée*, it may be gathered, that the building is rectangular. It is an oblong square, quite *en petit*, being only seventy-five feet one way, and thirty-nine the other; and the height is also thirty-nine feet; but it is indeed a gem, perfect and beautiful. Within, it is adorned by thirty columns of the Corinthian style, the frieze and capitals of which are sculptured with the utmost taste.

Many have been the honours rendered to the *Maison Carrée*. Architects from all parts of Europe, even from Rome, have travelled to Nismes, to take models from it in plaster; and Louis XIV. at one time entertained the project of having the building transported to Paris, that his architects might form their taste upon it; but this enterprise, worthy of a vain king, surrounded by parasites who tell him that his power is boundless, was found to be perilous; and Nismes has retained her ornament. Antiquarians say, that the walls of this temple were covered with bas reliefs in marble and bronze, which have been destroyed or stolen; and it is a curious fact, that the temple is destitute of all other light than that which is admitted by the door.

The Amphitheatre and the *Maison Carrée* were sufficient for one day. The forenoon was indeed so intensely hot, that it was impossible to stir out of doors; but the gallery in the court of the hotel affords an airy and cool promenade, and the kitchen a most excellent dinner. Generally, throughout the cities in the South of France, there are two *tables d'hôte*—one at half-past one, the other at four, in

the principal hotels; and, with the recollection of these *tables d'hôte* fresh in my memory, I cannot resist the opportunity that seems to be open to me in this volume, of calling in question the correctness of two very common, but very erroneous opinions. One of these is, that the French are the most polite people in the world. Now, I think precisely the reverse; and that the middle classes of Frenchmen have the smallest share of true politeness of any people in the world. A very selfish man cannot be polite; and a very self-conceited man cannot be polite; and I think no one who understands much of French character will hesitate to admit, that it is not untinctured by selfishness or vanity. No place is better suited than a *table d'hôte* for discovering these weaknesses, especially the former; and I think it impossible that one can rise from a *table d'hôte* in any part of France, without an unfavourable impression of French character, particularly of French politeness. Happy is the man who, at a French *table d'hôte*, is seated near the president or general carver; or who has the courage to be independent of etiquette, by drawing towards him whatever dish he fancies, and helping himself, without regarding his neighbours. I have a hundred times been surprised at the cool effrontery with which a Frenchman will sweep the eatable morsels from a dish of *volaille*, and pass the bare bones to his neighbour with the prettiest bow of invitation, and perhaps even, "*Monsieur veut il prendre un morceau de volaille,*" when all the *volaille* has been transferred to his own plate.

But another failing besides selfishness, contributes towards the incivility of a Frenchman at a *table d'hôte*—I mean his love of eating. Here I come

to the other erroneous opinion entertained of the French—that they are small eaters. The French are enormous eaters; and I do not really think there are in the character of the French, any more prominent features than their love of eating what is good, and their love of eating much. The French endeavour to get over the charge by saying, that, if they eat of many things, they take little of each. This is far from the truth. A Frenchman will take of soup and *bouillé* alone, as much as would suffice for the dinner of an Englishman of moderate appetite. But this is only the commencement of his dinner: his *cotelette* is to come, his *poisson* is to come, his *volaille*, his *roti*, his *gibier*, his *legumes*, his *crème*, his dessert; and along with this he devours—for eat would not half express the eagerness of the action—he devours as much bread as would serve the household of an English family for a day; and while he thus gormandises, he will turn round to you, and say, “*Vous autres mangent beaucoup plus que nous.*” And let it be recollected, that it is not once a day, but twice or three times, that a Frenchman makes the tour of soup and beef, and cutlet and fowl, and roast, and vegetables and dessert. His *dejeuné à la fourchette* scarcely differs from his dinner; and his supper is only a third edition of the same; and yet people are so absurd as say, that the French eat little. I lay it down as a general position, that every Frenchman is an epicure; and that epicurism is not unfrequently allied with gluttony. I have never seen the people of any country lay so great a stress upon their dinner as the French. *Bon diner* is scarcely ever out of their mouths; and not French men only, but French women also, married women at least, are entitled to be classed

among the epicures. I ought not to be entirely ignorant of French propensities and habits, for I have spent altogether five years in France ; and I wish I possessed as much the power, as I have the inclination, to draw a true portrait of French character.

Although the Amphitheatre and the Maison Carrée are the two most interesting of the remains of antiquity in Nismes, there are several others deserving of a visit ; but more interesting to the antiquarian, than to the traveller who is uninformed upon these matters. Among these the *Tourmagne*, from the Latin *Turris magna*, and one of the gates of the city, are the only relics of which almost anything is visible. The former is one of the towers of the Roman wall, which was once flanked by ninety ; but this, it is believed, was the greatest of them, and meant for some end exclusively its own. There are many surmises as to what this end may have been ; but inquiries of this kind are not only uninteresting, but as fruitless as they are useless.

I was pleased in no small degree with the garden of Nismes, which contains many Roman remains, particularly baths, in a state of great perfection, and of vast extent ; and many statues of emperors and senators. But the chief attractions of the garden, are its pleasant shades and charming variety of flowers, among which I luxuriated each of the three days I spent at Nismes, during some of the morning and evening hours. These days sufficed to gratify curiosity, and I left Nismes for Montpellier.

CHAPTER VI.

MONTPELIER—NARBONNE.

Montpelier, its Climate and Reputation—Montpelier as a Residence—A Jour de Fête—Apparent Inconsistencies of French Character—Journey to Narbonne—Cette, and its Manufactory of Wines—La Maladie Noir—Bezières—French Brandy Manufactories—Narbonne—Narbonne Honey—Fruit Markets—Journey to Perpignan—The Mediterranean—Perpignan and its Population—the Citadel—French Opinions of Prussia and England—Expenses in the South of France—Journey to Carcassone—“Hairbreadth ’scapes”—Quillan—Limoux—Champagne du Midi—Carcassone—Husbandry in Languedoc.

THE country between Nismes and Montpelier is a wine, olive, and fruit-country; and although neither picturesque, nor in any way remarkably interesting, it was a great improvement upon the country lying to the east of it. Montpelier is seen at a considerable distance before arriving in it, seated upon two hills, and certainly presents an imposing appearance. I reached this celebrated city before dinner, and established myself in the *Hotel du Midi*.

I call Montpelier celebrated, because its name has passed into a byword for salubrity of climate. Every country has its *Montpelier*. In England, several spots have claimed to be its Montpelier. Scotland has also its Montpelier. Nancy is the Montpelier of the North of France; Utrecht the Montpelier of Holland. Ireland, I have no doubt, has its Montpelier; and I almost think Norway and Sweden

have their Montpeliers. All these honours are surely enough for the fame of one city ; and Montpelier, the genuine Montpelier, must doubtless be deserving of its honours. Medical men, however, I believe, begin to doubt this ; and this doubt has had a material influence upon the prosperity of the town. In former times, about twenty or thirty years ago, two hundred English families were sometimes resident there ; but since fashion, caprice or experiment, have sent consumptive patients to die in Madeira or Naples, in place of Montpelier, that number is reduced to forty or fifty families ; and these, I believe, resort to Montpelier less for the sake of health, than of economy.

The Montpelier of the imagination, and the Montpelier of reality, are very different places. The former is a spot of charming retirement, surrounded by beauty and shade ; sweet and noiseless, except the murmur of the Mediterranean, and the song of nightingales. The real Montpelier is a large, bustling, and rather noisy city, with fertility around it, but scanty shade ; and the murmur of the sea only to be heard by a six miles ride. But still Montpelier has many advantages as a residence. Whatever may have been the doubts that have sent the consumptive patient farther south, it is undeniable that the air of Montpelier is salubrious, possessing the mildness which belongs to a southern climate, and yet having its heat tempered by the sea-breeze. It is also a cheap residence ; the more so, from the now diminished influx of strangers. I knew a gentleman in Montpelier, who gave sixty francs per month for a commodious second story of a house, well furnished. This was not above 12s. per week ; and two well furnished rooms may be ob-

tained in twenty places for 10s. Living is not expensive, though not so cheap as house-rent. Beef and mutton is from 5d. to 6d. per lib. Fish, of which there are sometimes twenty kinds in the market, ranges according to its kind, quality, and scarcity, from five to twenty sous per lib. A good sole usually costs about 5d. Fruit and vegetables are both cheap, and good wine of St George is sold at fifteen sous per bottle; old St George of the best quality costs two francs. Milk is of course dear, and butter only to be had in cold weather.

The *Hotel du Midi* at Montpellier is one of the most excellent in the South of France. I counted on the table d'hôte no fewer than sixty dishes, exclusive of dessert. Tea à l'Anglais, of a most exquisite flavour, and with milk too, is to be had in this hotel; and so ambitious are they of perfection, that even butter was produced; but this turned out to be lard. It is surprising, that in the hotels in the South of France, where fresh butter is no where to be obtained, that salted butter has not been thought of. Even in the most southerly of the Spanish cities, every hotel is provided with Irish or Dutch butter in cask; and I have eaten in Grenada as excellent butter as could be purchased in London. There is nothing extraordinary in this; because the steam-packet for the Levant touches at Cadiz every fortnight, being only eight or ten days out of London; but the South of France possesses even greater facilities for intercourse with London by way of Bordeaux, than the South of Spain; and butter enters as little into the *cuisine* of the one country as of the other.

One of the days I spent at Montpellier chanced to be some great *jour de fête*. In the evening the promenade was illuminated, and all the inhabitants

of Montpellier assembled there. Griefs, cares, regrets, anxieties, seemed all to have been left at home. There were holiday faces there by thousands, as well as holiday dresses; and I believe the hearts and minds had their holiday too. One grand distinction between French and English character lies in this, that when the English determine to be happy, they never succeed; while, on the other hand, when the morning of a holiday arrives, when a *jour de fête* invites a Frenchman to join in its gaieties, he resolves to enjoy himself, and his resolution is carried into effect; he is always ready to say,

To-night—at least to-night be gay,
Whate'er to-morrow bring.

How extraordinary a riddle is French character! Made up of contradictions, it defies the philosopher, and staggers the phrenologist, with all his skill in balances and neutralizations; though, I confess, I think these seeming contradictions may be explained more satisfactorily by the disciple of the school of many organs, than by the believer in the mind one and indivisible. An enthusiast in war, an enthusiast in science, an enthusiast in trifling, and yet no real enthusiast after all—for how can there be enthusiasm in a people destitute of poetry and sentiment? a Frenchman seems to be an inexplicable being. But all the apparent contradictions in his character have their origin I suspect, in one passion—national vanity. It is not the love of fighting that leads a French army from Paris to Moscow, but *la gloire*. The *philosophe* who sits at his midnight lamp, cannot contemplate his triumph and discoveries, without mixing them up with *la gloire* of another kind—the scientific reputation of *la grande nation*. And when a Frenchman hurries to the *Theatre Français*,

to witness the representation of a comedy of Molière, or a tragedy of Racine, or Voltaire, a view to his own gratification is not the sole impelling motive; he fancies—nay he is sure—that *la comedie Française* is the most perfect in the world; that there never was but one Racine, or one Voltaire; and that it is a duty to uphold and patronize that which so nearly concerns the glory of his country. The national vanity of the French is boundless and incurable. It embraces the whole range of the arts and sciences—all that in which men contend for pre-eminence, or pride themselves in. It is this that carries a Frenchman to the *Academie de Musique*, to listen to the worst music in the world—this that crowds the gallery of the French school of painting, and leaves the Italian school neglected—this that produces a thousand copies of *David*, and not one of Raphael, or Titian, or Murillo—this that endured the despotism of Louis XIV., because he was the vainest of kings, and loved *la gloire*—this that tore down the bastille, murdered a king, and abjured God, because such things were a spectacle for the world to gaze at—this that received the yoke of Napoleon, because the spectacle of revolution was no longer new, and because his ambition and *la gloire Française* went hand in hand—this that encouraged industry, commerce, and manufactures, during fifteen years, because France could not be great without them—and, finally, this that now threatens to desolate Europe with the scourge of war, because *la grande nation* is beginning to be forgotten. Much good, and much evil, has arisen from the predominance of a passion like this; but it is evidently impossible to calculate upon the actions of a people who are so governed.

Having seen all that was worthy of observation in Montpellier, I took the road to Narbonne. It runs within a league or two of the sea all the way; but, owing to the inequalities of the ground, and particularly, a range of cliffs that lie to the left, the Mediterranean is scarcely ever seen from the road. About three leagues after leaving Montpellier, these cliffs assume the elevation of a hill, crowned by the castle of the well-known town of *Cette*, which lies under it. At this town every one of the celebrated wines of Europe is manufactured. Port, Sherry, Clarets, Burgundy, Champagne, Hock, are all turned out from the manufactory of *Cette*, and sent to the different cities of Europe, to supply cheap dealers, and economical wine-drinkers. These wines are, however, sent in greater quantities to all other countries than England; because the high duties hitherto payable upon wines exported from France, have prevented the manufactured port of *Cette* from entering the English market, at a lower price than the genuine wine of Portugal. It is said, however, that *Cette* clarets and champagnes have found their way in large quantities to England—a fact that partly explains cheap French wine advertisements. The materials used in the manufactured wines of *Cette*, are chiefly the wines of Catalonia, Roussillon, and Limoux, and the brandy of Bezières. With these, the people of *Cette* say, all things are possible.

I was amused at a small town between Montpellier and Bezières, at which I stopped to dine, with the conversation of a French gentleman at the *table d'hôte*, who entertained the company with an explanation of the reason why the English travel so much. He said this was owing to a disease brought on by the fogs; that it was called in France *la maladie*

noir ; that its symptoms were low spirits, and a desire to move from one place to another ; and that the only cure was foreign travel. He appealed to me, whether or not he spoke the truth ; and, as I really thought he had described the disease fairly, I admitted that he was right ; and that, before I left England, I was grievously afflicted with it.

Bezières, which lies about four leagues short of Narbonne, and about three leagues from the sea, is one of the most flourishing towns in the South of France. This prosperity arises from its extensive manufactory of *eau de vie*, which is only inferior to the *eau de vie* of Cogniac. French brandy is as various in its quality as English gin. Every country, in fact, that produces wine, produces *eau de vie* ; and the quality of the brandy is, generally, in an inverse ratio to the quality of the wine. In all the districts that produce the most esteemed wines, the worst brandy is made ; for the obvious reason, that in these it is made from the refuse, after the wine has been extracted ; but where the grape is unfit for the produce of good wine, the *eau de vie* is manufactured from the pure grape. The worst brandy in France is made in Champagne and Medoc, which are the choicest wine districts ; and the best, at Cogniac and Bezières. Many brandies of France, besides those of Cogniac and Bezières, find their way into the English market ; and all are sold under the generic name of French brandy. But brandy may be genuine French brandy, that is, brandy really manufactured in France, and may yet be execrably bad.

Between Bezières and Narbonne, there is little to interest the traveller ; but, in the neighbourhood of Narbonne, the country becomes agreeable, the banks

of the Aude are fertile and pretty, and numerous orchards and gardens lie around the town. Narbonne is chiefly celebrated for its honey, which is said to be the finest in the world ; but that which I tasted there, I thought too odoriferous. One might fancy himself eating a *bouquet*. It is certainly totally different in its flavour, and of a higher flavour, than any other honey ; but if the same system were pursued in other countries in the management of the hive, honey of a high flavour might be produced elsewhere than at Narbonne. The peculiar excellence of the Narbonne honey is owing to the variety in the nourishment of the bees. The hives are moved from one place to another. From the gardens of Narbonne, they are carried to the meadows in the neighbourhood ; and they are afterwards conveyed thirty or forty miles distant, as far as the Low Pyrenees ; so that the treasures of the gardens, the meadows, and the mountains, are all rifled, to produce the honey of Narbonne. In England, this system, although it would doubtless be attended by corresponding advantages, could not effect all that it effects at Narbonne, because numerous aromatic plants, that are found in abundance over the most southern of the French provinces, are not indigenous to England ; but the trial is worth making.

Narbonne is an ancient city, with a fine church, and contains several Roman antiquities, not, however, in sufficient preservation to interest any one but an antiquarian. I was particularly pleased with the fruit-market, which exhibited a choice and abundant display of all that tempts the palate and allures the eye. I filled my cap with strawberries, and my pockets with nectarines ; and with the addition of honey, bread, and some milk, which cost more in-

qu岸ry, and much more money, than all the rest, I made a luxurious breakfast. Narbonne has scarcely any manufacture, and lives partly by its trade in honey, partly by the transit-trade with Spain. The wages of labour here are extremely low, not more than one franc per day; and the necessaries of life are obtained at an easy rate. Among these, meat is not reckoned by the lower orders; for, at Narbonne, we have got so far south, as to discover something of those indolent habits which produce, in still more southern countries, a distaste for all exertion beyond that which is necessary to preserve existence, and which limit the necessities of life to the natural productions of the soil.

At Narbonne, the great road through the most southern provinces diverges to the right. Passing through Carcassonne, towards Thoulouse, the only other road leads south to Perpignan, and is the great road to Spain. I was informed, however, that if I proceeded to Perpignan, I should find a cross-road, leading close under the Pyrenees, and among the outposts of the mountains, to Tarbes, from which roads diverge in all directions into the different valleys; and as the flats and low hills of the vaunted South of France had so disappointed me, I resolved to leave them behind, and seek the Pyrenees, of whose charms I felt no misgivings.

Soon after leaving Narbonne, the road approaches the sea; and here another disappointment awaits the ardent and romantic traveller, who has perhaps been accustomed to associate with the Mediterranean all that is lovely and attractive; and has already, in his imagination, enshrined this summer-sea as an object almost of poetic devotion. For my own part, my imaginative vision of the Mediterranean had already

been proved to be true, by having, some years before, coasted its shores between Nice and Genoa. But there may be some who look for the first time upon the Mediterranean, between Narbonne and Perpignan; and, if they should never see it again, the Mediterranean will be to them no longer a vision of poetry; for nothing is to be seen, but shallow lagoons, sands, and shingle—no bright verdure reflected in its bosom—no orange-trees kissing its waves. But, upon the veracity of a traveller, I declare to all those unlucky tourists, who may never have caught but one glimpse of the Mediterranean, and that one between Narbonne and Perpignan, that it is unfair to judge of the Mediterranean by so transient a glance; and that, if they will but continue their journey southward, and travel along its shores as far as Alicant or Malaga, they will find that poets have for once spoken the truth; that its waves make sweet fellowship with verdure and flowers; and that orange-trees, and palms, and accacias, bend over its waters. But, notwithstanding this, the Mediterranean is no favourite of mine, beautiful though it be. A sea without a tide has only half the ocean charm; for it wants variety—which is, after all, the chiefest charm of every thing.

The road to Perpignan is totally without interest. There is scarcely a tree or a bush to be seen—no village, and few houses. After skirting the sea about three leagues, the road diverges to the right, and approaches Perpignan by a long straight avenue, through a flat country, thickly scattered with olives, willows, and poplars; and, crossing the long bridge over the dry bed of the little river Tet, I entered Perpignan, and alighted at the *Hotel de l'Europe*.

Every body knows that Perpignan is the frontie

town of France, on its south-eastern boundary—the key, as historians say, on the side of Spain: But it is the passage of the Pyrenees, not the possession of Perpignan, that would open the way into France; and the great expense at which the fortifications of Perpignan have been recently put in order, seems, therefore, to be a very needless expenditure.

At Perpignan, though the remotest nook of the French empire, I found that I was still in that country, to every corner of which Paris gives law. There was still the same French air about every thing. I saw no amalgamation in character, usages, or dress, with the dress or usages of Spain. Even the bonnets of the Perpignan ladies might have issued from a *magazin des modes* in Paris. I take the inhabitants of Perpignan to be a contriving people; for, besides the narrowness of the streets, they have hit upon another very simple device, for excluding altogether the mid-day sun. Cloths of some kind are suspended, like awnings, across the street, from the upper windows; so that, in these parts of the town where this is the practice, the fiercest noon-day sun may be set at defiance. I am surprised that so simple a device as this has not been adopted in other towns of the South; and yet I never remarked it elsewhere than in Perpignan.

I applied to the commandant for leave to see the citadel, which he politely granted; and, attended by a soldier, I made the tour of it. It is large enough to contain four regiments; but the usual garrison is one only. To me, the citadel was chiefly interesting from the view it commands over Roussillon, and of the Eastern Pyrenees. The country is entirely level on every side of Perpignan. On the east, the plain extends to the sea, which is dis-

tant about four leagues, but is scarcely visible from the citadel; and, on the south, it reaches to the outer ridges of the Pyrenees, which are seen stretching westward in a majestic line, as far as the eye can trace. Upon these outer and lower ridges, the wines of Roussillon are cultivated. The plain, at least in the neighbourhood of Perpignan, is a corn and oil country—almost the only wood excepting the olive, being willow, which is used for fire-wood. From the citadel of Perpignan, no part of Spain is visible. The highest mountain-peak is that of the Canigou, which lies within the French boundary. The soldier who accompanied me round the citadel, complained bitterly of inaction, and the long continuance of peace. I asked him, what country he and his comrades would like to make war upon—l'Espagne? At the mention of so unworthy an enemy as Spain, he only smiled. I next mentioned Russia;—he shrugged his shoulders, as if he would have said, that fighting against frost and snow was no fighting at all. I then mentioned England; he said the English and French were best in friendship;—“*cependant*,” added he, significantly. I knew the force of the word, and saw that the idea was not disagreeable; but it is upon Prussia that the French desire to take vengeance. The mention of Prussia called forth a “*sacre*.” He said he was ready, and all Frenchmen were ready, to march against Prussia. I have never found any variation in this statement in France. The French hate the Prussians even more than they hate the English; and I think it may be safely predicted, that, should a French army ever set foot on Prussian soil, it will be a war of extermination.

It is at present the fashion, to speak of the strict

alliance of friendship that exists between France and England ; and to deprecate the notion, that any animosity between the two nations now remains. I believe that national animosity has long ceased, on the part of the people of England ; but I am persuaded, that, with the great mass of the French people, kind feelings towards England will never take deep and lasting root. Particular circumstances may, for a short season, call forth kindly sentiments, and there may be a sudden overflow of enthusiasm and gratitude ; but these will subside—they will sink down to their original level, dried up by the parching influences of jealousy and old prejudices.

Perpignan is chiefly supported by its garrison, and by the transit-trade to Spain, which, I need scarcely say, is not very extensive. There is one article of export, however, from Roussillon to Catalonia, both extensive and lucrative. The inhabitants of Barcelona cannot do without turkeys ; and as these birds are scarce in Spain, there is a large export of them from France. A well-sized turkey does not cost more than four francs at Perpignan, and at Barcelona it is sold for ten or twelve ; but from this profit two francs of import-duty upon every turkey entering Spain must be deducted. All the necessaries of life, and many of its luxuries, are cheap, over the most southerly provinces of France. Beef and mutton are 2½d. in the markets of Perpignan, and almost every thing else is in the same ratio of cheapness. Yet, notwithstanding, there is little or no difference in the expense of travelling. Is this, or is that, a cheap country to travel in ? is a question that need never be asked ; for, however much one country may differ from another in its ex-

penses, to those who reside in it, they are nearly all alike to the traveller. I do not speak of the expense of transit, but of the expense of inns. If a man sets out to make the tour of Europe, he need scarcely make any variation in his calculation of expenses, for the different countries through which he has to pass.

I found here, that the information I had received at Narbonne, respecting a cross-road to *Carcassone* through the outposts of the Pyrenees, was correct; and I learnt, besides, that it would be necessary to make a circuit from *Carcassone* by *Thoulouse*, in order to reach the celebrated valleys of the Pyrenees, watered by the *Gave* and the *Adour*; and I took advantage of the public conveyance which travels the road three times a week.

The country between *Perpignan* and *Quillan* is scarcely susceptible of cultivation, excepting in the neighbourhood of these towns. The road winds among rocky defiles, and through deep valleys; but none of these are remarkable for beauty. The outer ranges of the Eastern Pyrenees are but scantily covered with verdure; and in the valleys, few trees are to be seen excepting the olive. I noticed by the way-side—the first time I had seen it growing wild—the aloe; and lavender, rosemary, and sweet-brier, abundantly perfumed the air. This road is certainly better fitted for a foot-passenger than for a carriage: it is not only bad, but in many places extremely dangerous. At one place it ascends by the side of a deep valley, with no parapet between it and a tremendous precipice; and the ascent is so steep and so long, that six horses were unable to draw the carriage up. Several times, the horses backed, and

brought those who were within, to the very verge of destruction. . . For my own part, I was on foot. At another time, we were in still greater jeopardy. A bridge is thrown across a ravine of great depth ; the bridge has no parapet, and is only wide enough for a carriage to pass over. . . The descent to the bridge is rapid ; and the ascent, immediately upon crossing it, is so steep, as to seem, in approaching it, almost a perpendicular. . . The coach went rapidly down, and crossed the bridge ; but after the impetus had carried the horses some little way up the steep, they stopped. . . The coach went back ; and one half foot from a right line would have thrown it down the precipice. . . Upon the bridge, the horses began to be restive ; and here the situation of the inside passengers was sufficiently alarming ; for the carriage, being close to the edge of the bridge on both sides, it was impossible to step out. I was seated in the *banquette*, and, scrambling down between the horses, I made my way out of danger. . . The passengers in the *rotonde* behind could also leave their places without difficulty ; and, thus lightened, a new attempt was made to go forward, and it fortunately succeeded.

. . . Quillan is the only village between Perpignan and Carcassonne. It is situated under a high stony mountain, and beside a mountain stream, the banks of which are covered with vines, and spotted with wood. The road skirts this stream all the way to Carcassonne ; but before arriving there, we stopped an hour at *Limoux*, which I have already mentioned, when speaking of the wine manufactory of Certe. . . The wine of Limoux is called the *Champagne du Midi*, and it well deserves the name. It is quite equal to

the Champagne blanc, drank in the *Cafe de Paris*; and costs one franc per bottle, in place of six. At Limoux, we have left even the outer ridges of the Pyrenees; and, approaching Carcassone, we pass through an open, better cultivated, and more fertile country.

Carcassone has the reputation of being a remarkably pretty town. Its streets are straight and wide—too wide for its latitude, and adorned by several handsome fountains; and there is also an extensive boulevard of lofty trees, parallel with the old Roman wall that still surrounds the town. I was amused at Carcassone by a novel demand. I had drank so plentifully at Limoux of the Champagne du Midi, that I was unable to taste the supper provided by the aubergiste. “It is of no importance,” said he, “whether you took supper or not; supper was on the table, and it was no fault of mine if you had no appetite, *parbleu*.” But I would not pay for the supper I had not eaten; and the aubergiste swore, with many a *sacré*, that the English were the most unreasonable people upon earth.

I left Carcassone early in the morning for Thoulouse, but with the intention of only going as far as Castelnaudary, having sufficient acquaintance with a landowner in the vicinity, to reckon upon a hospitable reception. All that part of Languedoc which lies between Carcassone and Thoulouse is a corn country, and grows also a little wine. The grain chiefly raised is wheat and Indian corn; and the crops of every description are luxuriant. The rotation of crops in this country is Indian corn, wheat, fallow, and wheat. Almost all the land in this part of France belongs to the person who resides upon

it. His house is substantial and comfortable, with every suitable convenience for the necessities of a farm. The proprietor farms his own land ; he has a manager, who is paid partly by a fixed salary, and partly by a small proportion of the crops, which makes him a participator in the returns of his industry and exertions. Farm-servants in this part of the world are very enviably situated. There are, upon every property, one, two, or three small separate houses, according to the wants of the estate. In each of these, two or three farm-servants are accommodated. They have a garden, and a bit of land for Indian corn ; they are supplied by the master with as much bacon and wine as they require ; and they are allowed, besides, enough of wages for clothes, &c. A day-labourer receives two francs per day. Horses are not employed in the agriculture of Languedoc, but oxen solely ; and these cost about 450 francs a head. The clear returns of corn land throughout this country are not above $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. ; but the best wine country produces 5 or 6 per cent. The people are well off, and paupers are rare ; indeed, I do not recollect to have seen one *miserable* from Carcassone to Thoulouse. The bread universally in use among the lower orders, and not unknown even at the tables of the upper classes, is the bread of Indian corn. It is mixed with one-fourth, or one-third part of wheat ; and no one need desire better bread than that which I ate at the house of the gentleman upon whose hospitality I had rightly counted.

Towards Thoulouse, the country increases in richness and fertility. There is nothing of the beautiful or the picturesque in it ; but there is every

where, what is far better—an appearance of abundance. I arrived at Thoulouse at sunset, after passing through the most extensive suburbs I have seen in any provincial town, and found an apartment in the *Hotel de l'Europe*.

CHAPTER VII.

THOULOUSE.

The Markets of Thoulouse, and Market People—Fruit in England and on the Continent—Place du Capitale—The Floral Games—The Dark Ages—Clemensa Isaure, and her Poetry—Institutions and Churches—Thoulouse as a Residence—Prices of Provisions.

THOULOUSE, the capital of Languedoc, is one of the most ancient, and certainly one of the most interesting cities of France. Some say that Thoulouse existed five centuries earlier than Rome. It is certain, that in the reign of Tarquinius Priscus, Thoulouse sent out armies and colonies. In the days of Cæsar, it was well known under the name of Tolosa; and Martial, in one of his epigrams, says,

“ Marcus Palladiæ non inficienda Tolosæ,
Gloria, quam genuit pacis alumna quies. ”

But the annals of Thoulouse are more interesting at a later epoch; for, at a time when the thickest darkness overspread Europe, the revival of letters had long been preparing in the songs of the Troubadours, which were sung at the Floral Games. The recent and disastrous events of war have also given to Thoulouse a new interest; and, independently of these exclusive claims to the notice of the traveller

which this city possesses, it is a fine, large, flourishing place, situated in the midst of abundance, containing many fine edifices and remarkable objects; and, even if it possessed no other distinction, it would be entitled to be separated from the common catalogue of towns, merely because it is there, that the waters of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean are united; for it is at Toulouse that the great canal of Languedoc is merged in the Garonne.

I would counsel every traveller who arrives in Toulouse, to provide himself with a *cicerone*, unless he takes a pleasure in losing himself; for I do not know any other city whose localities are so intricate. In whatever direction I wished to go from the *Hotel de l'Europe*, I found myself sooner or later in the market-place, called *la Place du Capitale*; and here I generally lingered an hour or two, for I do not know any market-place in the world so splendid as this. To stroll through the market-place of Toulouse, about seven o'clock on a summer's morning, is a pleasure of no common kind. The display of fruit and vegetables is beautiful to behold. There are millions of peaches, and nectarines, of a size that would strike an English gardener with astonishment. I found several of those which I bought, measure ten inches in circumference. There are millions of plums of every shape, size and colour—millions of pears—millions of every fruit, and every vegetable found within the temperate zone. *Pomme d'amour* is also brought in immense quantities to all the markets of the southern cities, for no condiment enters more generally into the *cuisine*. This useful and showy fruit was very conspicuous in the market of Toulouse. I also noticed quantities of green olives, which were brought to the market on the branches.

Notwithstanding the size and beauty of the fruit found in the more southern countries, I do not think it equals, in flavour and mellowness, the same fruit produced in a choice garden in England. I of course exclude those fruits which cannot be raised in England without artificial heat: those, in the southern countries, are incomparably better than they are in more northern latitudes. The finest melon reared in England by artificial heat, is an indifferent fruit compared with the melon of Granada, or Valencia; and the choicest hot-house grape, though much excelling the grapes of France, is yet far inferior to the muscatel of Malaga or Alicant. But I speak of fruits ripened both in England and on the Continent by the sun; and I assert, that these are found in greater perfection in England than in any other country. The enormous peaches of Languedoc are neither so mellow nor so high flavoured as the best English peach; for, before the inside of these large peaches becomes thoroughly ripe, the outer parts lose their freshness and flavour. I have nowhere tasted pears equal to the jargonel, such as I have eaten it in England; the ribson pippin is not equalled in any Continental market; and as for strawberries, I'll back my own little garden against the world.

Besides the pleasant display of fruit, vegetables and flowers, in the market of Thoulouse, there are many agreeable pictures of another kind—living pictures. Hundreds of market-people are busily employed, before the bustle of the morning begins, in forming, upon the lids of the boxes, the most enticing pyramids of their various fruits, arranged with the utmost taste, according to size and colour; others are seen at their early and simple breakfast of pears and bread, after their fruits have been arranged, &c.

thers are busy shelling peas, or clipping and laying out cabbages, or wiping clean the yellow or orange-coated *pomme d'amour*. But to see all this, you must be on the road to the *Place du Capitale* when the church of St Etienne strikes six, otherwise the pyramids will be raised and partly demolished, the breakfast over, the vegetables arranged, and the scene of preparation at an end. But mental, as well as bodily wants, are provided for in the market-place of Thoulouse; for there are numerous booksellers shops in little wooden houses, covered with announcements of the new publications to be had within. I noticed several translations from English works; among others, Captain Medwin's *Conversations of Lord Byron*, Shakespeare, Gibbon, and Swift.

But the *Place du Capitale* is not remarkable only as being the market-place of Thoulouse; for it takes its name from the Capitale, or Hotel de Ville, which forms one side of it, and which is, upon many accounts, one of the most interesting edifices in France. The exterior of this building is adorned by much fine marble and sculpture; and to view, as it deserves, all that is to be seen in the interior, a day will scarcely suffice. Among the halls, one of the noblest is that called *la Salle des illustres Toulousains*. Here are placed, in niches, busts of all who have been born in Thoulouse, and who have reflected honour upon the place of their nativity. But through this hall we pass into one more interesting—the Hall of the Academy of the Floral Games. Every one has heard of the Floral Games of Thoulouse—the earliest institution in the history of modern Europe, for the promotion of any department of letters. By the registers of its history, it is known to have existed long before the

year 1328, and was therefore in its vigour at that period which is usually denominated the dark ages—a term that ought to be better defined. When we think of the dark ages, we are apt to picture to ourselves a time when Goth and Vandal had trampled under foot all that was noble and intellectual—a rayless season of mental bondage—a leafless “desert of the mind,” when intellect never put forth one bud, or, if she did, when it was crushed by the hand of the barbarian, or drooped because it bloomed alone; and then we imagine, that a period called the revival of letters, intellectual light broke upon the benighted earth, as the sun bursts from an eclipse upon a shrouded world. There is doubtless something very captivating in this idea; but it needs little acuteness to discover that it is all a delusion, and that such deep darkness, and such miraculous light, had never any existence. It is true, indeed, that during those times, called by us the dark ages, intellectual light shone with an uncertain and flickering flame; that if, for a time, under the patronage of an Alfred or a Charlemagne, learning appeared to have found a sanctuary, the death of its patron, or the first political convulsion, again clouded its horizon. It is true, that learning had then no constellation, but that her lights shone single; and that often one star sunk ere another emerged from the opposite horizon: And yet learning, though in these ages neither very commanding in its nature, nor very widely diffused, was never so totally prostrated as it has been customary to believe; and to the middle ages we are indebted not only for the collection, and preservation, and multiplication, of the most valuable works of antiquity, but for the germ of all that romantic poetry of which the nations of modern Eu-

rope can boast. It was for the encouragement of this poetry that the Floral Games were instituted. The academy consisted originally of seven Troubadours, who took the title of *Mantenadors del gay saber*, (*Mainteneurs du gai savoir*); and the institution was called *le gai Consistoire*. Originally, they used to assemble and distribute prizes in the open air; but, at a later period, the meetings were held in the hall. It was in the fifteenth century that the Floral Games found a patroness in the Dona Clemensa Isaure, who presented, with her own hand, the golden violet which was the prize of the successful poet. There is a manuscript in existence, containing many of the pieces which then obtained the prizes, and where, it is said, that they were read (*dictes*) before Clemensa Isaure.

The statue, in white marble, of this patroness of the Floral Games, which was formerly placed upon her tomb in the church de la Daurade, is now preserved in the hall in the Capitale. Below is a copy of the inscription in *Provençale*, which formerly adorned her sepulchre. The following is a translation of it.

“ Clemensa Isaure, daughter of Louis Isaure, of the illustrious family of Isaures, having taken the vow of chastity, as the most perfect state, and having lived fifty years a virgin, established, for the public benefit, markets for corn, fish, wine, and herbs, and bequeathed them to the citizens of Thoulouse, on condition that the Floral Games should be celebrated every year in the edifice which had been constructed at her expense;—that a festival should there be held, and that they should strew roses upon her tomb; and if these conditions should be neglected, that the gift should revert to the king; and, finally,

that a tomb should there be erected, where she might repose in peace."

It would appear, therefore, that this Clemensa Isaure, the patroness of poetry, and dispenser of the golden violets, was, after all, but a matter-of-fact person, who established fish-markets, as well as patronized the Floral Games—not a divinity of beauty and youth, whose smile of approbation was rapture; and whose fair hand, presenting the *nouvelle eglantine*, the poet would rather touch with his lips, than take from it the richest prize.

Clemensa Isaure was herself one of the most celebrated minstrels of the age in which she lived. Many of her poetic effusions are preserved in a collection of these, written in Gothic characters, and reprinted at Thoulouse. I shall cite one poem, in *Provençale*, with a French translation, given by M. Jouy in his "Hermite en Provence."

" Dolsa sazo joëntat de l'annada,
Tornar fasetz la dolse joc d'amors,
Et per hondrar fiseles trobadors,
Abetz de flors la testa coronada.

De la vergès humils, regina des angels,
Disen cantan la pietat amorosa,
Quan das sospirs amars, angoissa dolorosa
Bic morir en la crotz la gran Prince dels cels.

Cintat de mos aujols, ô tan genta Tolosa,
Al fiç aymans uffris senhal d'honor;
Sios a james digna de son lausor,
Nobla coma totjorn et totjorn poderosa.

Soën, a tort l'ergulhos en el penso
Qu'hondrad sera tostemps dels aymadors.

Mes jo saï ben que lo joen trobadors
Oblidaran la fama de Clemensa.

Tal en lo cams la rosa primavera
Floris gentils quan torna lo gay temps ;
Mes del bent de la nueg brancejado rabens,
Moric, e per totjorn s'esfassa de la terra. "

" Douce saison, jeunesse de l'année, vous ramenez les doux jeux de la Poesie, et pour honorer les Troubadours fidèles, votre tête est couronnée de fleurs.

" De l'humble vierge, reine des anges, disons, chantons l'amoureuse piété, lorsque poussant des soupirs amers, et dans les angoisses les plus douloureuses, elle vit le grand Prince de cieux mourir sur une croix.

" Cité de mes aïeux, ô belle Toulouse, offre le signe du triomphe au bon poète ; sois a jamais digne de ses louanges, toujours grande et toujours puissante.

" Souvent à tort, l'orgueilleux croit qu'il sera constamment chanté par les Poètes ; mais moi je sais bien que les jeunes troubadours oublieront la renommée de Clémence.

" Telle en nos champs la rose printanière fleurit et se pare d'un vif éclat au retour du printemps ; mais tourmentée par le vent de la nuit, elle tombe, elle meurt, et son souvenir s'efface sur la terre."

Although these are no longer the days of the Floral Games or of chivalry, there are still in Toulouse several societies which adhere to the example set in former days, by distributing prizes to successful candidates. One of these, *L'Académie des Sciences, Inscriptions, et Belles-Lettres*, which originated in

the seventeenth century, and another, called *La Société de Médecine*, hold public sittings, and crown successful competitors. There is also a society of Painting and Sculpture, a society of the Fine Arts, and a society of Agriculture;—the last of which holds a public meeting, at which prizes are awarded.

While at Thoulouse, I strolled into several of the churches; and, although the interiors of churches are rather a hackneyed subject of interest, I found several of the churches of Thoulouse worthy of a visit. The church of St Saturnin is said to be as old as the ninth century, though some parts of it are greatly more modern, particularly the choir, upon which I noticed a bas-relief caricature of Calvin, in the form of a sow, sitting in a pulpit preaching. *Calvin le Porc prêchant*, is inscribed below. But the great distinction of this church consists in the number of relics which it contains. These are preserved in little chapels in the vaults below; and the value of the contents is expressed in this modest inscription:—

Non est in toto sanctior orbe locus.

All the usual relics are found in this collection, such as thorns of the crown of Christ—bits of the true cross—pieces of the Virgin's petticoats, which must have been sufficiently ample, if we may judge from the thousands of morsels of them shown in every collection of relics in Christendom. Besides these, there are legs and arms of many saints, and the entire bodies of no fewer than twenty. It strikes me, however, that the bodies of some of these saints are to be seen also in several of the monasteries of Italy. Many honours have been rendered to these relics. Calixtus II. raised an altar to St Simon and St Jude,

and deposited their relics in it. Clement VII. accorded fifty years of indulgence to all who, after having confessed their sins, should devoutly visit the church of St Saturnin. Urban VIII. has gone farther ;—he has extended to all those who visit seven altars in this church, and who there pray for concord among the princes of the earth, for the extirpation of heresies, and the exaltation of the church, the same indulgences which have been conferred upon those who visit the seven altars in St Peter's at Rome.

From the summit of the tower of this church, there is a fine and extensive view over the surrounding country. The provinces of Languedoc and Gascony, the windings of the Garonne, and the distant chain of the Pyrenees, form its imposing features.

The only other churches which are worthy of a visit, are the cathedral church of St Etienne, and the church *de la Daurade*, upon whose principal altar may be seen the golden flowers presented to the poets at the Floral Games. Excepting the gallery of pictures, in which some productions of the best Italian masters are found, I saw nothing else worthy of notice. In the vault of the Cordeliers, there was formerly a number of dead bodies, so well preserved as almost to emulate life. I mention this only, because, about forty years ago, a tragical event was connected with this vault. The son and heir of one of the first families in Thoulouse engaged, for a wager, to spend an hour at midnight among the dead bodies. He went ; but not returning, his companions sought him, and found him, in the inside of the open door, dead. The key of the vault was found in the door; and a part of his clothes entangled with it. He had no doubt opened the door,

and, upon endeavouring to go forward, had found himself held—and fear had done the rest.

The neighbourhood of Thoulouse would be found one of the cheapest places of residence in Europe. Within the city, every thing is about one-fourth part dearer than in its immediate vicinity, owing to the dues of entry. In the markets held in the neighbouring villages, meat is sold at 3d. and 3½d. per lib.; fowls are not more than 10d. a pair; a fine turkey costs but 2s. 6d. or 3s.; eggs, fruit, and vegetables are remarkably abundant and cheap; and wine does not exceed 1½d. per bottle. The country is thickly covered with country-houses; and one of these furnished, and suitable for a small family, and with an excellent garden, may be had for 400 francs per annum, (15l.)

CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNEY FROM THOULOUSE.—LOURDES, AND
ARGELES.

Country to the South of Thoulouse—Auch—Tarbes and its Inhabitants—The Plain at the Foot of the Pyrenees— Lourdes—Tradition—The Defile of Lourdes, and Entrance to the Mountains—The Valley of Argeles—Argeles and its Inhabitants.

I HIRED a cabriolet to carry me to Tarbes, and left Thoulouse soon after sunrise. The idea of a country overflowing with milk and honey, is realized in the neighbourhood of Thoulouse. Nothing can be more perfectly fertile than the country on every side of the road leading southward from the capital of Languedoc. Corn, wine, orchards, gardens, and country-houses, occupy every inch of land; and the appearance of the country people bespeaks a healthy and happy condition. Every where, in the fields, the country people were busy cutting, with the scythe, the straw of grain that had been already reaped. It is the practice throughout the Southern provinces, to cut, along with the grain, only the upper half of the straw, which is used as food for horses; and the under part, which is coarser, is cut afterwards with a scythe, for the purposes to which straw is put in other countries. The peculiar construction of the

farm-houses in this part of France produces a singular effect. To every one a pigeon-house is attached; and as these are built high and narrow, and with dome-shaped roofs, and often surmounted by a cross, one might imagine the whole country to be covered with churches.

I stopped to breakfast at a small town, whose name I have forgotten, about four leagues from Thoulouse. The breakfast set down was so bad, and the price demanded so exorbitant, that I refused to partake of it; but walked into the market-place, where I followed the example of others, by purchasing some pears and a loaf of excellent bread for breakfast. The market-place was half filled with sheep exposed for sale. I inquired the price of a fat wether, and found it to be only six francs. All the way to Auch, the country continues charming, and gradually improves, not in fertility, for that is impossible, but in variety; for the great plain of Thoulouse terminates long before reaching Auch; and the road passes through a fine undulating country of gentle hill and valley, both well cultivated and well wooded. The appearance of Auch is particularly striking, standing upon several elevations, and surrounded by wood—not the sickly olive of Provence, but forest-trees, oak, elm, and ash; and nearly in the centre of the town there is a magnificent promenade, upon an elevated terrace of great extent, finely shaded, and commanding an extensive view over the surrounding country. I passed more than two hours here after supper, until it grew dark, enjoying one of the most balmy evenings that ever breathed from the skies of Gascony.

A long journey to Tarbes awaited me next day; and I accordingly left Auch before sunrise. I had

expected, before reaching Auch, to have discovered the chain of the High or Central Pyrenees; but in this expectation I was disappointed. Numbers of inferior elevations, scattered over the plain, intercept the view of the Pyrenees, until within less than five leagues from Tarbes. There, near the village of Rabastens, from an elevation over which the road passes, the whole range bursts into view. But, being at this time mid-day, when the atmosphere was dimmed by hot vapour, the view I obtained was imperfect; and it was not until my arrival at Tarbes, that I was able to gain a satisfactory view of the majestic barrier that shuts out Spain from the rest of the world.

I have read in some book, that the most beautiful part of every country is, where the mountains sink down into the plains; and of this assertion, the situation of Tarbes offers an excellent illustration. If I had never gone farther into the Pyrenees than Tarbes, I might have said that nothing can exceed the beauty of its neighbourhood. The charming plain that environs it—yet not altogether a plain—stretches to the foot of the mountains, rich in every production of this southern latitude, beautifully diversified with wood, and watered by the meanderings of the Adour, and of several lesser streams. The celebrated valley of Bagnères opens to the left—that of Lourdes to the right; while, to the south, apparently at but a few leagues distant, the *Pic du Midi* towers above the range of mountains that extend to the right and to the left, as far as the eye can reach.

The town itself, anciently the capital of Bigorre, and well known in the time of Cæsar, is one of the prettiest towns of the south of France; and here

for the first time, one perceives a slight approximation to the usages of that untrodden country that lies beyond the majestic barrier. This is visible in the dress of the women, who no longer cover their heads with bonnets, hats, caps, or handkerchiefs, but with scarlet squares of woollen stuff, trimmed with black, which they throw over the head and shoulders, something in the form of the Spanish mantilla ; but I noticed, that those who carried milk and butter to market, folded up the *Capulet* (for such is the name of this article of dress), and laying it in a square of many folds upon the head, placed the can or jar upon it, and thus tripped along.

It is from Tarbes that all the roads into the Pyrenees diverge. One leads to Bagnères de Luchon ; another to Bagnères de Bigorre ; a third to Cauterets ; and a fourth to Lourdes, Argeles, Luz, St Sauveur, and Gavarnie. The last road leads through the most central valleys, and most into the heart of the mountains ; and, judging by my maps that Luz would be the most central point for head-quarters, I resolved to follow this road in the first place. Here I resumed my pedestrianism, and left Tarbes for Lourdes soon after sunrise.

Until arriving at Lourdes, or rather until we have passed Lourdes, one cannot be said to have entered the Pyrenees. It is an undulating plain that lies between Tarbes and Lourdes, known under the name of *Lanne-Maurine*, or *Lande des Maures* ; owing, as tradition says, to a bloody combat which took place here, in the beginning of the eighth century, between the Moors and the inhabitants of the country—a tradition that is confirmed by the discovery of tombs and of bones in

different places in the neighbourhood, and also by the authentic records of history. It is known, that in the year 732, Abderaman passed the Pyrenees with a powerful army. The Duke of Aquitaine was defeated by the Moors on the banks of the Dordogne, and Bourdeaux was captured and pillaged. The invading army proceeded northward, everywhere defeating their opponents, until Charles Martel engaged the foe near Tours, and gained a signal victory, in which Abderaman was killed. After this battle, the Moorish army, deprived of its head, suffering all the privations which a defeated army must always encounter, and pressed by the enemy, retreated towards the Pyrenees to pass into Spain; and it was during the flight of the Moors that the combat took place in the plain between Tarbes and Lourdes. After this second defeat, the Moors, unable to cross the mountains, whose passes were all occupied by the enemy, abjured Mahomedanism, and abode in the mountains; and this, in the opinion of some, is the origin of the Cagots, that unhappy race, who were long the victims of unjust persecution.

After the long continuation of carriage-traveling from Avignon all the way to Tarbes—oh, how I enjoyed this morning, the freedom of pedestrianism! It was a glorious morning; the country around was of surpassing beauty; and the magnificent range of the Pyrenees, rising abruptly from the plain, were bathed in sunbeams, which gilded the eminences, reposed upon the slopes, and gleamed in among the valleys. If this book should chance to be read by any one who knows the scenery of Scotland, let him recollect the road from Stirling along the foot of the Ochill Hills, and he will then

have a better conception of the country through which I am now conducting him, than could be conveyed by a thousand minute descriptions. It is true, his imagination must assist me; he must imagine the Ochills seven or eight thousand feet high, in place of two thousand; he must substitute Indian corn of the most luxuriant growth, for oats and barley; and, in place of whin-blossoms covering the knolls and banks by the way-side, he must fancy these clothed with vine; he must also add the charm of a southern sky, and the balminess of a southern clime. With these changes, the resemblance is striking. I recollect at this moment, with a vividness as if the recollection were but of yesterday, the beautiful line of the Ochills, seen from the heights in the neighbourhood of Hervieston—their woods and shadows, and Castle Campbell's dark ruin, and embowered Alva. And when this image is presented to me, I see at the same time the range of Pyrenees as I travelled from Tarbes to Lourdes, with those differences only which I have pointed out.

About half-way between Tarbes and Lourdes, I left the road a little distance to gain a small village called Lanne, that I might breakfast, for there was neither village nor inn by the way-side; and with excellent milk, which I had not tasted since leaving Switzerland, and bread of Indian corn, I made my first meal on Pyrenean fare. The approach to Lourdes is singularly striking; and the situation of this town unites all that is beautiful and picturesque. It stands at the entrance of a defile, which leads into the central valleys of the Pyrenees. The old castle frowns upon a high wooded hill overlooking the town; the rapid and crystal Gave

sweeps below it. Through the defile are seen the high Pyrenees towering into the skies ; and the charming undulating plain I had passed through, stretches away towards Tarbes.

In past ages, Lourdes was a place of some importance. It was fortified by the Romans in the time of Cæsar ; and part of the walls, as well as two of the six towers which formerly existed, are yet visible, though in ruins. The castle was also a work of the Romans, and is still in such preservation that it is used as a state-prison. It belonged to the English after the treaty of Brittany ; and in 1304, made a vigorous and effectual resistance to the Duke of Anjou, who laid siege to it at the head of the *elite* of France.

It was a short day's journey from Tarbes to Lourdes ; but the country was too exquisitely beautiful to hurry through it, and I therefore delayed till the following day my journey to Argeles. I applied for leave to visit the chateau ; and having easily obtained it, I spent an hour or two among the woods which stretch over the lower half of the hill, and in delighting myself with the view enjoyed from the summit, over the magnificent landscape that spread upon every side. The summit of one of the towers is called *Pierre de l'Aigle*, from the following tradition :—Charlemagne laid siege to the castle, and, not being able to take it by assault, resolved to force it to a capitulation by starvation. But Mirat, the lord of the castle, chanced to be an especial favourite of Notre-Dame du Puy (St Pé), and she sent an eagle to the summit of the castle, carrying in its beak a large fish alive. Mirat, taking advantage of this miracle, sent the fish to Charlemagne, as a proof that the garrison was not without food ;

and Charlemagne, knowing that a live fish could not be had on the top of the hill, perceived that it was a miracle; and, finding that Mirat was under the protection of the Lady of Puy, proposed less hard conditions, and that, in place of surrendering the castle to him, it should be surrendered to Notre-Dame du Puy. It is strange, that the Lady of St Pé should have taken so great a fancy to Mirat, who was not a Christian; but the tradition adds, that he was afterwards baptized.

In the evening, I walked to the little lake called *Lac de Lourdes*, which lies about three quarters of a league from the town. In size and general appearance, and in the scenery by which it is surrounded, it may be aptly compared with Grasmere. I walked round it, gathering a nosegay of lavender and thyme, and returned to the inn at Lourdes after dark, or at least in deep dusk, to do infinite justice to a stew of pigeons and an omelet, and to sleep without the pest of either fleas or mosquitos.

Gray morning still hung in the defiles, though the mountain-peaks were touched with the earliest sunbeams, when I entered the gorge that leads from Lourdes to Argeles. It is now for the first time that the traveller is enclosed among the Pyrenees; the plains are left behind, and the beauties that lie around and before him are of a wilder, though of a no less attractive kind. There is always a peculiar pleasure in entering mountains that have long been seen at a distance; and I felt fully that elevation of spirits which the entrance into a new country generally produces. I had long been accustomed to think of the Pyrenees as a region where I should find that union of the beautiful, the picturesque, and the sublime, which I had looked for in vain in every

other country ; and I found that I reasoned justly, in presuming that the southern latitude of the Pyrenees would create that union in greater perfection than it is to be found in Switzerland. But I shall afterwards return to this subject, when I have seen more of the Pyrenees, that I may compare Pyrenean with Alpine scenery.

The defile, in leaving Lourdes, is extremely narrow, allowing scarcely more room than suffices for the Gave, and the road which is constructed by its side. On the left, the rocks rise abruptly above the river, their interstices filled with a variety of shrubs ; but, on the other side of the Gave, opposite to the road, the rocks leave little recesses covered with verdure, and scattered with fruit-trees. But this defile, which we imagine is conducting us into the most savage scenes, suddenly expands ; the mountains fall back ; and the Eden of Argeles, for so it may truly be called, opens before us. I know of nothing in Switzerland comparable with the valley of Argeles. More sublime scenes—as picturesque scenes—may be found in many places ; but no scene where the union of beauty and picturesqueness is so perfect—no spot in which the charm of mountain scenery is so mingled with the softest and loveliest features of fertility. But such scenes abound in the Pyrenees ; and I shall, by and by, conduct the reader where sublimity, as well as the picturesque, is united with perfect beauty. The valley of Argeles is about eight miles in length, and varies from one to three miles in breadth ; and is bounded on both sides by lofty mountains, far up whose slopes, fertility disputes the dominion with barrenness. The valley is not a level, but is strewn with innumerable eminences, all wooded to the summit, excepting where

here and there a bald rock lifts itself pyramidically above the trees; and many of these eminences are crowned with the gray ruins of ancient castles. All the lower part of the valley is rich in cultivation; charming meadows lie along the banks of the Gave, which traverses it from one end to the other; luxuriant crops of grain lie between these and the mountains; walnut-trees, ash, and fruit-trees, thickly fringe the banks of the river, and are scattered over the fields; and, besides innumerable pretty houses embowered in wood, and surrounded by verdure, no fewer than ten villages are counted in the short distance of two leagues. It was through this Eden that I walked to Argeles, where I resolved to remain some days, that I might visit the enchanting scenes and various valleys that lie in its neighbourhood. The *auberge* was not tempting; but the people were civil, and the beds were clean; and, if the ragouts were not prepared with the *acumen* of Ude, they were good enough for a traveller who never studied him.

Argeles is but a very small town, containing scarcely a thousand inhabitants. These, in all the towns of the *Hautes-Pyrénées*, are composed of two classes—those who are comfortable, and those who are beggars. There is no class of poor persons; and the reason of this is easily assigned. The land is fertile, and most of it is the property of those who cultivate it. Its produce, therefore, joined to the profits derived from the transit of strangers to the celebrated baths in which the Pyrenees abound, enables all who are moderately industrious to obtain an easy livelihood. But, as I have observed elsewhere, when speaking of Switzerland, wherever there is an influx of strangers, many beg-

gars will be found, because casual bounty produces idleness. So it is found in all the villages that lie in those parts of the Pyrenees through which it is necessary to pass, in order to reach any of the celebrated baths; and the nearer to the baths, the greater is the number of beggars.

The same evening I arrived at Argeles, I climbed up the monticule which lies immediately behind the town, that I might look down upon the charming scenes I had passed through. Had it been ten times higher than it is, I should have been well repaid for my labour; the green meadows and the golden harvests formed the most beautiful mosaic. From this point, too, the chain of the higher mountains was visible, their lofty and fantastic peaks resting against the sky; and all the windings of the Gave might be traced in its capricious course through the paradise which it waters. From this point also, no fewer than nine ruined castles or fortresses are visible. These ancient monuments, which now serve but to beautify the landscape, were in former times places of strength, or signal-towers of alarm. These peaceable valleys were then subject to the ravages of the lawless people who descended upon them from Arragon; and it is conjectured, that these towers were used as signal-towers, that the inhabitants of the valleys might be quickly assembled to repel attack—for to them was intrusted the defence of the frontiers.

Each of the days which I spent at Argeles, I dedicated to a separate valley; one day exploring the pastoral beauties of the *extreme de Salles*; another, tracing up to its origin the beautiful valley of *Aucun*; but descriptions of these would be tedious. One peculiarity I particularly noticed. All the moun-

taineers in this part of the Pyrenees, profoundly venerate the Virgin of Pouey la Hun ; and in many different spots in the valleys, I noticed that their devotion had raised altars to this protectress of the mountaineers. Her own peculiar chapel is placed upon a little platform at the foot of the Pic d'Azun ; and there, at certain seasons, the inhabitants of the valleys resort to pay their adorations.

CHAPTER IX.

ARGELES TO LUZ—AND ST SAUVEUR.

Route to Pierrefitte—St Savin—St Orens—The Defile of Pierrefitte—The Cradle of Luz—Matchless Scenery—St Sauveur—Expenses and Comforts—The Waters of St Sauveur.

AFTER spending four delightful days at Argeles, and in its neighbourhood, I left it to walk to Luz. Between Argeles and Pierrefitte, the valley continues as fertile and as beautiful as between Argeles and Lourdes, but it gradually contracts, crowding more beauties into a narrower compass. This journey is full of interest and beauty. About half a league or somewhat less from Argeles, I was attracted by the gray walls of extensive ruins half way up a wooded hill; and immediately afterwards I reached a small village called St Savin. Both the village and the river take their name from a saint, who, in the eleventh century, inhabited a hermitage upon these mountains; but the ruin is older than St Savin. It was originally a Roman fort, and was erected into a convent of Benedictines by Charlemagne. On leaving St Savin, I noticed several ruins upon the side of the mountains on the opposite bank of the river, and I made a detour accordingly. Crossing some meadows, and wading through the Gave, I reached

Beaucens, a very small village overlooked by an ancient castle; and a little higher up the mountain, a chapel called Bidouret is situated, a famous rendezvous for the devout, where three women, bound by a voluntary vow, devote themselves to solitude, and to the care of this religious temple. From time immemorial the chapel has been under the guardianship of three women; for when one dies, a third is immediately found to complete the number. I walked up to the chapel, and conversed with the *solitaires* who were all three old. One of them had lived there thirty-four years. They said they were supremely happy, for they knew they were under the protection of our Lady.

From Beaucens, I walked up the side of the Gave, passing under the ruin of a monastery called *St Orens*, situated upon the side of the mountain, and overhanging a deep wooded ravine. This saint was a Spaniard by birth, and, inspired with a love of solitude, he retired at an early age to the Pyrenees, where he rivalled in his austerities the most famous anchorites of his day. Revered for his piety, he was offered the archbishoprick of Auch, a distinction which he long refused; till, having stuck a sapling in the earth, and prayed to God to have his will revealed, it immediately became covered with leaves. From *St Orens*, I again waded through the Gave to regain the road to Luz, and soon afterwards I reached *Pierrefitte*. Here, the valley of *Argeles* branches into two, or rather terminates in two ravines; one, running up to *Cauterets*, and traversed by the Gave de *Pont d'Espagne*; the other ascending the main stream of the Gave *par excellence*, to Luz and *Gavarnie*. Beyond this point, the character of the scenery through which we have passed, entirely

changes; the beautiful is lost in the picturesque and sublime. As I purposed passing the mountains from Luz to Cauterets at a future time, I proceeded up the ravine that leads to Luz.

I never look upon any new or peculiar scene, without endeavouring to find a resemblance to some other better known scenes; because in writing a record of a journey, such references and comparisons at once place the scene before the reader. It answers all the purpose of an engraving. *M. Ramond*, in his work, has compared the defile leading from Pierrefitte to Luz, to the valley of the Reuss in Switzerland, for a description of which, I refer the reader to the first volume of this journey. The resemblance is considerable; but the valley of the Gave is narrower, wilder, more wooded, and the road is carried at a greater elevation above the river. The gorge of the Eisach, from Mount Brenner to Brixen, in the Tyrol, would afford a more perfect comparison; but both in England and Scotland there are scenes that approach to this valley, though they do not rival it. If the mountains that rise from the valley of Matlock were eight or ten times higher than they are; if the river were more a succession of falls and rapids; and if the road were carried sometimes two or three hundred feet above the bed of the river, and at other times, when obstructed by tremendous precipices, were forced to cross the stream, the valley of Matlock might be compared to the valley of the Gave. In Scotland too, the gorge called Cartlane Craigs, might be said to resemble this defile, if a road were constructed above the stream half way up the precipices; if the banks above were twenty times higher; and if the river were three or four times larger.

The weather was intensely hot as I walked from Pierrefitte to Luz; but so deep is the defile, that the sun scarcely ever found its way into it. This road rivals in its excellence the road now constructed up the bank of the Reuss; but in some respects, the nature of the valley of the Gave, has created a necessity for more labour. For between Pierrefitte and Luz, the road crosses the river seven times, by marble bridges of one arch, which required no other foundation than the rocks from which the arches spring.

The defile of the Gave, such as I have described it, extends about three leagues, and in this distance the rise is nearly a thousand feet. The defile then suddenly expands, and ushers the traveller into that spot the most beautiful that I have ever found, either in the Pyrenees or in any other country with whose beauties I have made myself acquainted. This spot cannot be called a valley; it is a hollow among the mountains, from which three valleys, or rather defiles, diverge—one to Baresges, one to Gavarnie, and the third to Pierrefitte, which I have already travelled. I did not stop in the little town of Luz, but went half a mile farther, to the Baths of St Sauveur, where I lingered a fortnight, among the most beautiful, the most romantic, and the most sublime scenes that nature ever brought into fellowship.

It is at Luz that the union of the beautiful, the picturesque, and the sublime, is complete. In no other part of the Pyrenees, and no where else in Europe, have I found it. It was here, and here only, that my expectations of Pyrenean scenery were fully and delightfully realized. I must attempt a description of the hollow of Luz, for there is nothing in any other country to which I can liken it. For

give to yourself a cradle, or hollow, about two miles long, and about one mile broad, the sides of this cradle being the slopes of mountains, which rise from six to seven thousand feet above its level. This little hollow, which cannot be called a plain, because it contains within it some little eminences, is an enamel of the freshest and most beautiful hues in nature; the most living green is mingled with the rich golden of the ripe harvest, and the pale straw of the later grains. Oak, ash, fir, and other trees, various in their tints as in their names, are scattered, single or in clumps, over the little fields; and the two Gaves, one from Gavarnie, and the other from Barrèges, unite their streams, and flow in graceful curves through this little Eden. But these features of beauty and fertility are not confined to the hollow. Here the charm of a southern climate robs the mountain-sides of their heath and fern, and clothes them with cultivation. Two miles up the mountain-sides, round and round the cradle, the yellow harvest chequers the landscape. At elevations, which, in more northern countries, would be abandoned to the heath and the fir, waves the golden grain; and both the hollow and the slopes of the mountains, as far up as cultivation extends, are scattered with houses, and cottages, and villages. All this is beauty—and of the highest order. I come now to the picturesque. Upon one side of this valley, on an eminence entirely separate from the mountain, stands the town of Lux—its buildings and its church rising out of the wood. And upon another separate eminence, still higher, are seen the extensive ruins of the castle of *Sainte Marie*. At the southern side of the cradle, the defile of the Gavarnie opens—a gorge presenting every feature of the picturesque: the sides are precipitous rocks, hang-

ing thick with wood ; a romantic bridge spans the stream ; and about four hundred feet above the river, embosomed in oak, and standing upon precipices, is seen the irregular range of buildings which constitute the baths of St Sauveur. But the features of sublimity are still to be added. These are the lofty summits of the highest of the Pyrenees ; jagged rocks and snow-peaks, which, from various spots, and particularly from the ruins of Sainte Marie, are seen rising behind the nearer mountains, and forming a wider, and still more sublime amphitheatre.

When I walked up to St Sauveur, in search of accommodation, I found this difficult to be obtained. About two hundred strangers were already there for the benefit of the baths ; and all the most agreeable lodgings were occupied. The expense of accommodation at St Sauveur differs, not according to its excellence, but almost solely according to its situation. The place consists of one very small street ; the front-rooms look into the street, and the back-rooms, over the Gave, and towards the delightful scenery I have attempted to describe ; for one side of the street is built upon the precipice above the river. The expense of those rooms which are in the back part of the house, is therefore double the expense of those which look towards the street. I was beginning to despair of finding a room to my mind, when a French gentleman, who occupied an apartment towards the river, politely offered to cede his apartment : But he was candid enough not to disguise the motive of his apparently civil offer ; he said he was tired of his room, and that it was *ennuyeux* to look always at mountains and rivers.

St Sauveur is in some small degree spoiled by the common fault of all watering places—it is a little

too much *orné*, though certainly less so than most other watering places. There is, however, some excuse for this, even in a spot where nature needs so little the assistance of art. Every one does not visit medicinal baths with vigorous limbs and robust frames ; and some smooth and gently-inclined paths are therefore necessary for the use of invalids. At St Sauveur, no one in health need complain of the little garden and shrubbery suspended over the Gave, with their zig-zag walks and little temple, because one may cross them in five minutes, and reach the wooden bridge over the river, which leads to wilder scenes. When I visited St Sauveur, the shrubbery was ornamented by a monument erected by the Duchess d'Angoulême ; but which has no doubt, ere this time, refused to testify to the falsehood contained in the inscription upon it : “ Je vois que c'est un bon pays sur lequel le Roi peut compter. ”

How different are the comforts of St Sauveur from those which are found in an English watering place ! Let all who desire to revel among the charms of nature, visit St Sauveur ; but let no one who values comfort expect to find it there. I paid for one middle-sized room six francs per day, nearly 2*l.* per week, besides numerous extras ; a separate sum for plate, another sum for knives and forks, another for linen, another for fire-wood to boil my kettle, and a franc per day for service ; amounting, in all, to little less than 3*l.* per week. And yet, I had a ragged tablecloth ; two small tables of different heights joined together to spread it upon ; one of my three chairs with only three legs ; a teapot, cup, and cream-jug, all of a different pattern ; and the teapot without a lid ; butter brought in a paper ; and the blades of the knives falling from the handles unless they were held

together. The expense of living is also considerable at St Sauveur, and indeed at all the baths of the Pyrenees. Meat is 8d. per lib. ; a fowl 1s. ; eggs two for a penny ; wine of the most ordinary kind, 15 sous per bottle ; fruit and vegetables both dear, and all kinds of groceries double the sum they cost in England. The usual mode of living here, is to make an agreement with a *traiteur*, who sends out dinner to the different houses—good or indifferent, according to the price paid for it ; but for less than three francs, a tolerable dinner cannot be had—and even for this sum it is *mediocre*. But all these matters are unimportant to those who visit the baths of St Sauveur. Only invalids, who find in the waters an equivalent for every thing ; or travellers like myself, who seek the society of nature, visit St Sauveur. It is at *Bagnères de Bigorre* where strangers assemble for the purpose of amusement.

The discovery of the medicinal waters of St Sauveur is of very ancient date ; but it is not much more than half a century since they became a public resort. A certain Abbé from the University of Pau, having sought at Barèges the cure of some malady, and finding the waters of Barèges too powerful, tried those of St Sauveur ; and, finding there the relief he coveted, he published a little treatise upon the salubrity of the waters ; and so the celebrity of St Sauveur had its origin. The waters of St Sauveur contain the same principles as those of Barèges, only in smaller proportions. These are sulphur, common salt, natron, calcareous earth, argillaceous earth, and an unctuous matter ; which latter principle hinders the use of the water as an internal application. The temperature of the four springs of St Sauveur ranges from 26 to 32 of Reaumur. Besides those invalids

who, from the less obstinate nature of their disease, have no occasion for a stronger application than the waters of St Sauveur afford, St Sauveur is frequented by persons whose complaints require the more powerful waters of Barèges, but who go first to St Sauveur as a preparatory measure—which is considered safer, and even more effectual, than at once to apply the stronger remedy.

If I were to visit this part of the Pyrenees again, I would reside at Luz, in place of St Sauveur, for many reasons: but the two principal of these are, that at *Luz*, one meets no invalids; and that lodging may be found there at one half of the expense. St Sauveur is perhaps more exquisitely beautiful; but the beauties of this neighbourhood are so little scattered, that it is almost a matter of indifference from what point one starts in search of them. There is one great convenience—at least so it might be esteemed by many, to be had at St Sauveur and at Luz—the most excellent little horses, pretty, gentle, and sure-footed, may be hired at the easy rate of 2s. 6d. per day; or a three hours' ride costs only 1s. 3d.

CHAPTER X.

THE PYRENEES.

Situation and Extent of the Pyrenees—Height of the Summits—Mines—Valleys of the Pyrenees, and their Productions—Roads—Comparison between the Scenery of Switzerland and the Pyrenees, and Reasons why the Pyrenees are little visited.

I WILL dedicate this chapter to a few general statements respecting the Pyrenean range, and to some account of its inhabitants.

The Pyrenees are situated between 42 and 44 degrees north latitude. Their general direction lies from east south-east to west north-west. The chain commences on its eastern flank, at a little distance from *Cap de Creux*, to the south of *Port Vendres* on the Mediterranean, and touches the Atlantic at Cape de Figuera, near Fontarabia, in the Spanish province of Guipuscoa. But although it is only the range of mountains which separates France from Spain, that has obtained the name of Pyrenean, the same chain continues westward, until it sinks into the ocean at Cape Finisterre in Galicia. The mountains of Biscay, which separate that province from Navarre and Old Castile, and the mountains which divide the Asturias from Leon, are all parts of the same range that rises out of the Mediterranean.

The length of the chain which separates France from Spain, is nearly 270 miles; and its greatest breadth, from Tarbes to Balbastro in Arragon, is sixty-nine miles. At both extremities of the chain, the breadth becomes less.

The height of the Pyrenean range is as various as that of the Alpine chains. It is in the centre of the range that the highest elevations are found—the height gradually declining as it approaches either sea. The names of the Departments, indeed, partly point out this; for the central part of the chain is called “High Pyrenees;” while the extension of the range east and west is denominated “Low Pyrenees,” and “Eastern Pyrenees.” In each of these lower ranges, however, there is one commanding mountain—the Canigou in the Eastern Pyrenees, and the Pic du Midi de Pau in the Low Pyrenees. The elevation of the High Pyrenees may be said to range from 7000 to 11,000 feet—exceeding, therefore, in altitude, any of the Alpine ranges, excepting the *Oberland Bernois*, and the isolated summits of Mount Blanc and Mount Rosa. I shall note down, in this place, the altitude of some of the principal mountains in the *Hautes Pyrenées*, that the reader may be able to form some idea of the relative elevation of Alpine and Pyrenean ranges.

	Feet.
Pic d'Arriou-Grand - - -	10,086
Pic de Vignemale - - -	10,326
Mont Perdu - - -	10,482
Pic de Nouvielle - - -	9,890
Pic du Midi de Bigorre - -	9,721

N.—There are many Pics du Midi among the Pyrenees; but the Pic du Midi de Bigorre is generally considered the Pic du Midi *par excel-*

longer—partly because it has been more frequently measured, and partly because it is somewhat higher than its rivals. I have stated the measurement laid down by M. H. Reboul. M. Dargos and M. Vidal make it somewhat higher; and M. Ramond a little lower.

	Feet.
Pic Long - - - - -	9,936
Pic de Biedous - - - - -	9,990
Pic de Grabioules - - - - -	9,900
Pic Poseto - - - - -	10,584
La Maladetta (in Spain) (<i>accursed</i>) -	10,922

N.—This is the highest mountain of the Pyrenees.

Besides these mountains, there are eight others exceeding 9000 feet. There are, therefore, in the *Hautes Pyrénées*, one mountain within a few feet of 11,000 high, four exceeding 10,000 feet, four within a hundred feet of 10,000, and nine exceeding 9000 feet in elevation. Now, upon referring to the topography of Switzerland, it will be seen, that there is no concentration of so many elevated mountains. The Oberland Bernois includes six mountains exceeding 10,000, and four of these reaching 12,000 feet; and the Pennine Alps contain three mountains exceeding 13,000 feet; but there is no concentration of summits equalling in altitude those of the *Hautes Pyrénées*.

Naturalists recognise, in the materials of the Pyrenees, three kinds of rock—granite, schist, and calcareous stone. Iron, copper, zinc and lead, are all found in the Pyrenees; but as it would appear, not in sufficient abundance to repay the labour of working mines, with the exception of iron. We learn,

however, from history, that the Pyrenees have not been always so niggardly ; for it is recorded, that the Phœnicians, and, after them, the Carthaginians and the Romans, extracted great riches from these mountains. The only indication of gold in the Pyrenees is in the sands of some rivulets; and silver is not found excepting along with lead or copper. The veins of marble are numerous and valuable. One, a white marble, is said to equal the marbles of Carnara; and for its discovery, a gold medal was some years ago adjudged to M. du Mége, by the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry. The Baron Dietrich, has enumerated, in that part of the Pyrenees lying between the sea and Foix, ninety-eight mines of copper, a hundred and eight mines of iron, and ninety-nine mines of lead. The extent of country examined by the Baron Dietrich, does not comprehend above one fourth part of the Pyrenees.

I shall at present confine myself to the Hautes Pyrenees, on many accounts the most interesting part of the chain, and venture a few general observations, descriptive of their principal features. The Hautes Pyrenees contain three chains of valleys, running north and south, each watered by a river descending from the mountains into the plains of France. These are, the chain which is watered by the Gave de Pau, consisting of the valleys of Lourdes, Argeles, Luz, and Gavarnie; the chain watered by the Adour, including the valleys of Campan and St Marie; and the chain watered by the Garonne, which descends from Bagnères de Luchon to St Gaudens. Besides these, the river Neste flows north and south, descending from the Pyrenees by Aureau and Sarancolin, until it joins its waters with those of the Garonne ; but, excepting the valley of Aure, the Neste traverses ra-

vines rather than valleys. These are all the valleys contained within the *Hautes Pyrénées*, excepting a few lateral valleys, such as those of Barèges, Aucun, and Heas; but these are also ravines, not valleys. The whole of the intermediate space between these valleys is mountain, containing no doubt many spots, which, in common parlance, might be called mountain-valleys, but which are only hollows, watered perhaps by scanty rivulets, and susceptible of but very trifling cultivation. The only Pyrenean valleys in which grain is the staple produce, are those of Lourdes, Argeles, Luz, Campan, and Aure. In all the lesser valleys, and even in the narrowest defiles, some grain is reared; but the Pyrenees may be called a pasture district, this so greatly exceeds the produce of any other description. There are only three roads that traverse the Pyrenees—I do not mean bridle-roads, but carriage-roads. These are, the road from Tarbes to Luz, from Tarbes to Bagnères, and from St Gaudens to Bagnères de Luchon. All the communications running east and west are only bridle-roads, or foot-paths. None of the carriage-roads leading into the Pyrenees pass through the mountains into Spain, though pedestrians, horsemen, and cattle, may enter Arragon at several points.

If I were asked, whether I preferred the scenery of the Pyrenees or of Switzerland, I should feel myself at a loss for a reply; and yet, although in many respects essentially different, they will doubtless admit of a comparison. They have each their own peculiar charms; and it will depend upon the peculiar turn of the traveller's mind, to which of the two he accords the preference. Scenes of savage sublimity are more frequently to be met in Switzerland than in the Pyrenees. In the size, too,

of the rivers which traverse Switzerland, it possesses a manifest superiority; for the Adour or the Gave will bear no comparison with the Limmat, the Aar, or the Reuss—still less with the Rhine or the Rhone. The more northern latitude of Switzerland also adds to its features of sublimity; for the same elevation, that, in the Pyrenees, is covered with coarse grass or stones, would, in Switzerland, be the resting-place of eternal snows. I confess, however, that I have sometimes doubted, when standing in the deep hollows and narrow ravines of the Pyrenees, and looking upward at the dark mountain-tops, whether these gray rocks, and dun and dusky heights, were not more allied to sublimity than the smooth sparkling snows of the *silver horns* on the *Monk*. Darkness has generally been considered a more natural origin of the sublime than light; and may we not therefore infer, that the dark mountain, if of equal elevation with the snow-clad mountain, ought to produce a higher sense of sublimity? It must also be recollected, in considering the relative sublimity of the Alps and the Pyrenees, that the slight inferiority, in the altitude of the summits of the latter above the level of the sea, is more than compensated by the lower elevation of the level from which the mountain immediately springs. None of the highest Swiss mountains spring from the lakes, which are of comparatively low elevation, but from the upper valleys; and these are so elevated, that the real altitude of the mountains above the level of these valleys is very different from their height above the level of the sea. The elevation of the valley of Grindelwald, for example, is between 3000 or 4000 feet, and the Engadine is even higher. But the village of Luz is considerably under 2000 feet above

the level of the sea. Grip, at the foot of the Pic du Midi de Bigorre, is 500 feet lower; and the village of Gaxamie, although greatly more elevated than either of these, is yet nearly 1000 feet lower than Grindelwald. To the real as well as apparent elevation, therefore, of the mountains which rise from these spots, must be added the difference between the elevations from which they spring, and the elevations from which the Swiss mountains rise.

If, however, the palm in sublimity should, notwithstanding, be due to Switzerland, the impartial adjuster of the claims of the Alps and Pyrenees must call to the aid of the latter, that union of the beautiful and the picturesque with the sublime, which I have already explained when speaking of Luz, and which is doubtless found in far greater perfection in the Pyrenees than in Switzerland. One peculiar feature in the scenery of the Pyrenees I have not yet mentioned—a feature that, in a comparison of scenery, is of great importance. Every one who has travelled through Switzerland, knows that the wood which chiefly clothes the mountains, is pine and fir; and that the other forest-trees are only found in the lower valleys, and on the banks of the lakes and rivers; but, in the Pyrenees, fir is not the predominating wood—it only mingles with others. The mountain-sides are covered with oak, more than with pine; and this, particularly in autumn, when the hues of approaching decay have touched the forests, gives a prominent advantage to the scenery of the Pyrenees.

But I must not forget to advance, in favour of Switzerland, the important fact, that the Pyrenees are destitute, or almost destitute, of lakes. These, next to its mountains, are the great charm of Swit-

switzerland, and must, I suspect, cast the balance in favour of that country. In truth, the traveller, who is desirous of seeing all the various charms of mountain-scenery, must visit both Switzerland and the Pyrenees. He must not content himself with believing, that, having seen Switzerland, he has seen all that mountain-scenery can offer. This would be a false belief. He who has traversed Switzerland throughout, has indeed become familiar with scenes, which cannot perhaps be equalled in any other country in the world; and he need not travel in search of finer scenes of the same order. But scenes of a different order—of another character—await him in the Pyrenees; and, until he has looked upon these, he has not enjoyed all the charms which mountain scenery is capable of disclosing to the lover of nature.

But however worthy of attracting the foot of the traveller are the valleys of the Pyrenees, these will probably never be the frequent resort of the tourist, or divide with Switzerland the choice of the traveller; because access to the Pyrenees is more difficult,—and because, there, accommodation for the traveller is worse than indifferent. To reach the Pyrenees, one must either travel five hundred miles from Paris, through an uninteresting country, or arrive at Bourdeaux by sea; neither of which places could be said to enter into a journey of pleasure: whereas, in going to Switzerland, one has only to cross the Netherlands to Cologne, and step into a boat. And besides, Switzerland is the high road to Italy. Travellers would go to Italy even if there was no Switzerland; and therefore, Switzerland receives the visits of the Italian tourist, as well as of

those who visit it solely on its own account. But the Pyrenees cannot be "included" in a tour, or taken on the way to some other place. The traveller who visits the Pyrenees must journey there *express*, unless he purposes visiting Spain; and, even in that case, the *Hautes Pyrenées* lie more than a hundred and fifty miles out of his way, whether he enter Spain by Perpignan or by Bayonne.

As for the comparative comforts which the traveller may expect in visiting Switzerland or the Pyrenees, the great inferiority of the latter, in this respect, will always prevent the ingress of strangers. Even if nothing were to be seen in Switzerland, one might be recompensed for a journey there, by the unapproached excellence of the inns. Comfort, civility, abundance, cleanliness, good fires if wanted, excellent beds, unexceptionable cookery, bring the Swiss inns as near perfection as possible. But the very reverse of all this is found in the Pyrenees. With the exception of one or two of the hotels at *Bagnères de Bigorre*, the whole of the Pyrenees does not contain one really good hotel; and, whatever may be the attractions of a country, it will never be much visited so long as the accommodation for travellers is bad. What is it but the wretchedness of the Spanish Ventas, that has shut out a knowledge of Spain from the rest of Europe?

By a certain class of people, indeed, the Pyrenees are visited—by invalids, who are unable to stir far from the spot where they have gone in search of health; and Bagnères de Bigorre is visited by that class of persons who make delicate health (not positive disease) an excuse for seeking amusement. But Bagnères is not in the Pyrenees, or at least it

is upon their outskirts; and those who reside at Bagnères seldom make longer excursions than allow a return to the comfortable dinners at *Frescati's*.

With the exception of those visiting the Pyrenees for the sake of the baths, I met only one English traveller. He had come from Paris; and the motive that influenced his journey was singular enough. He said he wished to reach some of the passes where he might have a view into Spain, and walk a little way within the boundary, that he might be able to say he had been there. "And why not extend your journey into the country?" I asked. "Oh," said he, "nobody goes there." This reply was the first thing that led me to entertain the project of travelling through Spain—a project which, in the following year, I carried into effect.

CHAPTER XL

THE INHABITANTS OF THE PYRENEES.

Manner of Life of the Pyrenean Mountaineer—His Winter and Summer Habitations—His Industry—Dress—Hospitality—Morals—Short Summary of the History and present State of the Cagots.

EXCLUDING the inhabitants of the towns, the mountaineers of the Pyrenees are shepherds, and at the same time proprietors, both of land and of cattle; but their condition is far inferior to that of their brothers of the Alps. This is chiefly attributable to the small supply of milk yielded by the cattle of the Pyrenees, in comparison with those of the Alps, a fact that must arise from the less abundant and less nutritious vegetation of the Pyrenees. It is difficult, therefore, for the inhabitant of these mountains to improve his condition. His dairy is either consumed by his own family, or its produce is taken to the nearest baths, to purchase the necessaries of life. He has no superfluous produce to convert into cheese, like the Swiss peasant.

The Pyrenean mountaineer is a patient and industrious man; but it is his lot to maintain a constant struggle with the *besoin de vivre*. During the winter, he lives with his family in the village or

hamlet of that valley in which his lot has been cast ; but, when snows pass away from the mountains, he removes to a cabin in one of the upper valleys, where his cattle have been left during the winter, under the care of a single herd. Around these summer-habitations, he and his family cultivate the ground, to insure against the winter a provision both for the cattle and for themselves. Warm nooks are selected, which are cleared, and sown with rye or other grain. A little potato-land is also allotted ; but his chief care is directed towards the meadows, the produce of which is intended for the nourishment of the cattle during the winter. These summer-habitations are always selected in some of those upper valleys, where a rivulet may be commanded for the purpose of irrigation, and where the slopes lie conveniently for taking advantage of it. Innumerable small grooves are made in the land, and the water is conveyed at pleasure to one part or another, by merely turning the course with a flat stone or a slate. While the mountaineer and his family are thus employed during the summer months, in providing for the necessities of the winter, the cattle are not permitted to feed within the range of the irrigated meadows, but are driven up into the highest parts of the mountains ; and the man who accompanies them constructs a shelter with stones and furze. I shall afterwards have occasion to lead the reader into some of these habitations. It must be a wretched existence that of the shepherd, who, when the winter approaches, and drives the family into the lower valley, retires into the cabin along with his cattle, there to pass alone the dreary days and nights of winter, surrounded by snows and tempests. It is thus the mountaineer of the Pyrenees

spends his days among scenes in which, he feels a mountaineer's pride; and contrives, with labour, to support himself and his family in independence. But it sometimes happens, that all his industry and precautions are unable to preserve him from the chances to which the climate of a mountainous country expose his fortune. Late and deep snows have often buried the summer habitations during so long a period, that the stock of provision for the cattle has been exhausted, and the cattle perishing, the herd is also necessarily cut off from nourishment. Another lesser calamity is of yearly recurrence. The soil which is allotted to the production of grain, is carried away by winter torrents, leaving only the bare rock beneath; but the industry and patient toil of the mountaineer supply this loss. He carries soil in baskets from the lower valley to form again his little arable possession, and to rear upon it the rye or the flax that help to support his family during the winter, or to furnish them with winter's employment. A Pyrenean peasant who possesses fifteen cows is considered an opulent man; but few possess so great a number.

The winter habitation of the Pyrenean consists of only two apartments. The furniture is limited to articles of mere necessity; and, in the greater number of cottages, the windows are without glass. Externally, these houses seem better than they really are. They are generally roofed with slate; and this gives to them an air of respectability which is rarely confirmed by a visit to the interior.

The inhabitant of the Pyrenean valley is, in every thing, more primitive than the Alpine mountaineer. In his nourishment and dress, he retains the pastoral simplicity; and, I might add, in his morals too.

Bread of rye or barley, and milk, and a sort of paste made of Indian corn, are the habitual diet of the Pyrenean peasant; and those who are in comparatively easy circumstances, salt some kid's flesh, and sometimes a pig, for high days and holidays. In comparison with the comforts which a peasant of Grindelwald or the Grisons draws around him, those of the Pyrenean peasant scarcely raise him above the *grade* of a needy man; for, not only are the articles of his subsistence of the simplest kind, but even in the quantity of these he is limited.

In the dress of the Pyrenean peasant of both sexes, the usages of Spain have been adopted. The men cover their heads with a small bonnet, and their bodies with a large cloak, which descends to the very feet. The women throughout all the Pyrenean valleys are clothed in the same way as at Tarbes; they either wear the capulet, or short hood of scarlet—or the capucin, a cloak of black—both thrown over the head and shoulders; and most commonly they have sandals upon the feet, excepting in the mountains, where the peasant generally walks with naked feet. The mountaineers of the Pyrenees are a handsomer race than the Alpine peasantry; but the dress of the former is less adapted to display the figure.

That besetting sin of the Swiss—greed, I have never found among the Pyrenees. The intercourse of the mountaineer with strangers has hitherto been too limited to dull his natural feelings of justice, kindness, and generosity; and I have generally found it difficult to prevail upon an inhabitant of a Pyrenean cabin, poor as he is, to accept any remuneration for his hospitalities. Crime of every description is rare in the Pyrenees; theft is very unfre-

quent, and murder altogether unknown. No traveller need hesitate to traverse every part of the French Pyrenees alone and unarmed.

In speaking of the inhabitants of the Pyrenees, I must not overlook that extraordinary race, which has baffled the historian in his vain endeavours to account for its origin, and which has furnished matter of interest both to the novelist and the traveller. It is probable, that many readers of this volume may never have heard of the Cagots, and that others may know only of the existence of such a race ; and although, in presenting some details respecting this extraordinary people, I disclaim any pretension to novelty or original elucidation, yet, having travelled among their valleys, and seen their huts and themselves, I feel that it would be an unpardonable omission, were I to omit availing myself of even the common sources of information, in order that I may include, in this volume, a short account of the Cagots.

The Cagots are found in several of the more secluded valleys of the Pyrenees, particularly in the lateral valleys that branch from the valley of *Baréges*, *Luchon*, and *Aure*. So sedulously do the Cagots keep apart from the rest of their fellow-men, that one might travel through the Pyrenees without seeing an individual of the race, unless inquiry were specially directed towards them. It was not until I expressed a desire to the guide who attended me in my excursions from *St Sauveur*, to see one of the race of Cagots, that my curiosity was gratified. This was in one of the lateral valleys that runs to the right, between *Baréges* and the *Tourmalet*, a valley traversed by no road, and which only leads to the *lac d'escaibous*. The Cagot is known by his sal-

low and unhealthy countenance—his expression of stupidity—his want of vigour, and relaxed appearance—his imperfect articulation—and, in many cases, his disposition to goîtres. If we were to credit the assertion of the novelist, we should reject one of these characteristics, or at least say, that the stupidity of the Cagot is only apparent. It is possible, that a knowledge of his degraded condition, and the contempt, if not aversion, with which he is regarded, as well as the total seclusion in which the family of the Cagot lives, may have their effect in impressing upon his countenance an expression of humility, distrust, and timidity, that might be mistaken for intellectual deficiency. But the observations of all those who have studied with the greatest advantages the peculiarities of this race, concur in allotting to the Cagot an inferior share of mental capacity.

The days of Cagot persecution have passed away ; but tradition has preserved a recollection of the degradation and sufferings of the race, and has even, in some small degree, handed down, along with the history of these persecutions, some vestiges of the prejudices which gave rise to it. From time immemorial, the Cagot families have inhabited the most retired valleys, and the most miserable habitations. The race has always been regarded as infamous, and the individuals of it outcasts from the family of mankind. They were excluded from all rights of citizens ; they were not permitted to have arms, or to exercise any other trade than that of wood-cutters : And, in more remote times, they were obliged to bear upon their breast a red mark, the sign of their degradation. So far, indeed, was aversion towards this unfortunate people carried, that they entered

the churches by a separate door, and occupied seats allotted to the rejected cast. The persecutions have long ceased; and time and its attendant improvements have diminished the prejudices, and weakened the feelings of aversion with which they were formerly regarded. But they are still the race of Cagots—still a separate family—still outcasts—still a people who are evidently no kindred of those who live around them, but the remnant of a different and more ancient family.

It is impossible for the traveller, still less the philosopher, to know of the existence of this cast, without endeavouring to pierce the clouds that hang over its origin, and the causes of its persecution. But it is at least doubtful, whether any of these inquiries have thrown true light upon the subject. History, indeed, records the peculiar persecutions of which they were the subjects; and proves, that these persecutions, pursuing a despised and hated race, were directed against the same people, whether found in Brittany, La Vendée, Auvergne, or the Pyrenees. We find the Parliament of Rennes interfering in their favour, to obtain them the right of sepulture. In the eleventh century, we find the Cagots of Bearn disposed of by testament as slaves. The priests would not admit them to confession; and, by an ancient act of Bearn, it was resolved that the testimony of seven of them should be equivalent to the evidence of one free citizen; and even so late as the fifteenth century, they were forbidden to walk the streets barefooted, in case of infection being communicated to the stones; and upon their clothes was impressed the foot of a goose. Yet all these marks of hatred are unaccounted for. No record has descended to us, by which the cause of this persecu-

tion may be explained; and we are left to guess at the origin of that reprobation which has followed this rejected people from the earliest times, and in whatever country they have been found.

M. Ramond, in his disquisition upon this subject, says, "The Cagots of all France have a common origin. The same event has confined them all in the most remote and desert spots; and, whatever this event may be, it must be such as will account for every thing—it must be great and general—must have impressed at once upon the whole of France the same sentiments of hatred—have marked its victims with the seal of the same reprobation—and have disgraced the race, and all its subdivisions, with the opprobrium of a name which every where awakened the same ideas of horror and contempt." This is just reasoning; but we are as far as ever from the event which has fixed hatred and opprobrium upon the dispersed race of Cagots. Some have held, that they are the descendants of lepers, and, as such, exiled from the society of others; but to this, M. Ramond replies, that although lepers have been exiled or confined, there is no record of their having ever been sold or disposed of by testament. Others have contended, that the Cagots are the descendants of the ancient Gauls, brought into a state of slavery by the people who drove out the Romans; but to this hypothesis, also, M. Ramond answers, that, under the dominion of the Goths, the Gaul and the Roman were never reduced to a state of slavery; and he rightly adds, that the tyranny merely of a conqueror enslaving the vanquished, would not account for the origin of the Cagot; because the feeling with which the Cagot has been regarded, has not been merely that of contempt, but of aversion, and even

horror. But the explanation attempted by M. Ramond seems to me to be alike inefficient to explain the origin of this hatred and persecution. He says, "Such victory as may have terminated the conflict of two nations equally ferocious and inflamed against each other by a long train of rivalry—the invasion of one barbarian punished by another barbarian—the reaction of the oppressed against the oppressor—at last completely disarmed—bloody combats—disastrous defeats—such only could have been the sources of the hatred and fury which could have given rise to miseries like those which we behold." But it appears to me, that such events as M. Ramond supposes, would lead only to oppression, and perhaps slavery, but not to aversion or horror; and that even the deadliest feelings of hatred, engendered from such causes, would not have outlived the generation which first imbibed them. But even the explanation of M. Ramond, if satisfactory, would still leave the origin of Cagots and Cagot persecution as dark as ever; for, among the numerous hordes of barbarians who pushed one another from their conquests, and among the endless and confused strife of battles which destroyed, mingled, and separated the different races, how can we determine, whether Alans, or Suevi, or Vandals, or Huns, or Goths, or Franks, or Moors, or Saracens, were that peculiar race, whose remnant has descended to these days with the mark of persecution and hatred stamped upon it?

It would prove to most readers an uninteresting detail, were I to go over the arguments of M. de Gebelin, who contends that the Cagots are the remains of the Alans; or of M. Ramond, who believes them to be a remnant of the Goths. Nothing

approaching to certainty, scarcely even bordering upon probability, appears in the reasoning of either. The Cagots may have been Alans, or they may have been Goths; but there seems to be nearly the same reason for believing them the remnant of the one as of the other people. If this miserable and proscribed race should, indeed, be all that remains of the Gothic conquerors of half the world, what a lesson for pride is there!

I cannot conclude this hasty sketch better than in the words of M. Ramond, who, whatever his philosophical powers may be, is evidently a kind-hearted and an observing man, and who possessed the best of all opportunities for judging of the people which were the object of his inquiry.

“I have seen,” says he, “some families of these unfortunate creatures. They are gradually approaching the villages from which prejudice has banished them. The side-doors by which they were formerly obliged to enter the churches are useless (M. Ramond might have said shut up, for so they are in general), and some degree of pity mingles, at length, with the contempt and aversion which they formerly inspired; yet I have been in some of their retreats, where they still fear the insults of prejudice, and await the visits of the compassionate. I have found among them the poorest beings perhaps that exist upon the face of the earth. I have met with brothers, who loved each other with that tenderness which is the most pressing want of isolated men. I have seen among them women, whose affection had a somewhat in it of that submission and devotion which are inspired by feebleness and misfortune. And never, in this half-annihilation of those beings of my species, could I recognise, without shudder-

ing, the extent of the power which we may exercise over the existence of our fellow—the narrow circle of knowledge and of enjoyment within which we may confine him—the smallness of the sphere to which we may reduce his usefulness."

CHAPTER XII.

BAREGES—THE VALLEYS OF BASTAN AND CAMPAN.

The Valley of Baréges—Devastations of the Glacé de Bastan—Baréges, its Inhabitants and its Waters—Journey to the Lake d' Oncet—Old Usages—The Milk of the Pyrenees—Mountain Scenes—The Lake d' Oncet—Mountaineers—Difficult Path—The Tourmalet—Character of the Valley of Campan.

AFTER having been a few days at St Sauveur, I left it upon a visit to *Baréges*, the *Pic du Midi*, and *Bagnères*. My intention was, to breakfast at *Baréges*, to ascend the *Pic du Midi*, and descend on the other side to *Bagnères* before night. The guide assured me this was possible; but, as the distance and fatigue of such a journey would necessarily be great, I took his advice in hiring a horse to carry me as far as the nature of the road would permit.

I left St Sauveur at five o'clock on a still, gloomy morning, which to me appeared rather threatening; but the guide assured me the day would turn out fine; and I, of course, trusted to his superior knowledge in such matters. Passing through *Luz*, and round the *Montieule* upon which stands the *Castle of St Marie*, I entered the valley of *Baréges*, or, as it is more generally called, of *Bastan*. The first

part of the road is agreeably shaded by fine linden-trees, and sloping meadows rise from the valley; but, about a mile from Luz, all trace of beauty and verdure is lost; and we perceive, from the signs of desolation every where around, that we are in one of those valleys where the inhabitants vainly strive against the elements, and where it may be said of them, as of the inhabitants of the *Valais*, "their lives are in their hands." There is not, perhaps, in Europe, a more devastating torrent than the Gave of Bastan. Its ravages are every year attended by the most frightful effects; and all the barriers and bulwarks which fear and industry have contrived, have proved ineffectual against its inroads. The road which is every spring constructed between Luz and Barèges, for the benefit of the baths, is every winter destroyed. The road and its bulwarks are alike hurried down the impetuous torrent; and if the fall of an avalanche chokes up the bed of the river, the most frightful loss of life and property is the consequence. It sometimes happens even, that a summer storm in the mountains produces almost the effect of a winter storm. Such had taken place a few weeks before I visited *Barèges*; and in several places, more than a half the breadth of the road had been swept into the bed of the torrent, and labourers were busily employed in reconstructing it.

But notwithstanding the gloomy and desolate character of the valley, it was a lively scene as I passed up towards *Barèges*; for the road was thronged with country people going and coming from market—some from the lower valleys, carrying fruit and vegetables to the baths of *Barèges*—others from the mountains, carrying thither milk and butter, the produce of their dairy. In the neighbourhood of Ba-

règes, nothing is produced from the soil. The devastating Gave de Bastan, and the mountain-rivulets that feed it, leave nothing but the houses; and even these are often in danger.

Barèges lies about two leagues from Luz. On the spot where it is built, the valley is so narrow, as only to leave room, and scant room, for the street, one side of which is threatened by the Gave, and the other by the mountains that hang over it. I reached Barèges to an early breakfast, and was glad to take refuge in one of the hotels from the unpleasant sight which the street of Barèges presented, thronged as it was with invalids and cripples.

The baths of *Barèges* are the most celebrated in Europe for the cure of rheumatism, scrofula, gout, and, above all, the effects of wounds. It is in consequence of this latter property that Barèges is so much frequented by military. To these the baths are administered gratis, and not fewer than 800 *militaires* are domiciled at Barèges every summer. The virtues of the medicinal waters of Barèges had not risen into celebrity previous to the reign of Louis XIV., when Madame de Maintenon visited them along with the *Duc de Maine*. In 1735, the attention of the French government was directed towards them; and during the ensuing ten years, the baths and all their conveniences were constructed. The bath allotted to the poor, is distinct from the other baths; it is a subterranean pond, the roof of which serves for a promenade. The medicinal springs of Barèges are insufficient for the demands upon them; and, therefore, in the distribution of the waters, which are all under the inspection of government officers, the utmost regularity is practised, and the strictest justice dealt out.

Barèges is only inhabited during the summer months, or the season of the waters as it is called. This season commences in the end of May, and ends in the beginning of October. July and August are the months in which there is the greatest concourse of strangers; and there are then not fewer in general than 800 persons, exclusive of those who are in the military hospital. During the winter, a few keepers are appointed by government to reside in the place, in order to prevent the occupation of the houses by the mountaineers. But it not unfrequently happens, that when the torrent or avalanche has made a breach in a habitation, it becomes the domicile of a bear or a wolf. Some parts of the street are every winter destroyed, particularly the house of chief resort, the *Café ou Vauxhall*, which is exposed to the torrent, and is every spring rebuilt.

The natural temperature of the waters of Barèges reaches forty of Réaumur, and the different baths are tempered at pleasure. The water is remarkably limpid, and both smells and tastes disagreeably.

In the year 1762, the whole of the Barèges was menaced with destruction. The lake d'Oncet, situated between 6000 and 7000 feet high, below the highest summit of the Pic du Midi, overflowed its limits, and, pouring with irresistible force into the bed of the Gave de Bastan, carried desolation before it. The catastrophe took place on the night of the 4th of June. Seventeen houses were swept away, which then formed the greater part of that side of the street which flanks the river. Since that time, a strong buttress has been raised for the protection of the town; but the storms of every winter prove the insufficiency of human power, in a contest with nature.

I left Barèges about half past seven, to ascend the Pic du Midi. I followed the steep and narrow path that skirts the side of the mountains, on the southern bank of the Gave—sometimes ascending many hundred feet above the river, sometimes descending to its brink, and crossing two naked defiles, one the defile of Lienz, the other that of Escabous. The torrents which rush down these defiles are as impetuous, and almost as large as the Gave de Bastan, which they join; and the bursting of a storm over the *Neou-Vieille* is almost as disastrous in its effects as when it bursts over the Pic du Midi. From Barèges, all through the valley of Bastan towards the Tourmalet, there is not a single habitation on the right acclivity of the mountains. These would be exposed to certain destruction from the torrent and the avalanche. On the opposite side of the river, a little scanty verdure and a few huts may here and there be seen, perched upon these spots which are above the reach of the water-courses; while higher up, among the Alpine hollows and slopes, are thinly scattered the summer habitations of the shepherds.

Emerging from the narrow valley of Barèges, I found myself in a wide hollow, where the different feeders of the Gave du Bastan meet, and unite into the one stream that flows past Barèges. The bridges which carry the paths across the streams had all been swept away a few weeks before; and it was, therefore, necessary to ford them. From this hollow or basin, several of the wildest pastoral valleys of the Pyrenees branch to the right, bounded by the summits of the Campana, Coubière and Espade. Formerly, and occasionally even to this day, these valleys have been the scenes of a petty border warfare,

carried on for the right of pasturage—sometimes between the shepherds of one valley against another valley—and sometimes the shepherds of Gascony and Bearn against those of the Spanish valleys. With reference to these disputes, a singular usage is observed at this day in the valley of Barnetons, an account of which is thus given by the author of “*Essais Historiques sur le Béarn.*”

“Chaque année, le 13 de Juin, les jurats, * des sept communautés Espagnoles de Boncal, et sept jurats de Barnetons, avec un Notaire, se rendent, chacun de leur côté sur le sommet des Pyrenees, au lieu nommé Arna; lieu qui separe le Béarn de l’Espagne. Tous sont armés des piques, et les députés de chaque nation s’arrêtent, chacun sur leur territoire. Les Espagnols proposent aux Béarnais de renouveler la paix; les Bearnais y consentent; et posent leurs piques sur la ligne de démarcation. Les Espagnols placent leurs piques en croix sur celles des Béarnais, et le fer est tourné vers le Béarn. Ensuite Boncalais et Bearnais, tous mettent la main sur la croix formée par les piques. Le notaire lit une formule de serment, et les députés de part et de l’autre répètent cinq fois, *Pats a bant* (Paix à l’avenir). Après ce serment, les députés se mêlent ensemble, et se parlent comme amis. Cependant on voit sortir de bois trente hommes de Barnetons, partagés en trois bandes, conduisant trois vaches exactement pareilles; ils les placent tour-à-tour sur les limites, la moitié du corps en Espagne, et l’autre en Béarn; les députés de Bon-

* The *Jurats* are perpetual magistrates, created by the Bernese in 1720. They judged, without appeal, all disputes either between the inhabitants themselves, or between the Prince and his subjects.

cal les examinent et les recoivent. Trente habitans de Boncal viennent les prendre. S'ils les laissent échapper, elles sont perdues pour eux, et les Béarnais ne sont pas tenus de les rendre. Après cette cérémonie, les Espagnols traitent les Béarnais en pain, vin, et jambon ; et la fête est terminée par un marché de bétail qui se tient dans le territoire de Béarn."

Several small huts are situated near the foot of the mountains ; and as I passed by their doors, two or three ragged children ran out, to offer me milk. I had breakfasted but scantily at Bareges ; and as I could not expect to find any refreshment until night, I willingly accepted the offer, and led my horse into the little court. The milk was brought in a large iron goblet ; and a flat wooden ladle, such as is used in the Alps, was handed to me, with the assistance of which I made a second hearty breakfast.

It is generally said, that the milk of the Pyrenees is inferior to that of the Alps. I can only say, that I never drank more delicious milk in Switzerland than I drank this morning. The same yellow flower, which in Switzerland covers the Alpine valleys, and to which the Swiss attribute the excellence of their milk, is seen also, in almost equal abundance, in the Pyrenees. On this, and on many future occasions, I drank delicious milk in the Pyrenean valleys ; and I do not believe that it is inferior in quality to the milk of Switzerland. It is the scanty supply afforded by the cattle of the Pyrenees, that has led to the error ; for the supply being insufficient for the demand during the season of the waters, it is of course adulterated, and so gets a bad name.

From the point at which I had now arrived, I

left altogether the trace of any road, striking up the acclivity to the left towards the upper valleys, from which rises the Pic du Midi. During the first hour we passed through pasture land, where some summer habitations of the mountaineers were visible, and some meadows laid out. Higher up we left these, and found ourselves among the scattered flocks that had been sent beyond the reach of the meadows. Here I was delighted with the charming carpet of the slopes and upper platforms. All these acclivities I found covered with the plants and flowers I had seen in Switzerland, with the addition of box; which, in the lower parts of the Pyrenees, forms in most places a complete underwood. Still higher, and just before entering the narrow upper valley that leads to the Pic, the slopes and platforms presented a singular and beautiful appearance. They were entirely covered with the large blue pendent leaves and yellow eyes of the iris, which grew in millions over all this part of the mountain.

Till now, the Pic du Midi had not been visible. It is long hidden by the two shoulders of the mountains that flank the upper valley which leads to its base. Now, however, when we turned into this valley, it rose before us free from vapour; but some light clouds hanging upon the lower acclivities, awakened my fears as to the continuance of a serene atmosphere. The valley which I had now entered was of the most desolate kind; the ascent was extremely precipitous, and was covered with rocks and stones; but there was nothing dangerous in the path to a pedestrian—for I found it necessary to dismount, and drive my horse before me. After pursuing this fatiguing ascent about an hour, we reached the highest basin in the mountain, where lies the

Lake d'Oncet, and from which springs the conical summit of the Pic du Midi.

The scenery here is of the wildest description. Nothing is seen but a chaos of precipices and mountain-peaks; and the seclusion, depth, and stillness of this mountain-lake, greatly adds to the impressive effect of the scenery. The Lake d'Oncet is surrounded on three sides by majestic precipices of bald rock; and from its northern side, the peak rises directly above the precipice that dips into it. The lake is one, if not the highest, of the mountain-lakes in Europe. Its level is only 1860 feet below the summit of the peak; and it therefore lies no less than 7861 feet above the level of the sea, exceeding, by at least a thousand feet, the elevation of the lake of the Oberalp in Switzerland. Fatigued in some degree with the ascent, I walked to the brink of the water and seated myself upon a stone. No breath of air can reach this mountain-lake—it lay in perfect calm—the terrific precipices that rise from it, imaged in its dark, quiet depths. Huge fragments of rock lay every where around; and among them blossomed the daphne, and the crimson flowers of the rhododendron, by the presence of which the traveller may know something of the altitude he has attained.

While seated here, the guide directed my attention to two objects moving along one of the upper ledges of the opposite precipice. They were izards, the chamois of the Pyrenees, somewhat smaller than the chamois of the Alps, but of the same species, I believe, and equally worthy the attention of the hunter; but along with the izards, a less agreeable object met my eye. This was a canopy of vapour that had gathered around the summit of the peak;

and from the lower defiles and valleys, clouds had begun to rise, and rolled up the mountain-side. This was truly vexatious ; another hour would have carried me to the summit ; for, from the Lake d'Onoet, the Pic du Midi is easily ascended. I kept my seat by the lake sometime longer, hoping, if not expecting, that the mists would roll away ; but they every moment became more dense. If the summit were one moment discovered, it was only to be involved the next in thicker obscurity. At length, the surface of the lake began to be dimpled with rain ; and it was then out of the question to attempt the ascent. But I resolved, notwithstanding the rain, to proceed to Bagnères, across the Tourmalet, and to attempt the ascent next day, from the other side, which I knew to be passible, although more difficult. The rain had now increased ; and, perceiving a small shelter of stones and heath at no great distance, tenanted by two mountaineers, we made towards it, and found a hospitable reception. What a spot was this for human beings to live in ! It was in the interior about eight feet square ; the walls were of stones loosely put together, and covered with heath ; and a thick layer of heath covered the ground. The two men who inhabited it followed the humble, laborious, but certain employment, of collecting manure from the cattle that grazed on these heights ; and every second or third day, one of the two carried the produce of their industry in sacks to the lower country. There they remain during all the time that the upper parts of the mountains are traversed by the cattle.

When the rain ceased I left the shelter, to continue my journey towards Bagnères. Here I dismissed both the guide and the horse ; because, to have gone

from this point to Bagnères, by any road passable for a horse, would have been a *detour* of two leagues. The guide pointed out to me the path which I must follow, showing me an indistinct line along the face of the mountain, which appeared almost a precipice ; and, cautioning me to be careful of my footing, he left me, and retraced the path by which we had reached the Lake d'Oncet.

I had need of all his caution ; for the path was indeed both difficult and dangerous. Above it, was a high ledge of rocks ; below, a slope, little inclined from the perpendicular : the path itself was often altogether indistinguishable ; having either given way and slid down the slope, or been washed away by the rains. It was, in fact, only a sheep or goat-track, and was in no place wide enough to permit more than one foot being placed in it. At some places, a cleft in the rocks above was the bed of a torrent ; and at such spots, the path and steep slope below were hollowed out into a deep groove. It was necessary there to creep upon my hands and knees, for a false step might have hurried me down a declivity of at least fifteen hundred feet ; not indeed by a fall, but by sliding in the naked bed of the torrent, which would have produced nearly the same effects. I escaped these dangers, however, and reached the path which leads across the Tourmalet from Baréges.

The Tourmalet is a mountain-ridge elevated about 6000 feet, and dividing the valley of Baréges from the valley of Campan. Sterility reigns on one side of the rampart ; fertility on the other. The stern and dreary basin and valley of Bastan, and its desolating torrent, are on one hand ; the verdant carpet and wooded valley of Campan, and its fertilizing Adour, are on the other. The view, therefore, from this

point, cannot be otherwise than striking and varied, since it embraces pictures of characters so opposite. From the summit of the pass, to the commencement of the valley of Campan, the slopes of the mountain were entirely covered with cattle and sheep. The transition from the deep seclusion and the dead stillness of the Lake d'Oncet, and the solitary scenes I had passed through, to the sheep-spotted slopes, and the lowing and bleating of the flocks, seemed fraught with life and cheerfulness; and, although it again rained so hard as to soak my clothes in a few minutes, I could not help lingering among those sweet pastoral scenes. Before reaching the foot of the mountain, I passed two small hamlets, called Trasmesagues, and Artigues, the highest summer-habitations of the mountaineers of the valleys on the north side of the Tourmalet.

It is at Grip, about a mile lower down the Adour than the foot of the Tourmalet, that the valley of Campan may be said to begin; though, until we reach the little village of Sainte Marie, it is sometimes called the Valley of Grip. No valley of the Pyrenees, scarcely any valley of Europe, has been more extolled than the valley of Campan. That it is a beautiful and charming valley, fertile, *riante*, and full of life, and industry, and abundance, cannot be denied; but it may very well be questioned whether it justifies the extravagant praises of those who consider it entitled to a decided supremacy over all the other scenes which the Pyrenees disclose. It is beautiful; but it does not boast that union of beauty, picturesqueness, and sublimity, which is the characteristic of the valley of Luz; and even in the elements of beauty, I think it will scarcely bear a comparison with the valleys of Argeles and Pierrefitte.

But I willingly admit the claims of the valley of Campan to beauty of a very high order ; gentle declivities—flat meadows—orchards, copses and gardens—charming verdure—many clear rivulets—a fine river—marks of unwearied industry—numerous pretty cottages, and frequent villages :—these are the pleasing features of the valley of Campan.

In this beautiful valley, there is nothing more beautiful than the spectacle of industry, and the clean and comfortable appearance of the cottages. The neat and well laid out gardens, and the respectable dress of the peasants, are sufficient evidence that industry in the valley of Campan is rewarded in the fertility of the soil. Here, nobody is to be seen doing nothing : the women, in particular, are examples of industry : every one has her distaff and spindle ; whether she be on the highway driving pack-horses or mules before her ; or herding cattle in a meadow ; or sitting at her cottage-door ; or strolling in the fields ; or gossiping with a neighbour,—the distaff is seen in her hand, and the spindle by her side.

Between the little town of Campan and Bagnères, the valley expands, so as to deserve the name of a vale rather than a valley ; and a plain of some extent lies between the road and the river. Notwithstanding the comfortable condition in which the inhabitants of this valley appear to live ; the vicinity of the baths, and influx of strangers, have produced, even there, its usual effects, by begetting habits of idleness among some, and by tainting the simplicity of thought. The children are almost all beggars, and without the plea of necessity. Every few hundred yards, you are accosted by children, who run from the cottages, and persecute you with these three questions : “ Monsieur, voulez-vous un bouquet ? ”—

“ Monsieur, voulez-vous voir le grotte ? ”—“ Monsieur, voulez-vous me donner un sous ? ” As for the bouquet which the child offers, it is not like the two or three pretty rose-buds which the flower-girls of Paris stick in your breast *malgré vous* ; but a common daisy, a bit of heath, or even a handful of grass—any thing as an excuse for asking a sous.

The weather had cleared up soon after I descended the Tourmalet ; and all through the valley of Campan it had been fair and sunshine ; so that I was thoroughly dry before I reached Bagnères, which I walked into about five o'clock.

CHAPTER XIII.

BAGNERES DE BIGORRE—ASCENT OF THE PIC DU
MIDI.

Bagnères de Bigorre—Its Visitors, Attractions, and Waters—Journey from Bagnères to Grip, and Morning Scenes—Ascent of the Pic du Midi—View from the Summit—Remarks, and Comparison of different Views from different Mountains—Temperature—Descent, and Return to St Sauveur.

It has been said of Bagnères, that it is a town where pleasure has raised her altars beside those of Esculapius ; and this is true ; for it is only at Bagnères, among all the watering-places of the Pyrenees, that that kind of pleasure is to be found, which is usually sought for at a watering-place. Bagnères is, for this reason, by far the most frequented of the baths ; because it is not frequented by invalids only, but also by two other kinds of visitors—those whose slight ailments are compatible with the pursuit of pleasure ; and those who are driven, by the heats of summer, from the plains of France to the mountain-air of the Pyrenees. Among this latter class may be ranked the great majority of the English who reside at Pau and its neighbourhood. The strangers who resort to Bagnères are, however, chiefly composed of French—not from Paris—for, to the Parisians, the Tuilleries is the most charming of forests ; Mont-

martre the prince of mountains ; and as for society, who would seek for it beyond the soirées and salons of Paris ?

This predilection of the French for every thing Parisian, and their unwillingness to believe that there is a world beyond Paris, recalls to my mind a little incident worth relating. Leaving Paris in the diligence for Aix-la-Chapelle, I chanced to observe, in conversation with a French gentleman, that I was tired of plains, and that a country without mountains could not be interesting ; and, observing that a lady opposite seemed to listen to the conversation, I turned to her, and said, “ You have no mountains, Madam, in Paris ? ” “ Je vous demande pardon, Monsieur, ” said she with the utmost seriousness ; and, with something of an offended air, “ nous avons les Montaignes Russes. ” * “ Ah ! c’est vrai, ” I replied ; “ mille pardons. ”

But to return to Bagnères—It is not frequented by the Parisians, unless the medical man should happen to be so great a barbarian as send them there. It is patronised by the inhabitants of Thoulouse, and the Bourdeaux merchants ; and, next to the French, it is most resorted to by the Russians, who are now found all over the world as travellers *pour agremens*, and who threaten to darken the reputation now, and long enjoyed by the English, of being the greatest travellers upon earth. Wherever we look into a list of visitors to any celebrated spot, we find it chequered with the outlandish names of this prince, and that count ; and, upon looking over the list at Bagnères for the past year, I found twice as many Russian

* The reader doubtless knows, that the Montaignes Russes are artificial hillocks.

as English names. As many as eight thousand strangers have been assembled at Bagnères at one time. It doubtless possesses many advantages both to the healthy and the infirm. Delightful drives and promenades, and the gaiety occasioned by some thousands of persons who have nothing to do, are sufficient attractions for the former; and the abundance, the choice, and salubrity of the medicinal springs, are attraction enough to the latter.

But Bagnères is, notwithstanding, no favourite of mine. In the first place, it is not in the Pyrenees, and does not possess the charm of mountain-scenery. The views around, beautiful though they be, are not mountain-views; and the air is not mountain-air. And, in the next place, the town itself is large, noisy, and dirty, and a *show-place* into the bargain. The only thing I like about Bagnères, is the head-dress of the native women. This is a handkerchief, adjusted to the head in a far more tasteful way than I have ever seen a turban in an English ball-room. It is impossible to describe the manner in which it is put on; it must be seen; and I question if, even then, an English girl could readily imbibe the lesson. This manner of adorning the head is universal over all the most south-western parts of France, from Thoulouse to Bayonne; and there is something in it so becoming, and so smart, that I am surprised the usage has not extended as far as women are to be found who are fond of admiration. The handkerchief used is not silk, but a very thin kind of stuff; and the pattern is generally a broad stripe of green and orange, crimson and blue, or other bright colours.

The Abbe Laspaes, who wrote an historical essay upon Bagnères, says it was founded in the year

of Rome 965. In the immediate vicinity of the town, there is an eminence called the Camp of Cæsar; and although this appellation be given to many an eminence upon which the legions of Cæsar never pitched their tents, yet it is not improbable that Cæsar may have visited Bagnères; for Bigorre was forced, with the rest of Aquitania, to submit to the arms of that general. Bagnères was called *Vicus Aquensis* by the Romans, who appear not to have been ignorant of the uses of its waters; for several inscriptions remain, testifying their thankfulness for the benefits which it conferred. The most ancient of these is one of Severus Seranus, which is yet quite legible, and contains these words:—

“ Nymphis pro salute suâ
Sever. Seranus V. S. L. M. ” *

Upon the doors of the baths, too, are seen several slabs with inscriptions, setting forth the benefits derived from the waters, along with Roman acknowledgments of them. M. Sarabeyrouse, in his observations upon the nature and effects of these waters, gives the following general character of them:—
“ Les sources thermales de Bagnères possèdent en général, au degré le plus avantageux, toutes les propriétés qui sont le partage de la classe d'eaux minérales salines à laquelle elles appartiennent. En effet, elles sont plus diurétiques qu'aucune de celles qui les avoisinent; elles sont purgatives, et fortifient puissamment l'estomac et les intestins, en les débarrassant des mucosités qui peuvent s'y être accumulées; elles réveillent l'énergie des facultés digestives, et raniment l'action organique des solides, de ma-

* Vita salvâ luit merito.

nière a faciliter l'exercice de toutes les fonctions." This is saying much for the waters of Bagnères, but scarcely more than is seconded by the experience of those who have tried them. There are no fewer than eighteen different springs at Bagnères, their temperature ranging from 25 to 38 degrees of Reaumur. Each of the Pyrenean baths is under the direction of a medical inspector, who *must* be consulted before any one is permitted to employ the waters. He is paid by government, and therefore the consultation costs nothing; and the expense of the bath is not more than one franc.

Bagnères is less expensive than St Sauveur as a place of residence, because it is situated in a more productive country; but it is far from being cheap nevertheless. At the public establishments, one chamber costs five francs; breakfast of tea or coffee, two francs; dinner, four francs. To those who live in private lodgings, market-prices are also high. Meat is seldom below 8d. per lib. A fowl costs 1s. 3d. Milk and butter are both dear; and although *vin ordinaire* may be had at 4d. per bottle, tolerable wine costs at least double that sum.

I had no temptation to remain at Bagnères beyond the day following my arrival; and accordingly, the second morning, about an hour before sunrise, I left Bagnères, in the intention of breakfasting at Grip, and of attempting the ascent of the *Pic du Midi* from that side, if the weather should prove favourable. The sun rose upon the mountains as I walked up the valley of Campan; and many were the charming pictures which my morning walk afforded. The valley was still all in shade, unless where, through some openings in the mountains, the golden flood streamed across it. The labourers

were busy in the fields;—some, in the lower grounds, cutting and getting in the harvest—others, higher up the slopes, mowing hay—and some, in the neighbourhood of the cottages, spreading out flax. Women, with their scarlet capulets gathered up on the head, and scarlet-striped petticoats, and spindle by their sides, were following little herds of cattle and troops of goats going to pasture. The little mountain-streams, clear and cool, danced along; and all nature wore the joyous and life-like aspect of the morning.

After a somewhat long, but delightful walk, I reached Grip to breakfast, about seven o'clock; and some excellent brown bread, new milk, and delicious butter, prepared me for the fatigue of my journey. The weather was quite serene, and there was not the least vapour upon the peak. I therefore rested at Grip only until I had finished my repast, and set out to ascend the mountain. The ascent of the Pic du Midi from this side, is far more arduous than from the side of Baréges. From Baréges, one may ride a sure-footed horse as far as the Lake d'Oncet, within two thousand feet of the summit. From Grip, it is impossible to go one step otherwise than on foot; and the path is not only steep; but in many places requires a steady step and a strong head—to make use of a common, though absurd expression. I took no guide from Grip, because the mountain being unclouded, and the peak frequently in sight, it was next to impossible that I should mistake my way.

The journey up the mountain was fertile in all those charming and exhilarating prospects which mountain-scenery never fails to disclose; and after three hours continued walking, sometimes up grassy

slopes, sometimes through narrow ravines, sometimes over rugged rocks, sometimes skirting the sides and summits of deep precipices, I reached the point where the path which I followed meets the path that ascends from the Lake d'Oncet. From this point, the ascent, although steep, is free from difficulty. A fine elastic turf is pleasant footing ; and nothing is required excepting strong limbs and good lungs. Patches of snow yet lay in the little hollows ; and the beautiful flowers blooming around, recalled to my recollection the ascent of Mount Badus in Switzerland. I sturdily pursued my journey, looking neither behind, nor to the right nor the left, that the view from the summit might be the more striking—and only resting occasionally upon my hands and knees ; and a little before mid-day, five hours after leaving Grip, I attained the summit.

The excellence of a view from a mountain-top depends upon two things—the position of the mountain, and its height ; and almost as much depends upon the one, as upon the other of these. A mountain may be so situated in the midst of other mountains, that, although greatly higher than any of its neighbours, nothing but mountain peaks may be visible from its summit. Such is the situation of the majority of the Swiss mountains ; for if we clomb to the summit of the Shreckhorn, the Monk, or almost any one mountain of the Oberland Bernois, we should have no reward, excepting the triumph of having surmounted a difficulty. The same remark applies, in a lesser degree, to Snowdon, Ben Nevis, and Helvellyn. Or a mountain, even although not so placed in the midst of other mountains, may be unfortunately situated for a view from it, because the surrounding country may be unin-

teresting. Many examples of this may be found, both at home and abroad. The excellence of a view from a mountain-top, depends upon the height, as well as the position, of the mountain. No one ever ascended Mont Blanc, merely for the sake of the view from its summit. On such altitudes, the pleasure we enjoy has little to do with the world below: we commune with Heaven rather than with earth; the things of time, and the passing world among them, are lost in the grandeur of eternity; and, standing upon the utmost limits of human existence, the mind refuses to take cognisance of things so insignificant as man and his petty domain; and fancy, soaring from the pinnacle, wanders to sublimer scenes and higher destinies. Lower elevations must be sought, if we climb the mountain side for the sake of the view from the summit; and accordingly, several of the mountains most celebrated for such views, are but third or fourth-rate mountains. Vesuvius is little more than 4000 feet high; the Rigi does not reach 5000 feet; Ben Lomond is only 3000 feet; Damyet is still lower. All these mountains combine a comparatively low elevation, with a favourable position. All of them, excepting Vesuvius, although connected with mountain-ranges, stand in some degree isolated from the others, and rise either from lakes, plains, or the sea.

I know of no mountain whose qualifications, as to position and height, are so perfect as those of the *Pic du Midi*. Although not isolated, it stands the outermost of the Pyrenean range, the most southerly summit of the high Pyrenees, and drops at once, from an elevation of nearly ten thousand feet, into the plains of Gascony and Bearn. It is rare that a mountain of so great elevation forms one

of the outposts of a mountain range; and therefore, in position, the Pic du Midi is perhaps more favourably situated than any other mountain in Europe. But, in its combination of position and altitude, it undoubtedly has a still more manifest advantage; for although the altitude of a mountain may be so great as to substitute a mere undefined feeling of sublimity for a magnificent prospect, yet a very considerable elevation, if combined with the advantage of position, is necessary to the perfection of this prospect. The view from an elevation of 2 or 3000 feet may be beautiful in the extreme; but, when we look around us from an elevation of 8 or 10,000 feet, beauty is mingled with sublimity.

I recollect of being once asked, at the *table d'hôte*, in the *Ecu de Genève*, by an English view-hunter, to which view, among all that I had ever seen, I gave the preference; and I think that if, previous to that time, I had climb'd the *Pic du Midi*, I should have accorded the palm to it. Its summit reaches an elevation from which the extent, as well as the nature of the prospect, entitles it to rank with the sublime; and yet, it is still connected with the world below, so that the human part of the picture (for we are still able to distinguish the habitations of men) lessens the oppressive feeling which unmixed sublimity produces upon the mind; and while, around us, we have the solitude and grandeur of "the everlasting hills" below, we have a world spread out, in which we have an interest; and our sympathies are divided between the solitary sublimity of nature, and the realities of human life and human affections.

Looking towards the south, I seemed to be placed

in the centre of a semicircle of gigantic mountains, which stretched east and west as far as the horizon, and which rose above one another beyond the frontiers of Spain, the towers of *Marboré* and Mount Perdu overtopping them all. To the north stretched the fertile plains of Bearn, Gascony, and Languedoc, which, even from this high altitude, seemed like a beautiful mosaic, though the woods, gardens, and fields, of which the mosaic was composed, were of course indistinguishable; and the mountain upon which I stood, was not the least interesting part of the prospect—its rugged rocks, its smooth slopes, its dark dells, its distant and dim-discovered valleys, far far below, and the thread of silver that serpentineed through them.

The temperature of this high elevation was chill, but not disagreeably cold at first; though, after having remained about half an hour, the increasing chillness suggested the propriety of descending. No difference in respiration was perceptible to me, nor any kind of bodily inconvenience, at this elevation of nearly 10,000 feet. On the summit of the peak there is a scanty vegetation. I plucked some mosses, which had put forth their minute flowers, and saw also the gentian root.

I left the mountain-top with regret; and yet, I believe, no one ever descended from a great elevation, without being conscious of agreeable feelings, in approaching again the habitable world from which he had been some time separated. In little more than half an hour I had reached the Lake *d'Oncet*, where I rested a little while, and then pursued the track by which I had ascended two days before; but, being on foot, I kept on the north side of the valley, along the mountain-side, till I reached the

valley of Bareges, and then I followed the stream. From the entrance of the valley of Bareges to the town—about a league—I counted no fewer than sixty-seven mountain-streams, which pour into the Gave of Bastan; and I saw at least as many more beds of torrents, in which there was at that time no water. No wonder, then, that the Gave of Bastan is celebrated for its ravages. Before dark I reached St Sauveur, which looked more beautiful than any thing I had seen since leaving it.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VALLEY OF GAVARNIE—MARBORE—THE BRECHE DE ROLAND, AND THE VALLEY OF HEAS.

An Iizard-hunter, and his Conversation—The Shepherds and their Flocks—The Valley of Pragnères—The Peyrada—The Inn of Gavarnie—The Amphitheatre of Marboré—Ascent of the Breche de Roland, and View into Spain—Return to Gavarnie and Gedro—The Valley of Heas, and a Fête.

AFTER returning from the *Pic du Midi*, I remained only one day at St Sauveur ; and again left it to traverse the valley of Gavarnie, and to see the celebrated Amphitheatre of Marboré, and the Breche de Roland.

I left St Sauveur about sunrise, and passing the convenient wooden bridge across the Gave, found myself at the entrance of the Valley of Gavarnie, and upon the narrow road which has been constructed above the river. For some distance after leaving St Sauveur, the valley is a deep and dreary ravine, the river flowing far below, in a narrow bed between perpendicular rocks, in some parts covered with trees, which have taken root in the crevices. There is not a hut, nor any cultivation ; and the only person I met was an izard-hunter, who, although he

was deaf and dumb, recounted to me by signs, the history of his day's sport. He was a tall, athletic man, about fifty years of age. He carried the izard on his back, and walked at the rate of nearly six miles an hour, notwithstanding this burden, and the additional one of a gun slung across his shoulders; and I afterwards learnt, that this man is one of the most successful, and one of the most fearless hunters of the Pyrenees. The gestures by which he described the events of the day, were quite as intelligible as if he had possessed the gift of speech. Both his own actions, and those of the izard, were imitated exactly. He showed that he had fired twice, and wounded the izard—that it tumbled down a precipice—that he looked over, and succeeded in scrambling down—and that he pursued, overtook it, and knocked it on the head with the butt-end of his gun. He also made me understand that he killed about three izards in the week, and sometimes four, and that he sold them at six francs a piece, exclusive of the skin, which was worth another franc. What an enormous profit must be realised by the *traiteurs* at the baths! They purchase a whole izard for six francs, and divide it into at least twenty dinner-portions, at four francs each; yet the successful izard-hunter is richer than the majority of Pyrenean peasants; and although his profession be both laborious and dangerous, the excitement is proportioned to the danger and difficulty, and the pleasure proportioned to the excitement. When this deaf and dumb man was reciting, in his own way, the fortunes of the day, the eagerness of his gestures, and the changing expression of his countenance, showed his enthusiasm in his trade, and the delight he took in his chances and issues; and there can be little doubt

that when the fatigue and dangers of the day terminate in the possession of the izard, he considers these far overpaid. The mind of a man who spends his days a hunter in the mountains, must be strangely complexioned. Dwelling always among mountain-solitudes—always alone with nature; and amid her grandest works—companion of the storm, and the mists, and the shadows—the great rocks—the rushing torrents, and the black lake—we might conclude, that the mind of such a man could not be without the elements of moral and intellectual grandeur; but so, perhaps, might we argue of the sailor who traverses the mighty deep, and paces the deck of the lone vessel beneath the wide starry sky. But it is probable that these men look not beyond their individual calling. The rudder that guides the vessel through the ocean is, to the mariner, an object of deeper interest than the illimitable and trackless waters; and to the hunter of the Alps or the Pyrenees, the only object of interest among the mountain-solitudes is the little animal that he pursues.

During the summer months, the road from Gavarnie to the more northern parts of the Pyrenees, is constantly traversed by the shepherds and their flocks, travelling from the mountains on the Spanish side to the pastures of Bearn; for it is the custom with all the shepherds of the Pyrenees to change their pastures. These patriarchal spectacles are to be seen every day. From my window in St Sauveur, which opened upon the Gave and the opposite road, I could see a constant succession of these shepherd-families and their varied flocks; and in this morning's walk I met several. The sheep, the cows, the goats and the mules, formed the line of march; and behind was the family of the shepherd;

the children in baskets slung across a horse; the mother walking by its side; and those children who were able to walk running behind. Such pictures as these added greatly to the interest and beauty of a morning landscape—beautiful even without them, from the picturesque aspects in which nature presented herself.

Soon after leaving the izard-hunter, I reached a bridge across the Gave, by which the road passes to the opposite bank. The bridge is frailly constructed. It is supported in the centre upon a pile of stones raised upon a rock, and trembles under the rush of water, which, just above, forms a rapid which may almost be called a cataract. Here the ravine widens into the charming little valley of Pragnères, one of those delicious spots, which, shut out from the rest of the world by steril mountains, contains within itself every element of beauty. There is a small village of the same name about the middle of the valley. It is surrounded by little meadows, corn-fields, and groves. A small stream, the Gave of Pragnères, flows past the village; and several lesser rills hurry through the valley, and are made subservient to its fertility. It will be observed, that *Gave* is the generic name of every stream in the High Pyrenees. The word signifies water; and therefore the *Gave*, without the addition of some place, does not indicate the precise river.

The valley of Pragnères is not a mile in length; and, in leaving it, we enter another defile about two miles long, which conducts us to Gedro. This is a narrow valley, rather than a defile; for fields have here and there been conquered from the steril mountains, and the conquerors have pitched their tents beside their territory. Upon every little level stands

a cottage, surrounded by its meadow, and patch of rye or oats, and shaded by its clump of ash-trees; and, as we approach nearer to Gedro, the views become more smiling, and the valley more populous, until, at the little village of Gedro, another valley expands, like that of Pragnères; and the wild and interesting valley of Heas opens on the left. Of this valley, I shall speak on my return from Gavarnie; for I had purposely so timed my journey, that I might witness a *fête* in the valley of Heas, which takes place on certain holidays.

There is scarcely a wilder or more desolate scene in Switzerland, than the valley called by the country-people *Peyrada*, through which we pass after leaving Gedro. Others have given it the name of Chaos; and that name is, indeed, the best fitted for it, which expresses, the most forcibly, the desolate sublime. The activities of the valley are covered with enormous blocks of granite—the fragments of a fallen mountain—heaped upon one another, and of the most enormous size. Some of these fragments are said to contain a hundred thousand cubic feet. These blocks also cover the bed of the river;—sometimes forming arches across it—sometimes entirely obstructing it—and at other times forcing it into rapids and cataracts. As we approach Gavarnie, the towers of Marboré rise majestically in front. The valley contracts, and snow-peaks are seen on every side; and, about half a mile farther, we reach the bridge of Barygui, which is understood to separate the pastures of the French and Spanish territories, and, soon after, enter the inn of Gavarnie—a most welcome refuge, after a morning walk from St. Sauveur.

One is sure of a good breakfast at the inn of Ga-

varnie; for the convalescents of St Sauveur generally make an expedition to Gavarnie before leaving the baths—sometimes on horseback, a guide leading the horse—and sometimes in chairs or palanquins, which are supported by four men. Coffee, excellent milk, eggs, good bread, tolerable butter, and izard steaks, were soon upon the table; and, after resting an hour, I again set out. The village of Gavarnie lies a little way beyond the inn. It belonged formerly to the Knights Templar; and, in the church, may still be seen twelve skulls of those who were beheaded, when the Order was proscribed. All these districts were, in former times, under the influence of the Templars; and, in the churches, in many of the valleys besides Gavarnie, stones may be seen, upon which are carved the signs of the Order.

At Gavarnie, the path branches into two. One branch diverges to the right, to the Port d'Espagne, passing the western shoulder of the Marboré, and leading, at the distance of two leagues, into the valley of *Brota*, in Arragon. The other branch, which is rather a track than a road, leads up the Gave to the amphitheatre of Marboré; and this was, of course, the path I followed. The road traverses several hollows—little round or oblong spots, slightly excavated, which are said to have been formerly lakes; and, having ascended a rocky dike, I stood in front of the celebrated circus of Marboré.

I must endeavour to convey to the reader some idea of this extraordinary scene. Figure to yourself a semicircular space, covered with rocky fragments and snow, backed by a perpendicular wall of rock, fourteen hundred feet high. Suppose you see, above this wall, the precise resemblance of an amphitheatre, in regular stories, declining backwards—

each terrace covered with eternal snow, and the uppermost of these terraces rising about two thousand feet above the perpendicular wall ; and then imagine rocks, at intervals, crowning the whole, in the form of round towers, and elevated about a thousand feet above the amphitheatre. Contemplating a scene like this, how insignificant seem the proudest works of man—the most majestic ruins of antiquity—the Roman amphitheatres—even the Colosseum ! But there is still another feature in the scene. Many torrents pour from the amphitheatre into the basin below. One, the source of the Gave, falling from a height of fourteen hundred feet, is undoubtedly the highest cataract in Europe. This is the sublime source of that delightful companion, in whose society one may journey through a variety of scene, which, in so short a course, is perhaps not equalled on the banks of any other river. It visits, by turns, the sublime, the picturesque, and the beautiful—lends effect to the wild and desolate—grace to the gentle and the pastoral—and waters into fertility and abundance, the cultivated plains, where it is assisted by human industry. Passing through the defiles of Gavarnie and Luz, and the valleys of Argéles and Lourdes, and receiving the tributary waters of Heas, Baréges, Cauterets, and Auzun, it flows into the plains of Bearn, joins the Adour near Bayonne, and mingles with the waves of the Bay of Biscay. It may easily be believed, that one should feel no disposition to leave suddenly a scene so full of majesty as the amphitheatre of Marboré ; but as I purposed to return to it at the dawn of day the following morning, in order to mount to the *Breche de Roland*, I turned from it with the less regret, and slowly retraced the path to the inn of Gavarnie. On the road, I met

two French ladies and a gentleman, convalescents from St Sauveur, on their way to see the amphitheatre of Marboré; and when I reached the inn, I found that they had ordered a good dinner, which it appeared I was destined to share with them.

I had returned to the inn so slowly, that the party reached it scarcely half an hour after me; and we were soon all seated at a tolerable dinner of izard, fowl and trout. Vegetables, indeed, were wanting; for, at this elevation, no vegetable will grow, excepting potato, and the potatoes were bad. The party proved agreeable, talkative, and not ridiculously national. They all agreed, that the amphitheatre of Marboré was *superbe*; that the cataract was *magnifique*; that every thing about the inn was *joli*; and the dinner was *gentil*. What is there that a Frenchwoman cannot explain by these four words? The gentleman was so polite as say, that the English were the most enterprising of travellers; and he added, that if he were not accompanied by ladies, he should have thought seriously of accompanying me to the *Breche de Roland*. Soon after dinner, my companions set out to return to St Sauveur; and, during the two or three hours that succeeded, I wandered upon the margin of the Gave, enjoyed the sunset upon the towers of Marboré, and the stillness and solitude of the surrounding scenes.

About six o'clock next morning, I left the inn, accompanied by my guide Pierre, to mount to the *Breche de Roland*—the breach which the warlike Roland is supposed, in tradition, to have made with his terrible sword in the wall of rock that forms the boundary between France and Spain, and thus to have opened a road to victory over the Moors.

I had been long accustomed to the exaggerations

of guides, and had learned to reduce them to truth. My guide described the ascent as most perilous, and was provided with iron cramps, snow-shoes, poles, and all the apparatus needed for a dangerous journey among snows and glaciers. I more than half suspected that these were but incumbrances, and found, that here, as in the Alps, the guides magnify the difficulty of an enterprise, to increase their own importance, and perhaps to augment their reward. The only difficult part of the ascent, is from the foot of the amphitheatre to the summit of the rock from which the cascades fall. There is a narrow rent in the rock in which we ascend, certainly by a steep, and in some places a perilous path; but the smugglers who pass to and from Arragon by these heights, have greatly facilitated the footing, by having trodden the track for centuries; and in places of difficulty, footsteps have been evidently formed by art. Having surmounted this rock, I found myself among high mountain-pastures, steep grassy acclivities, that rise towards the towers, partly covered with snow, and called by the shepherds *Malhada de Serrades*. Here we rested a while, taking a mouthful of brandy as a preparation for the rest of the journey. There were here no flocks, which the guide said was unusual; for these pastures are usually occupied by the Arragonese flocks and their shepherds. From this point, we ascended a rugged path of mingled rock, snow, and scanty vegetation which, however, soon ceased, and then entered upon the deep inclined plain of snow, which stretches nearly to the *Breche de Roland*. I managed to ascend with only the occasional assistance of my pole. Nothing in the Alps is wilder or more desolate than the views around this spot. Rocks, preci-

ices, snows and glaciers, are all mingled together; and nothing is visible beyond; for the scene is shut in, on the north by numerous peaks, and on the south by the boundary of the two kingdoms. About mid-day I gained the upper part of the snow-plain, and stood opposite to the *Breche de Roland*. Let me describe in a few words the *Breche de Roland*. A rocky wall from 400 to 500 feet high, extends nearly east and west, dividing France from Spain. Nearly in the centre of this gigantic barrier, is a breach or gap more than 200 feet wide, the most majestic gate that ever led from one country into another; and above this gigantic barrier, the towers of Marboré rise, like enormous watch-towers. Besides the *Breche de Roland*, there are two openings or holes in the wall of rock, situated near the two extremities; and the whole has the appearance of such a fortification as gods might have raised, and garrisoned with giants.

It was impossible to walk straight to the breach, because the rays of the southern sun, pouring always through the gap, had formed a deep and impassible hollow in the snow; and I found it necessary, therefore, to make a circuit of the hollow, and pass under the rock to gain the side of the breach. I now stood in the *Breche de Roland*—France on one side, and Spain on the other. The whole extent of Aragon lay below; and as the *Breche de Roland* is occasionally visible from Saragossa, Saragossa was, therefore, within my horizon, although invisible.

I inquired of the guide, while we were seated in the breach, if many persons mounted to this spot? he said, scarcely any one. I told him the fault was partly his own, by magnifying so much the difficulties and dangers of the ascent. He said, the fault be-

gan with M. Ramond, (the French geological writer on the Pyrenees), and that he did little more than repeat what M. Ramond had said. This, I told him, might possibly be true; but that, in future, he would do wisely to tell *healthy* travellers, that they might, without any difficulty, mount to the *Breche de Roland*; upon which he was pleased to pay a compliment to my prowess, and added, that scarcely any but invalids visited the amphitheatre; and that, therefore, he might as well continue to tell his old tale, because, however he might change it, none of them could mount the *Breche de Roland*.

I continued seated about an hour in the *Breche de Roland*, of course not forgetting to put one foot in Spain, and then began to retrace my steps. The descent, I need scarcely say, was rather more perilous than the ascent, especially as the sun had now great power; and fragments of snow and ice were therefore more likely to detach themselves. However, I reached safely the amphitheatre from which I had set out. This had been, at all events, a fatiguing day; and this evening I spent no time wandering by the river-side, but speedily enjoyed the comforts of a substantial supper, and a tolerable bed.

Next morning, after a very early breakfast, I left Gavarnie, and again traversing the *Peyrada*, I reached Gedro, about nine o'clock. This was the *jour de fête* in the valley of *Heas*, and without stopping in Gedro, I turned to the right. The valley of *Heas* is as wild as the *Peyrada*; ruins are piled upon ruins, and there is scarcely one trace of cultivation. As I walked along I overtook, or was overtaken by, many peasants and mountaineers, hastening to pay their adorations to the Virgin; and when I came within sight of the chapel, I saw several hundreds desiring

along the sides of the mountains towards the chapel; the hymn which they were singing in chorus sounding strangely wild in this desolate valley. About 300 yards before arriving at the chapel, all took off their shoes, and walked bare-footed to the chapel—a penance certainly, since it was any thing but smooth turf over which they had to walk; and I noticed afterwards, by the lameness and halting step of some, that the pilgrimage had not been performed with impunity. Every one on reaching the chapel performed the usual acts of devotion—praying, kneeling, and kissing the statue of the Virgin. But the most interesting part of the scene was after the pilgrimage was made. The mountaineers then returned in groups behind some of the neighbouring rocks, the men to put on their shoes, and the women to put on both their shoes and their stockings. All then gave themselves up to innocent mirth; and by and by, seating themselves at a little distance from the chapel, they produced their stores, and feasted with the simplicity, and no doubt with the appetites, of mountaineers. Every one was neatly dressed; and although I did not remark much striking beauty among the girls, there appeared much good humour and attractive modesty. I accepted the invitation of one of the parties, the first of the many who would have offered, to join in their repast; and they were not less sparing in their hospitalities, because I had not walked bare-footed, and kissed the Virgin. They seemed a simple and contented race, with no greater share of superstition than might be expected. After the repast had been concluded, every one made a circuit to the *Caillau de la Raillé*, an enormous block of fallen rock, consecrated by the credulity of the mountaineers, and every one broke off a small fragment as

a relic ; and having finished the day with acts of piety, the mountain-paths were again scattered with the pilgrims wending homewards, not now singing a pious hymn, but filling the valley with their innocent glee ; and having seen all, I took the road to Gedro. There was once a lake in the valley of Heas ; but it burst its bounds, and has not been formed again. There was nothing to detain me at Gedro, and I accordingly retraced my steps to St Sauveur, with delightful recollections of my journey, and enjoying as much as before the interesting scenes through which I had already passed.

CHAPTER XV.

JOURNEY TO CAUTERETS—CAUTERETS.

Journey across the Mountains—Lakes of the Pyrenees—A Night in a Hut—Arrival at Cauterets—Situation of Cauterets—Baths, and Medicinal Waters—The Gave de Cauterets—Return to St Sauveur by the Vignemale and Gavarnie.

THERE is only one road to Cauterets. I had already, in travelling from Argeles to Luz, passed the point where it branches off at Pierrefitte; and, being unwilling to retrace the road down the defile of Luz, I resolved to attempt a passage across the mountains from St Sauveur. I knew from the map the general situation of Cauterets; and, as I knew also, that the distance in a straight line could not exceed three leagues, I felt no apprehension of mistaking the road. But the event proved how little a general knowledge of direction avails us in travelling among mountains.

I left St Sauveur one delightful morning about six o'clock, and, without seeking any path, began the ascent of the mountain which rises directly behind the baths; and, after a toilsome walk, I reached the summit of the ridge that forms the western boundary of the cradle of Luz. The point to which

I had directed my steps, was of course the lowest part of the ridge, and was not perhaps more than three thousand feet above St Sauveur. I expected to have seen the valley of Cauterets from the summit of this ridge; but I only saw a deep oblong hollow about two leagues distant, filled by a lake about half a league in length. By an error in my map, this lake was not marked; and I mistook it for another, which lies at no very great distance from Cauterets, and which I ought to leave on my right. I accordingly made towards the lake, that I might double its southern extremity, in the expectation that, after ascending the next summit, I should look down upon Cauterets. The distance to this lake I found to be much greater than I had expected; for, owing to several morasses, I was obliged to take a most circuitous path, and more than three hours elapsed before I reached the margin. Although the Pyrenees do not boast lake-scenery, there is, nevertheless, a great number of lakes among the *Hautes Pyrenees*. There are not fewer altogether than twenty-six; but the greater number of these do not exceed a mile or two in circumference, and are rather mountain-tarns than lakes; and even the largest of them scarcely reach a league in circumference. With the exception of two or three of these lakes, they lie in mountain-hollows, with neither cultivation nor picturesque scenery around them. Some are indeed surrounded by sublimity, such as the Lake of *Oncet*; but the water is but a very secondary feature in the scene. The lake which I skirted in this morning's walk; I afterwards found is called the *Lac d'Arden*. Its only feature was solitary wildness; and its only ornament the box-tree, which here, as elsewhere in the Pyrenees, forms a close underwood.

Before I turned the head of the lake, between five and six hours had elapsed since leaving St Sauveur. I expected to have reached Cauterets an hour before this time; but I had no doubt, that, from the summit of the next ridge, I should see Cauterets below me. I accordingly struck in a right line from the head of the lake, to ascend the neighbouring range. The brilliant sun and serene atmosphere that had so pleasantly ushered in the morning, had long since become shrouded; and a most threatening darkness had already spread over the sky. There was every foreboding of a storm; and I made all possible haste to surmount the height, that I might arrive at Cauterets before it should commence. I was therefore not a little disappointed, when, upon gaining the summit of the ridge, a wilder scene than I had already passed through lay before me, and Cauterets was nowhere visible; and, to add to my disappointment, the sudden illumination of the heavens, and a deep roll of thunder, was almost immediately succeeded by some heavy drops, which I well knew would soon ripen into one of those torrents that descend on mountain regions. Where Cauterets might be, I could not conceive; but it was evident that I had mistaken my way. Whether it lay before me, or to the right or the left, I knew not. In the mean time, wishing to shelter myself from the storm, I made towards some rocks that lay in the next hollow; and had hardly got under the shelter of the rock, when the storm came down in good earnest. Not a drop could reach me where I lay; but, after remaining more than an hour, the rain had not in the smallest degree subsided. The day was wearing away; and, for ought I knew, I might be yet many leagues from Cauterets. At

length, braving the storm, I left my shelter, taking at a venture a direction a little more southerly, and walking almost ankle-deep in water; while, at the same time, the torrent that still poured from the skies drenched me in a few minutes.

I had walked since morning without having seen a single cottage; but, after continuing my journey about an hour longer, I descried a hut at the extremity of a small lateral valley to the left, about a mile distant; and, as the sky grew darker on the horizon, although the rain had in some degree subsided, and as I had undoubtedly wandered from my road, I turned into the valley to seek shelter at the cottage. I had hopes that it might prove a Cagot hut, which, from the solitariness of the situation, seemed not improbable; but I afterwards learned, that none of the Cagot family are found in the valleys that lie in this direction.

Before reaching the cottage, the storm had recommenced with greater fury than ever; and, in a situation that required fire, victuals and rest, I entered a hut that I feared might contain no materials for either of the three. I found a middle-aged man, a girl about sixteen years old, and two boys in the hut; and although the inmates seemed marvellously astonished at the entrance of a stranger, I was well received, as I had always been in every—even the poorest—hut into which I ever entered in the Pyrenees. The cottage was not so utterly destitute of comforts as I had feared it might be. The girl lighted a box-wood fire; the mountaineer lent me a sheep-skin cloak, until my own clothes were dried; and, after the fire was blazing, bread, cheese and milk, were placed before me. The peasant was a widower, and these were his three children. They

were poorly dressed, and seemed scantily fed ; and the condition of this remote family might be taken as a fair example of the condition of the poorer mountaineers of the Pyrenees. The property of the peasant consisted of two cows and three goats. A small meadow in the neighbourhood of the hut was fertilized, and allotted to rye ; and about a rood of land was laid out in potatoes and cabbages. The peasant and his family consumed the whole produce of the animals. Meat of no kind ever entered the cabin ; but the lake which I had passed occasionally supplied a few fish, which were scarce however ; and the lake was, besides, a league and a half distant. A kind of cheese, like some of the poor Scotch cheeses, was made from the goats' milk ; and the sale of this to the lower orders at Cauterets, was the only source of the money necessary for the purchase of clothes, and whatever else is not produced by cows and goats.

It may be supposed, that one of the first inquiries I made was respecting my road ; and I found that I was now nearly as far from Cauterets as I had been when I left St Sauveur. I had wandered far to the south ; and, in place of doubling the south side of the lake, I ought to have passed its northern extremity. It was now past four in the afternoon ; and to have set out within a few hours of sunset, across a country where there was no road, and without any certain knowledge of direction, would have been, if not hazardous, at least disagreeable ; and I therefore resolved to pass the night in the hut. No one can be said to fare ill who has a large wooden ladle of new milk before him, and a loaf of rye-bread ; and no one can be said to pass a bad night who is in good health, and who has a clean sheep-skin to lie

upon, in the mild temperature of the south of France. All these luxuries I enjoyed. The rain ceased about six o'clock, and I walked with the peasant's family to the neighbouring mountain—saw the cows milked—supped heartily—slept soundly—and was awake by the owner of the hut soon after day-break. He resolutely refused any compensation for my entertainment; but one of the boys, who accompanied me to the top of a neighbouring acclivity, to point out the road, was less sturdy in his independence. I found no difficulty in this morning's journey; for, after passing a mountain-ridge, I descended into the valley of Lutour, which is a continuation of the defile of Cauterets. A road lay along the bank of the small stream that flows down to Cauterets; and, following this path, I arrived, after about two hours walk, in the hollow or basin, in the bottom of which lies the village and baths of Cauterets.

Cauterets is a fashionable place; and therefore a foot-traveller, arriving without even the excuse of a pedestrian—a knapsack upon his back—could scarcely expect a very cordial reception: Besides, pedestrians, are unknown in the Pyrenees. *Cauterets*, too, was so full of company, that there was no temptation to hold out a flag of invitation; and I should have found difficulty in finding accommodation, if a gentleman whom I had known in Paris had not accidentally passed, just at the moment when I was told, for the third time, that there was not a chamber at my disposal. This recognition, however, gave a new turn to my affairs; and I obtained accommodation, at the exorbitant rate of seven francs for a bed.

The situation of *Cauterets* is striking, and, excepting *St. Sauveur*, preferable, in my opinion, to

that of any of the other baths I have yet spoken of. There is a small triangular hollow, on all sides *dominated* by lofty mountains—an enamel of meadow, wood, and little fields—like a miniature picture set in a vast rugged frame. Here the village and baths lie; the former is not deserted during the winter, like Barèges, but always contains an indigenous population of about 600 or 800 persons; and, in the buildings appropriated to the reception of strangers, nearly a thousand persons can be accommodated.

The medicinal springs of Cauterets, excepting one, called the Bruzaud, are situated at some little distance from the village, upon the side of the mountain that rises to the east of it. One of these—the principal of them—is called *César*; of course, from the tradition that Cæsar used its waters. Another of the springs was patronised by Margaret, sister of Francis I., and grandmother of Henry the Fourth, who took refuge from the tumult of cities and courts in the solitude of the Pyrenees. Besides these, there are eight or ten other fountains; but several of them are yet in a state of nature. Almost all of them are picturesquely situated among rocks and waterfalls. Cauterets possesses several of the *agremens* of Bagnères, with more interesting and exciting scenery; and, placed at least 1200 feet higher than Bagnères, its air is more invigorating, and the heats of summer less felt. There is little doubt, that baths will always be found the most efficacious, where the scenery is the most varied and pleasing, and the air the purest; and that Rousseau was right in thinking, “*qu’aucune agitation violente, aucune maladie de vapeurs ne pourrait résister contre un pareil séjour prolongé; et il s’étonnait que des bains de l’air salubre et bienfaisant des montagnes*

ne fussent pas un des grands remèdes de la médecine et de la morale."

Palsy, rheumatism, and stomach-complaints, are the three classes of disorders that are said to yield most readily to the waters of Cauterets. The temperature of the springs ranges from 31 to 40 of Reaumur. Cauterets is the most expensive of the Pyrenean watering-places; because the concourse of strangers is always pressing upon the accommodation; because the country around is totally unproductive; and because some eminent persons having selected Cauterets as a residence during the season, it has acquired a distinction as a place of fashionable resort, besides being a refuge for the infirm. If Cauterets were nothing but a village, with its few meadows and copses, and its flocks and mountaineers—if it had these, without the *desagremens* of a watering-place—its invalids and palanquins—its air *apprêté*—its fine houses and finely-dressed people—how charming a spot would it be for the disciple of Isaac Walton! for the Gave of Cauterets is a stream, the sight of which would make the heart of an angler leap for joy. It is neither too large nor too small, neither too limpid nor too dark, neither too rapid nor too slow—shaded occasionally by high banks, but not shaded by trees. But it possesses two drawbacks nearly fatal to the enjoyment of a thorough angler. The fish are so numerous as to ensure a nibble at every cast; and so simple-minded and credulous, that every nibble proves a take. I am almost ashamed to add—since I am speaking to sportsmen—that the trout of the Gave de Cauterets are admirable *done* in the frying-pan.

I remained only one day at Cauterets, and during that day visited all the favourite promenades of the

bathers, convalescents, and pleasure-seekers. The following day, I left Cauterets to return to St Sauveur, by a very circuitous and unfrequented route. I traversed the valley of Lutour up to its head at the foot of Mount Vignemale—one of the highest mountains of the Pyrenees—a wild, but interesting route. At the foot of the mountain there are three small cottages, in one of which I procured a guide, to conduct me across the northern shoulder of the mountain, into the valley d'Ossoue, which leads to Gavarnie. This was altogether a journey of nearly nine leagues ; but I had left Cauterets so early, that I reached Gavarnie several hours before sunset ; and the fatigue of the journey did not prevent me from walking again to the Amphitheatre de Marboré, and spending another hour in its wild and sublime precincts. I was almost tempted to mount again to the Breche de Roland ; but sunset dismissed this temptation ; and I returned to the inn, which I left next morning, to walk to St Sauveur, where I arrived before mid-day.

CHAPTER XVI.

JOURNEY TO BAGNERES DE LOUCHON—BAGNERES DE LOUCHON.

The ideal and the real of Travelling—Journey to Arreau—Marbrière—Arreau, and the Valley of the Aune—The Family of Armagnac—Journey to Bagnères de Louchon—The Valley of Louchon—The Baths—The Waters, and Opinions of Physicians—Visit to the Lakes of Seculejô, and the Espingo.

I WAS now about to take leave of St Sauveur for the last time. I proposed to cross the Tourmalet to St Marie, and by Arreau to Bagnères de Louchon, and from thence to return by Bagnères de Bigorre and Lourdes to Pau.

I know few occupations more agreeable, than sitting down with a good map, and tracing one's future route through a country which is yet untravelled by us. I suppose every traveller knows this enjoyment. For my own part, I reflect with equal pleasure upon the hours I have spent in meditating a journey—in examining my maps—tracing my route—marking distances—and calculating time and expenses, as upon the events of the journey itself. With his map before him, and his pencil in his hand, sunshine always illumines the traveller's path. Neither heat nor cold interfere with the comforts of

his journey; the trees afford a pleasant shade, and the mountain-breeze blows cool upon his forehead; the inns are neither dirty nor ill provided; and no one overreaches him. 'Tis truly a charming excursion which he makes on the map; 'tis the *ideal* of travelling—the cream whipped off, and beat up; he has it all his own way; he can proportion the distance of the journey to his strength or his caprice; he can fix the temperature of the weather; he regulates his health, and even the frame of his mind; and he can dine upon fish, flesh, or fowl, and drink *Vin du Pays*, or *Premiere qualité*, just as he pleases. But I am far from wishing to intimidate the stay-at-homes, by leading them to suppose, that the ideal and the real of travelling are always diametrically opposed. I doubt whether a journey be so agreeable, which is all pleasure and no privation. If a day's journey turn out to be ten miles longer than one expected, with how much more satisfaction do we arrive at the end of it! If we have been half frozen in crossing a mountain, how doubly sweet is the warm shelter of the valley, or the cheerful blaze of the inn-fire! or, after a meagre breakfast and a worse dinner, who shall describe the delights of an ample and excellent supper, or the joys of a soft clean bed, after a night's travelling in the diligence? The pleasure of every journey that I have made, has far, very far outweighed the pains; and if it be any test of the enjoyment we have reaped in a journey, that that journey often recurs to the memory, then I have the most enjoyed those which have been the most chequered with difficulties and dangers. But the pleasure of travelling depends upon the peculiar frame of every man's mind. Some can be merry, under all circumstances; others are

ever discontented. Let these stay at home, and keep to their easy chair and fireside comforts.

I recollect with peculiar pleasure the days I spent at St Sauveur—my walks upon the mountain-sides—my search for aromatic plants—my inactive musings by the side of the Gave, or upon the wooden bridge; and yet I had no comforts at St Sauveur. I had bad breakfasts—(there was no butter, and the water never boiled)—execrable dinners, cold, and ill cooked—a bad bed—and great extortion. The system pursued at the Pyrenean watering-places is an unsociable and uncomfortable one. In place of public tables, every one dines in his own room. An attempt was made by a *traiteur*, while I was at St Sauveur, to open a public table; but I believe the company never got beyond two kept-mistresses and a gentleman's gentleman. This is certainly extraordinary, since no people upon earth are so little addicted to solitude as the French. But public tables are not *la mode*; and therefore, however much against their inclination, the French are compelled to eat their dinners in solitude. The next room to mine was occupied by a French gentleman, who found solitude at meals so irksome, that he talked to himself, and sung by turns, almost the whole time of dinner.

I now bade a final farewell to St Sauveur, by setting off on foot for Bagnères de Luchon—a packhorse being charged with my portmanteau; and, once more crossing the bridge over the Gave, I passed through Luz, and entered the valley of Baresges. Recollecting the cottage and the delicious milk at the foot of the Tourmalet, I practised a little economy at Baresges, by purchasing an excellent new loaf to carry forward, in place of paying two

francs for a bad breakfast in the Café. The cottage I found in its place, and the boys ran out as before. The milk was as delicious as ever, and I enjoyed it ten times more because I had not breakfasted. This I call part of the art of travelling—to increase luxury, and diminish expense. As I again journeyed up the Tourmalet, I was almost tempted to pay a second visit to the Pic du Midi, the summit was so free from vapour, and seemed so near. I passed the Tourmalet at the same point as before, and again descended into the valley of Campan to Grip, where I stopt a little while for rest and refreshment, and reached *Sainte Marie* in the afternoon. Here I was obliged to remain for the night, because there is no inn between St Marie and Arreau.

It is at St Marie that the traveller who wishes to reach Bagnères de Louchon, leaves the valley of Campan, and ascends the valley of the Adour of Aure; and next morning betimes I was on my road to Arreau. At first, the valley of Aure differs but little from the valley of Campan. It is equally fertile and *riante*. About a league and a half from St Marie, the guide pointed out to me, on the left hand, the very small valley of *Marbrière*, which contains the valuable marbles of Campan. This marble was formerly worked, but is now abandoned. It is a very beautiful marble; but it has been discovered to be unfitted for exposure to the weather, and is therefore only used in ornamenting the interior of edifices. The cause of its susceptibility to the atmospheric changes, is the portion of argil which enters into its composition.

After leaving this spot, the scenery entirely changes. We enter among the pine-forests of Aure, and traverse a narrow valley, sombre and uncultivated, leav-

ing the *Pic d'Arbizon* on the right, and passing at no great distance from it. Throughout all the valley, the sun never reaches the path. It is intercepted by the pine that skirts the road; and, in perfect unison with the coolness of the scenery around, a clear fountain, welling from a rock, reposes, deep and clear, in a basin below. From the base of the *Pic d'Arbizon*, a path leads across the shoulder of the mountain; and after about an hour's walk, I saw the valley of Arreau at my feet. Not many views in the Pyrenees are finer than that which looks down upon the valley of Aure. It is verdant, almost as Ursern in Uri; but its verdure is diversified by cultivated fields, and it is skirted by old forests, which hang upon the mountains; and the back ground is a magnificent assemblage of peaks—rocky, snowy, and rising in the most fantastic forms. From this point I descended into the valley, where I was enclosed among fir-woods; and, passing through some of the sweetest little meadows I have ever seen, I soon after entered the town of Arreau.

The situation of this little town is beautiful, and the surrounding scenery partakes largely of that union of beauty, picturesqueness and sublimity, which I have already more than once mentioned as the characteristic of Pyrenean scenery. I could easily have proceeded to Bagnères de Luchon before night, for I had not walked more than four leagues; but I was desirous of visiting the ruined chateau of the Counts of Armagnac, whose history in connection with the valley of Aure is so remarkable. Nothing can be more beautiful than the road to this chateau; for the valley of Arreau contains, *en petit*, the whole *materiel* of beauty. The castle stands upon the summit of one of those wooded hills that

sprinkle this valley. It was only one of the many chateaux that belonged to the Lords of Armagnac, whose possessions included many valleys, and probably not the most remarkable of them. I climbed to it by a circuitous, tortuous path, through fir-woods and box, and soon reached the ruin. One high-tower yet stands almost perfect ; and I succeeded in reaching the top, from which the Lords of Aure, in former times, looked down upon their subject domain, once the scene of ravage and bloodshed,—now a quiet and happy valley.

The history of few families is more remarkable than that of the family of Armagnac. The fall of the last lord and his family originated in his crime. He became enamoured of his sister Isabella, was excommunicated by the Pope in consequence, and, of course, failing in his application for a dispensation to marry her, he forged a dispensation, and celebrated the incestuous nuptials. Charles the VIII., then King of France, endeavoured to recal him from his crimes, and the Pope again excommunicated him; but the Count Armagnac resisted kind instances, and defied force ; and soon afterwards, connecting himself with the insurrection of the Dauphin, he was attacked by the Duke of Clermont with an army under his command. But guilty passion had effeminized his mind ; and in place of resisting the invasion, he abandoned his domain, and fled with Isabella to the protection of his relative the King of Arragon. He was then summoned by the parliament, and, having been rash enough to appear, he was arrested and imprisoned. And soon after, having succeeded in escaping from captivity, sentence of perpetual banishment was passed upon him, and his domain was forfeited ; but the valley of Aure, and

three other valleys, were excepted from the forfeiture, and given as a dowry to his sister.

The once powerful and proud Count of Armagnac was now reduced to the deepest destitution; and impelled, as we may presume, by remorse, he begged his way to Rome, to ask an absolution for himself and his sister, which was granted, upon condition that she should retire to the monastery of Mount Sion at Barcelona, and upon conditions still harder for himself. But at this time Louis XI. ascended the French throne, and the Count d'Armagnac was restored by him to his former rank, and to the enjoyment of his possessions. He now married the daughter of the Comte de Foix, and the past was forgotten.

But the restless and criminal Count engaged in new plots against his benefactor; and, after having twice received pardon for treasonable attempts, his repeated revolts at length drew upon him such anger of his king, as was not to be pacified. The Cardinal d'Alby attacked his capital; and, after a siege of two months duration, during which the Count recovered his courage, his son by Isabella, after performing prodigies of valour, was killed in a sortie, and the Count surrendered; but the same day, as he was rising from the holy communion, he was assassinated. Scenes of blood and massacre followed; his domains were ravished, his towns pillaged, his wife, the daughter of the Count de Foix, then pregnant, was thrown into prison, and poisoned. Almost all his friends perished under the axe of the executioner. The Count's brother was imprisoned in the Bastille; and not a remnant of the family of Armagnac remained.

It is a curious, and, I believe, unexplained fact,

that the once guilty Isabella was in the city when it was besieged. It is no where recorded why she left the monastery, where she had buried herself, to mingle again in the active scenes of life. She was saved from the massacre ; for, a few months afterwards, previous to taking the veil in the monastery of Mount Sion, she made over to Gaston of Lyon, as a reward for having preserved her life, the territory of Aure, and the other three valleys. But the inhabitants of the valleys would not receive this sovereign ; and, putting themselves under the protection of Louis XI., the dominions of the fallen family of Armagnac were finally annexed to the French crown in 1475.

I remained about an hour among the ruins of the chateau, and then retraced my steps to the town ; and next morning I again left it for *Bagnères de Louchon*. The distance is about five leagues, and it is a mountain-path the whole way, and one of the most interesting mountain-paths I had travelled, either in the Pyrenees, or in any other country. There are few feelings more delightful, more joyous, than those which accompany us up a steep mountain ascent ; and yet there may be some who are insensible to such enjoyment, or who may never have had an opportunity of tasting it. The cause of the sensations which we experience in climbing mountain-paths, might perhaps admit of a philosophical disquisition. Some would say, it is to be ascribed to the inclination of our nature for overcoming difficulties ; but for my own part, I believe this has little to do with the feeling of enjoyment. Perhaps the mountain-air is the more natural source of these feelings. Upon this journey, nearly half way between Arreau and Bagnères de Louchon, the department *des Hau-*

tes Pyrénées has its termination ; but the nominal boundary is not the limit of the high mountains ; on the contrary, all the way towards Bagnères de Louchon, the snows of the *Maladetta*—the highest mountain of the Pyrenees—rose before me. But the *Maladetta* is in Spain, and therefore could not have influenced the boundaries of the French departments.

A short time after passing this boundary, a hunter struck into the path from one of the valleys on the right, carrying an izard ; and I overtook him. He was an athletic young man, dressed in light breeches and gaiters of black cloth, and a small round hat, the shape of which he had borrowed from Catalonia. I inquired of him where he intended carrying the izard, and was so great an epicure as to resolve upon taking up my quarters in the house to which the izard was destined. The hunter undertook to be my guide to the Hotel at Bagnères. Soon after, the valley and the town appeared below ; and in less than an hour, I was seated at close quarters with an izard-steak.

The valley of *Bagnères de Louchon* is one of the most extensive and most beautiful of the Pyrenees. It is finely variegated with corn-fields, and meadows, and wood, and plentifully watered by the Pique, and two tributary streams : And the baths, at a little distance from the town, surrounded by fine avenues of trees, and backed by the verdant and wooded slopes of the mountains, are not the least beautiful features in the picture. Several villages, too, lie under the acclivities ; and many pretty houses and cottages dot the sides of the hills. None of the baths can boast of such perfect shade as Bagnères de Louchon. Wide umbrageous alleys lead in dif-

ferent directions, from the baths; and altogether, if I were forced to sojourn at any of the Pyrenean baths during a long period, when society as well as scenery might be an advantage, I should prefer Bagnères de Louchon either to Cauterets, or to Bagnères de Bigorre. The season of the waters is from May till October; but invalids sometimes remain during the winter, and do not cease from the use of the baths. The accommodations for strangers are only equalled by Bagnères de Bigorre, and their situation at Louchon is far more agreeable. Upwards of 1500 strangers may find apartments; and here, there are several tables d'hôte, an agreeable exception to the other baths. Every week during the season there is a ball, and there is also a tolerably well-stored library.

The baths of Luchon, like many others of the Pyrenean baths, were known to the Romans. Some years ago, a monument was discovered at a little distance under ground, adorned with statues and columns in white marble, the work of the former conquerors of this country. There are nine medicinal springs at Bagnères de Louchon, all issuing from a rock at the foot of one of the adjacent mountains, and their temperature varies from 26 to 52 of Reaumur. They all contain sulphur, glauber-salt, sea-salt, soda, bitumen, and an insoluble matter, whose principle is not ascertained. All medical authorities agree in ascribing to these waters high medicinal qualities; and, according to the best treatise which has been written upon the waters of the Pyrenees, the following is the enumeration of diseases in which they are found to be beneficial:—"Dans toutes les maladies de la peau, comme d'autres de toute espèce, et dans les maladies occasionnées par le lait répandu,

quelque graves qu'elles soient, les rhumatismes, maladies des yeux, maladies des parties conservatrices des yeux ; lésion d'oreille, maladie du système osseux, blessures ; gale ventrée, rougeale ; maladies des articulations ; maladies des glandes salivaires ; humeurs froides ; maladies des voies urinaires ; catharre pulmonaire ; asténique ; phthisie pulmonaire, lorsque le mal n'est pas parvenu au dernier degré ; obstructions des toutes sortes, et jaunisse." This is a most inspiring catalogue ; and wonderful waters they must indeed be, if they cure or alleviate one half of the maladies enumerated. I have conversed, however, with several medical men, who, if they have not in all points subscribed to the above enumeration, did not hesitate to ascribe to the waters extraordinary virtues. There can be no doubt, from the chemical analysis of these springs, that the mineral waters of the Pyrenees are among the most, if not the most, efficacious of the medicinal springs in Europe. In the cure of rheumatism, and in the cure of old wounds, experience has shown their decided superiority over every other bath ; and the French government even has considered the mineral waters of the Pyrenees of so much importance, that it has erected them into a government establishment. Physicians say, that the waters of Barèges, and of Bagnères de Louchon, have performed the most important and radical cures ; and, although a greater number of strangers resort to Bagnères de Bigorre than to any of the other baths, these are not all invalids. More invalids resort to Louchon, than either to Bagnères or Barèges, excluding privates in the army, for whom there is a separate establishment at Barèges. The access to Bagnères de Louchon is both cheap and easy. There is a mail-coach thrice a

week from Thoulouse ; and private vehicles are always to be had at Tarbes. But the traveller, who wishes to see the Pyrenees, must not be encumbered with a *voiture* ; even a horse may be spared with advantage. There, as in every other mountainous country, pedestrianism is the only mode of travelling, for the man who wishes to extract all the pleasure that mountain-scenery can furnish, or to pick up information respecting the habits of the people among whom he journeys.

There are many objects of curiosity in the neighbourhood of Bagnères de Louchon. Of these, the most remarkable, and the most interesting, is the lake of *Seculejo*, one of the few lakes of the Pyrenees worthy of a visit. I dedicated a day to the *Seculejo*, and have seldom passed one more to my mind. I left Bagnères de Louchon about sunrise—the usual hour of my departure upon any excursion. The road to it is wild and pastoral, rapidly rising towards the south, and having constantly in view the majestic scenery that lies upon the Spanish frontier. There were fortunately no parties of convalescents from Louchon upon the day I had chosen, so that I had the lake all to myself ; and I enjoyed this selfish pleasure like an epicure, as I am, in these matters. The lake of *Seculejo* is not a scene for mirth—scarcely even for society. It is wild, solitary, and sombre ; and silence best accords with it. The low ripple of the water, the noise of its cataract, or the cry of a bird of prey, are the only interruptions of silence that are *in keeping* with the scene ; and these were the only sounds that disturbed its tranquillity as I stood upon the margin of the water. The lake is entirely surrounded by high mountains, excepting where it finds egress ; and its shores are generally

bold and rugged. At the upper end, a cascade not less than 600 or 700 feet in height falls from the top of a perpendicular rock into the lake. It is impossible to make the circuit of the lake, owing to the perpendicularity of the banks in many places; but, excepting at the spot where the cascade falls, I contrived to walk round it. It is said that the trout of this lake is exquisite; but, as there is no boat upon it, they are allowed to live the full term of their natural lives.

After lingering upon the margin of the Seculejo an hour or two, I climbed up the eastern bank, by a path which has almost the appearance of a ladder, and which, indeed, bears the name of *Scala*. Having reached the summit of the bank, I entered a gorge, through which I passed to a hollow lying at the base of the mountain, called the Espingo; and, still proceeding to ascend the first ridges of the mountain, I reached the two lakes of Espingo, which I had seen marked on the map, and had resolved to visit. These are very elevated mountain-tarns, lying almost in the region of snow. All is here sombre, melancholy, rude, and dismal—great rocks—a few stunted trees—and still, deep, dark waters are the features of the scene. Time would not permit me to remain long here. I again returned to the Seculejo; and, after dining luxuriously upon provisions I had brought from Louchon, I set out on my return, and arrived after dusk at Bagnères.

CHAPTER XVII.

BIERETZ.

Bayonne and its Advantages as a Residence—Travelling en Cacolet—Road to Bieretz—Situation of Bieretz—The Coast—The Bay of Biscay, in Calm and in Storm—A Perilous Situation—Views round Bieretz—Bieretz as a Sea-bathing Place—Curious Usages—Promenades in the Neighbourhood—Other Excursions—A Fête du Village—Pleasures of a Sejour at Bieretz.

IN this chapter, I am about to take a liberty which I trust the reader will pardon ; and which, indeed, the title of the book almost, if not altogether, excuses. With the last fifty pages, I have interspersed some little account of the watering-places of the Pyrenees ; and I purpose, in this chapter, transporting the reader a hundred and forty miles from the Hautes Pyrenees, to give him some account of another kind of watering-place, one of the principal sea-bathing resorts of the South of France. The name of this place is Bieretz. It is situated within two miles of Bayonne ; and, although I did not visit Bieretz in the same year as that in which I travelled through the Pyrenees, there can be no impropriety in including, in an account of the South of France, some notice of a spot so much frequented, and so delightful, as Bieretz.

First of all, let me say a few words of Bayonne,

which one must pass through, in order to reach Bieretz. Bayonne is a favourite city of mine. I like every thing about it. I like its clear broad rivers—reminding me of the delightful scenes through which they have travelled from their sources in the High Pyrenees. I like its environs of hill and dale—green meadows, and fertile fields, and gardens, and copses, and orchards—I like its busy streets—its open *place*, facing the river—its broad ramparts—its long wooden bridge across the Adour—its excellent *cafés*, and still more excellent hotels—its respectable and obliging inhabitants—and the neat *coiffure* of the *Bourgeoises*. The neighbourhood of Bayonne I think infinitely preferable as a residence to any of those towns in the South of France which are colonized by the English. The environs of neither Pau nor Montauban are preferable to the environs of Bayonne; and with as fertile and beautiful a country on one side, Bayonne has the advantage of the sea on the other. It has also some lesser advantages; among which one—not a trifling advantage to a resident—is an abundant, varied, and cheap fish-market. But its great advantage is the vicinity of the sea. Over all the southern provinces of France, the heats of summer are oppressive; and every one acquainted with a mountainous country knows well, that, unless we ascend to the very elevated spots, the heat in the Alpine valleys is no less intense than in the lower plains. Bagnères de Bigorre is, therefore, a very insufficient retreat from the heat of the dog-days; and even Louchon, or St Sauveur, will bear no comparison in coolness with the shores of the Bay of Biscay. What can be more convenient than to have charming bathing-quarters within three miles of one's

residence! And there is still another ground of preference to be stated in favour of Bayonne. Our neighbours the French, with whom we English are so fond of domiciling ourselves, it must be allowed, are fond of changes—pulling down and putting up kings and governments—and playing at political games, in which life is a thing of absolutely no importance; Such events, it is well known, occasion a sad commotion among the English residents, who think only of educating their children for half nothing, and of drinking French wine at one sous per bottle. Some are frightened out of their wits, others are frightened out of the country; and all are frightened into indifference about cheap education, and the luxuries of a southern climate. But if one resided at Bayonne, all these fears might be spared; because the resident has only to put his money into his pocket, lock his door, and walk into Spain; or, he may step into a boat at the bridge of the Adour, with his family and his treasures, and run into the harbour of St Sebastian or Fontarabia before dinner. There is no disputing the advantage of Bayonne to a timid resident.

I shall now speak of Bieretz:—And, first, of the manner of getting there. When you walk to the gate called the *Porte d'Espagne*, you are assailed by the cry of “Monsieur, voulez-vous un cacolet?” from fifty different female voices; and, looking around, you perceive on every side, women sitting under the wall, and a number of horses standing beside them; and if you wish to go to Bieretz, you must nod your head, and you will be journeying *en cacolet* in a trice. To ride *en cacolet*, is to journey as one journeys in no part of the world—excepting at Bieretz, and on the north-eastern frontier of Spain.

A wooden frame is placed across a horse's back, with two seats—one on each side—with little arms on the outside, and cushions to sit upon; and these, when unoccupied, are an *equipoise*. If there be one traveller, he occupies one seat; and his luggage, if he have any, is placed upon the other. If there be two travellers, each occupy a seat; or, if the traveller have no luggage, he, and the female driver, occupy the two seats. Every one travels in this mode; though, to one unaccustomed to it, it seems somewhat ludicrous, as well as unceremonious, to be propped upon a meagre horse, cheek-by-jowl with the female driver.

But it requires an apprenticeship to ride *en cacolet*. One cannot seat one's self with the same security *en cacolet*, as vault into a saddle; it requires the utmost precision, and the briskest action, to escape being rolled in the dust. Let it be recollected that the seats are an *equipoise*, and the difficulties will be apparent. If the seats are both to be occupied, the persons who are to occupy them must make the spring at the same instant; they must be as watchful of the mutual signal, as a file of soldiers who wait the command—"Make ready—present—fire!" A second's delay—a second's precipitation—proves fatal; the seat is attained; and at the same moment, up goes the opposite empty seat, and down goes the equestrian below the horse's belly. It is really a pretty art to mount *en cacolet*. If your companion be one of the drivers, the danger of a failure is less; for they understand the thing so perfectly, that they always catch the right moment; but the uninitiated must acquire the art at the expense of several *renversements*. In descending from the *cacolet*, it is still worse; because there is more hurry—more fan-

patience on arriving at the end of a journey ; and an injudicious descent does not visit its effects upon one, but upon both travellers ; for, unless the person who descends, be extremely quick in his motions, his seat flies up before he has quite left it, and oversets him ; and the opposite weight, of course, goes plump to the ground—with as fatal effects as cutting the hammock-strings of a midgy's berth. My skill in the art of *cacolet*-mounting and descending, was acquired after many failures, dusted coats, and slight bruises.

But it is not only in mounting and descending, that art and practice are required, but in keeping one's seat also. The cushions are seldom level ; there is no support for the feet ; so that if, at a steep descent, the horse trots a little harder than usual, the inexperienced in *cacolets* will probably slide forward into the road ; and of course, at the same moment, the person opposite will experience a like mishap.

Morning, noon, and evening, the road between Bayonne and Bieretz is crowded with travellers on *cacolet* ;—some from Bayonne, going to take a dip, or spend the day at Bieretz ; some from Bieretz, going to hear the news, or spend the day at Bayonne ; some, removing to sea-bathing quarters ; others returning to town. The expense of one transit is one franc and a half ; and for going and returning, two francs ; but unless a previous understanding be made, more will be charged. The horses generally belong to the women who drive them ; and they realize about six francs per day upon an average ; which, deducting the keep of the horse, leaves a very comfortable income. These women are generally young—many of them handsome—and most of them not remarkable for the purity of their morals. They ge-

nerally speak French, Basque, and a little Spanish; and are rather intelligent than otherwise, always carrying on an unintermitting conversation during the whole of the ride. The horses are generally indifferent; they go at a small trot, and perform the *tra-jet* in about forty minutes. No one walks between Bayonne and Bieretz. Fortunately for the *cacolets*, the road is for the most part covered with deep sand, through which it is an intolerable labour to wade; but the country adjoining the road is agreeable—extremely fertile—sprinkled with gardens—and adorned with many country-houses.

I was much pleased with the first view of Bieretz; and it certainly improved upon acquaintance. I will endeavour to describe its situation. The coast, about half a mile in extent, is bold and rocky. Cliffs, not of great altitude—the lower part rock; the upper part grass—are washed by the sea at high tide; and from the shore, about half a mile out, enormous rocks are scattered, forming, near the shore, numerous sandy creeks which lie among them, and which, farther from the shore, are covered, or nearly covered, at high tide, while, at low tide, they are left almost, or altogether, dry. Many of these rocks are perforated with holes; so that, with a high sea, and an incoming tide, and always, indeed, in some degree, when the tide flows, the water pours through these holes and rents, presenting the singular appearance of many cascades. Some of the rocks which lie close to the shore, and many of those which form the cliffs, are worn into vast caverns. In these, the waves make ceaseless music—a hollow, dismal sound, like distant thunder; and when a broad swelling wave bounds into these caverns, and breaks in some distant chamber, the shock, to one standing

on the beach, is like a slight earthquake. But when a storm arises in the Bay of Biscay, and a north-west wind sweeps across the Atlantic, the scene is grand beyond the power of description. The whole space, covered with the rocks which are scattered over the coast, is an expanse of foam, boiling whirlpools, and cataracts; and the noise of the tremendous waves, rushing into these vast caverns, and lashing their inner walls, is grander a thousand times than the most terrific thunder-storm that ever burst from the sky.

I can never forget the scene that one day I beheld, or the disastrous effects of the storm. When I retired to bed, it was a calm night; but lightning, and a threatening sunset, had portended a change. About midnight I was awake, by my window being forced open by the tempest. The air and the sky were pitch dark; but a storm lights up the sea with its own glare; and the waves, as they broke over the rocks, and rolled into the caverns, and the rushing wind, made a sublimity of sound beyond any thing that I had ever before heard. But when morning came, and dawned upon the Bay of Biscay, the sublimity of sight was added to the sublimity of sound. I contrived to make my way with great difficulty to a spot from which I could see the waves rush into the caverns; but the eye could follow them but a little way. The extent of these subterranean chambers can be judged only by the ear; for it was long after the wave had passed the porch, that the shock, and the thunder, announced that it had reached the innermost cavern. I was here more than usually sensible of that unaccountable feeling that impels one to leap into any dreadful abyss that yawns below, and felt it necessary to draw back, from the

prove fatal. And how doubly horrible must have been the feelings of the person suspended above the dreadful gulf, the thunder of the storm around him, and every wave shaking the rock upon which he lay ! But the rugged spot on the rock had still preserved him. He had remained without motion ; and when we reached the rock, he was precisely where I had left him. No great exertion was required to extricate him. The rope at once enabled him to ascend the ledge, and place himself above it ; and although he had lost his colour, and his appetite for breakfast that morning, he was philosopher enough to say, that he did not regret what had occurred, since he had an opportunity of knowing what are the feelings of a man whose life hangs by a thread.

But if the storm had not been the cause of death to this young man, it had unfortunately brought death elsewhere. When I returned to breakfast, I learned that a small vessel had been wrecked during the night, within two miles of Bieretz, and that all the crew had perished. What their numbers were, could not be ascertained. I walked, when the storm had a little subsided, to the spot where the catastrophe had taken place. The rocks lay about three hundred yards from shore. All that could be seen was a part of the hull fixed upon the rock ; but part of the timbers, masts, &c. were thrown upon the shore ; and the bodies of three men had already been found, and carried to the nearest village.

This was the only storm that troubled the Bay of Biscay during the fortnight that I remained at Bieretz ; all the rest of the time, it was as smooth as a mill-pond. I had always been accustomed to associate with the Bay of Biscay, storms, and a broad heavy swell, ever rolling in upon the coast ; and I

felt something like disappointment at the perfect tranquillity that lay upon it during the first week I resided at Bieretz. But even in calm, the sea has variety at Bieretz ; for the incoming tide always occasions surf, and some swell, among the rocks and cavities.

So much for the coast. Now for Bieretz itself. This charming little retreat stands upon mounts and hollows. The ground back from the cliffs is extremely rugged, and the houses are put down wherever a platform or an agreeable slope is found, and where a view of the sea may be had ; but this is not always possible to be obtained, owing to the inequality of the ground. The place is built without any order. There is no street : every one who builds, has chosen his situation without consulting any general plan. There are altogether forty or fifty houses, all white, and generally with green verandas, and many have balconies on the roof. The accommodation is generally good, and not exorbitantly dear. Some have their tables served from the *traiteurs*, and some have dinner cooked at home. The house in which I had an apartment, was the most choice in the place : it was under the lighthouse, which is of course situated upon the most elevated part of the coast. It stands upon a little level piece of ground, which forms a promontory about a hundred yards long, and half that distance across, with two sides dipping perpendicularly into the sea, the others sloping down to the rocks and caverns. The view from this promontory is magnificent. In front is the ocean, in storm or in calm ; on the east, the coast of France stretches in an immense curve, white and low ; while to the west, the bold outline of the Spanish coast reaches in another vast segment almost as

far as the Bilbao. Looking towards the south, the picturesque line of the Pyrenees, close at hand, with all their peaks, and hollows, and shadows, stretches into both France and Spain ; while nearer still, the pretty white buildings of Bieretz, intermixed with tamarisk-trees, form an agreeable and picturesque foreground to the fertile country that lies between the sea and the mountains. It was a Jewess who kept the house in which I lived. My bed-room commanded the line of both the French and Spanish coasts, and was in front of the sea. I had the use of the saloon below ; and breakfast, dinner, and tea were provided, all for three francs and a half per day—not half the price of a bedroom at Caunterets. I had never less than two, sometimes three kinds of fish at dinner, and always an excellent dessert. Wine was not of course included ; but it costs about 5d. per bottle at Bayonne.

As a bathing-place, Bieretz is absolutely perfect. There is a creek about three hundred yards in depth, not above fifty yards across the mouth, but widening into a small semicircle. Rocks, four or five hundred feet high, flank both sides ; and the little waves curl over upon the hardest and most beautiful sand in the world. At all times, whether at full or ebb-tide, there is sufficient depth of water in this creek for the bather ; and yet the timid may find ground twenty or thirty yards within water-mark. Upon the smooth sand, a little way beyond water-mark, several *marquees* are pitched for the use of bathers ; and morning, noon and evening, but especially at the warmest time of the day, this little creek presents the liveliest scene imaginable.

Both sexes bathe in this creek ; but gentlemen, of

course, wear drawers, which are provided by the keepers of the marquees; and, thus attired, the water is quite a lounge, where the prettiest conversations are carried on. The persons who come to Bieretz for the sake of bathing, especially the females, pass half their time in the water. No one remains a shorter time in the sea than an hour; and I have seen the same persons bathing before breakfast, before dinner, and again in the evening. Most of the ladies wear bonnets, and never go under the water, but are provided with bladders, with which they attempt to swim, and sometimes venture out of their depth. Unless the wind blow strong from the north-west, the creek is always calm. A storm without, from any other quarter, only makes a little commotion within, but no waves or surf. The water is beautifully clear; and in sunny days, the concentrated rays, and the reflection from the sides of the creek, render it a tepid bath. I was not able to discover, that the practice of spending so much time in the water proved at all injurious to health. I particularly remarked three French young ladies, who passed not less than four hours every day in the water, and they were pictures of health. This is very opposite from the practice recommended by the medical men of this country. One is not obliged at Bieretz to bathe in the creek I have been speaking of. There are many lesser retired creeks, or shelving rocks, suited to all degrees of prowess, courage, and modesty.

Many hours may be delightfully spent on the seashore at Bieretz. If the western headland be doubled, a fine stretch of sands extends far beyond the Spanish lines. To double the headland is indeed some-

what hazardous; for the only path that descends to these sands is a narrow track down the face of the cliffs, and a steady step is required. But the sands are well worthy of this little peril; and my evening walk was generally there. Here, too, the most timid bather may find a shelving beach, and the most retiring need fear no intrusion. Another pleasant, but more dangerous walk, is among the great masses of rock, and the various sandy creeks that lie among them, which are always left hard and dry by the ebbing tide. Curious shells are picked up; strange fishes are found in the little pools which are here and there left; and beautiful and fantastic caves and arches are discovered among the rocks. But such rambles are dangerous. In some places, the tide has accumulated sand above the surrounding level; and after having lingered in such spots for a time, one may find in returning, that the water has already flowed through all the lower channels, and that the retreat is cut off. This twice happened to myself. Once I was able to leap across the channel; the other time I was obliged to wade nearly up to the middle. One resource, however, would always remain—to climb to the summit of one of the higher rocks, which, unless in stormy weather, are not covered at high water, and wait the ebb tide.

But a *sejour* at Bieretz may be charmingly diversified by excursions more distant than the beach. A *cacolet* is always at command to carry one to Bayonne. There is a lake about a league distant, where the amateur of wild-duck shooting may amply gratify his passion. There is excellent trout-fishing in the Nive, and in the other lesser streams that de-

scend from the Pyrenees ; and one may make an excursion either by land or water to St Sebastian, where one sees a new order of things, and acquires the distinction, besides, of having been in Spain ; or, if a week be devoted to an excursion, the tour of Biscay may be made.

While at Bieretz, I went one afternoon to see a *fête du village* in a little town a league up the coast, but about a mile distant from the sea. I passed by the little lake I have spoken of ; but being no sportsman, I did not lament the want of a gun. A *fête du village* in the south of France is worth seeing, the women are so clean and neatly dressed. In this neighbourhood, too, they dance the Basque dances, which are curious and interesting to a stranger. I resolved to return to Bieretz by the sea-shore, along the sands of which I have spoken ; and, striking across some sand hills, I soon reached them. But long before I gained the headland, which it is necessary to climb up in order to get to Bieretz, it was dusk ; and when I arrived at the foot of the rock, it was so dark that I found the greatest difficulty in discovering the point where the ascent begins. It was absolutely necessary either to ascend or retreat, because the tide was flowing in rapidly ; but the utmost caution was required ; for the least deviation from the path would have thrown me over a precipice. The glare of the lighthouse dazzled my eyes ; and I more than once paused, doubting the possibility of finding the path, and almost resolved to descend—though this would have been almost as dangerous—and seek out some nook under the cliffs beyond water-mark. However, I had been so much accustomed to the as-

cent, that habit guided me out of the way of danger, and I reached the summit in safety.

I shall always recollect my *sejour* at Bieretz with the truest pleasure. How was it possible to pass one's time more agreeably than I did there? A stroll upon the grassy platform, and a breath of sea-air, created an appetite for breakfast. A ride *en cacolet* to Bayonne—a seat among the rocks—a tepid bath of an hour in the creek—pleasantly brought round the dinner-hour; and the fish were so fresh, the Pyrenean mutton so sweet, and the Jewess's puddings so excellent, that an appetite was scarcely required. Then, what could be a pleasanter dessert than the conversation of two intelligent men who lived in the same house? As the evening approached, all the *elite* of Bieretz assembled on the platform; and it was a magnificent spectacle to see the sun sink in the ocean, and the coasts of France and Spain fade away in the deepening dusk. The glare of the lighthouse was the warning for tea; and a sober game at *ecarté* brought the hour of repose.

I conclude this sketch of *Bieretz*, by advising those of my countrymen who wish to spend a few months at agreeable sea-bathing quarters, and in a delightful climate, to step into the steam-boat for Bourdeaux, without any terror of the Bay of Biscay, which in summer is oftener smooth than rough. Four-and-twenty hours from Bourdeaux, in a commodious diligence, will bring the traveller to Bayonne; and another hour will place him at Bieretz, where he may find out the Jewess who lives in the lighthouse, and spend his time as much to his satisfaction as I spent mine. In five days from Liver-

pool, one may be in Bieretz. I can have no doubt that this chapter will fill the house of the Jewess the ensuing summer; and I have as little doubt, that her talent in the cookery of fish, and in the manufactory of bread-pudding, will induce some to repeat their visit.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOURNEY FROM BAGNERES DE LOUCHON TO PAU.

Retrospect—Journey from Bagnères de Louchon to Bagnères de Bigorre—The Garonne—A Tradition of the Holy Wars—Journey to Pau—St Pe—Betharam and its Calvary—French Honesty—The Province of Bearn and its Productions—Approach to Pau.

I WAS now about to bid a final farewell to the Pyrenees—to change the varied charms of mountain-scenery for the soft fertility of the plains of Bearn; and the solitude and silence of the valleys, for the bustle and din of Bourdeaux. I entered the Pyrenees with highly excited expectations; and they were fully and delightfully realized. The misrepresentations of the traveller and the novelist had led to grievous disappointment in the Southern Provinces of France; but, trusting neither to the traveller nor the novelist, because, knowing that in mountains of a certain altitude, striking and interesting scenes cannot fail to be disclosed, I felt persuaded, that, among the Pyrenees, I should find the beauty which I sought after. I have endeavoured to convey to the reader some idea of the charm of Pyrenean scenery; and if, in my desire to do justice to it, my descriptions have been too much extended, I have only this apology to make, that, in comparison with the Alps,

the Pyrenees are almost unknown ;—that there is scarcely any record of the traveller's observations upon them, excepting the observations of those who have confined themselves chiefly to geological inquiry ;—and that, therefore, it was a duty to speak as fully as my limits would permit, of a country so worthy of the traveller's regards, and yet so rarely visited by him. The remainder of this volume will have more to do with men and cities than nature—themes not so much to my liking ; but which must, nevertheless, occupy the page of the writer who is ambitious of conveying information, as well as of affording entertainment.

I left Bagnères de Louchon upon one of those mornings, which, to the pedestrian, are the most delightful—the dull tranquil morning, when the sky is shrouded, not in clouds, but by a dappled veil of bluish gray—when the atmosphere, without being sultry, is mild and balmy—and when a light air comes in occasional small puffs, just enough to lift the leaves of the oak, or waft the dandelion ; and which tempts one to put gloves in the pocket, and to lift the cap from the forehead. I had a journey of at least ten leagues before me ; and therefore was early upon the road. I had found a conveyance the day before for my portmanteau to Pau ; and I was therefore unencumbered with either horse or guide. This I call travelling luxuriously.

Two leagues and a half from Bagnères de Louchon, a little beyond the hamlet of Cierp, the road lies along the side of the river Pique ; and this may still be called a mountain-road. On the east, indeed, the country is only hilly ; but on the west lies a mountain-range, which is the boundary between the Low and the High Pyrenees. The Pique must

be a choice trout-stream. It possesses almost all the qualifications I mentioned, when speaking of the *Gave de Cauterets*. Between Louchon and Cierp, no fewer than nine small streams, all flowing from west to east, join the Pique. These all come down little lateral valleys, which are so full of foliage, that the streams are only seen where they issue from them. At Cierp I stopped to breakfast, at a very small auberge, where, however, *café au lait* was attainable; and, after a short rest, I proceeded on my journey. Soon after leaving *Cierp*, the Pique mingles its waters with the more celebrated Garonne, destined to fertilize the southern plains of France—to connect the Great Canal of Languedoc and the Mediterranean with the Atlantic—and to be the channel of commerce, and form the port, of one of the first commercial cities of Europe—*Bordeaux*.

After the junction of the two rivers, the scenery becomes softer. By one ascending from the plains, it might be called mountain-scenery; but, contrasted with the majestic scenes of the Hautes Pyrenees, its character is gentleness. All this country is well peopled. I passed numerous hamlets, and several villages; and the appearance of the land, as well as of the people, announced a departure from the mountains. At a place called St Bertrand de Comminges, my path and the road no longer lay together. The road struck to the right to St Gaudens and Toulouse; but my direction lay to the left, up the bank of the *Neste* to *La Barthe*. I found only a foot-path by the river-side; but this was sufficient. There was no mistaking the way; and, after a pleasant walk of about three hours from St Bertrand, I saw *La Barthe* on the opposite side of the

river. There was no bridge across, and opposite to La Barthe the stream was not fordable; but about half a mile up the river, I found a spot where, by wading only knee-deep, and making a few long steps from rock to rock, across deeper channels, I attained the opposite bank, and reached *La Barthe*. Here I dined, and inquired my road to Bagnères de Bigorre. I learned that there was no road, not even a track, and that the distance was about three leagues and a half. A peasant lad at the auberge undertook to guide me across the country; and, as I was desirous of reaching Bagnères that night, I had no remedy but to put myself under his protection.

Our road lay through green acclivities and sweet pastoral scenes; but at one place, a novel and highly picturesque scene presented itself. It was a deep valley, not half a mile across, bounded by rocks; and upon the summit of the rocks, opposite to each other, stood the ruins of two castles. These were the castles of Espeche and Lomine; and the guide narrated a tradition of these places as we went along. The lords of these two castles were enemies, and constantly disputed with one another the possession of the valley that lay between their castles; but, along with this enmity, each was enamoured of the wife of the other, though the ladies themselves loved their own lords, and gave no encouragement to the enemies of their husbands. At this time the crusades were published; and both of these nobles resolved to forget private animosities for a time, and join the standard of the Cross. It so happened, however, that after travelling—the tradition does not say whether in company or not—during several days, the devil entered into both their hearts, and they

both reasoned after this manner :—" My enemy has gone to the Holy Wars, and has left both his lands and his wife unprotected. I hate him, but I love his wife. What hinders me from returning, and making the most of his absence ? " And so both the Lord of Espeche and the Lord of Lomine returned, and took the road, not to their own castles, but to the castles of each other.

But it so happened, that on the very night upon which these two nobles left their own castles, their ladies had a vision. Each was warned, in a dream, of the intention of her husband to return, and go to the castle of his enemy, that he might find his enemy's wife ; and this vision being often repeated, these noble dames resolved—instigated, no doubt, by the same kind power that had sent the vision—to seek each other, and communicate what had happened. Accordingly, these ladies left their own castles to cross the valley, and met each other by the way ; and having communicated the mutual vision, they resolved upon a method of avoiding the danger, and of at the same time proving to their lords their own affection, and the Divine interposition by which they had been warned of the future. They determined to change castles ; and that very day they put their resolution into effect.

Meanwhile, their lords arrived under cover of night, each at the castle of his enemy, and were greatly surprised to find that no wonder was excited by their return, for the ladies had forewarned their household of what was to be expected ; but still greater was their surprise, when, upon being ushered into the castle hall, each beheld his own spouse. The explanation that followed wrought a marvellous change. Touched with the affection of

their own wives, they were convinced that this reconciliation was the will of God, since its means had been miraculously revealed in a vision. They abjured their mutual enmity—swore unalterable fidelity to their own wives—and set out in company for the Holy Land.

It was nearly dark before we arrived at Bagnères de Bigorre, where, the reader will recollect, I have already conducted him. The distance had proved greater than it was said to be, which is always the case with unmeasured distances; and we had been several times obliged to deviate from our course, in order to find convenient fords across streams, narrow, but deep and rapid. A tired and hungry traveller cannot arrive at a better place than Bagnères de Bigorre, for there is nothing he desires that cannot be obtained there.

Next morning I left Bagnères for Lourdes. This is a truly charming road. It lies all the way along the foot of the Pyrenees, among the loveliest scenes, created by gentle undulations, and verdant knolls, and meadows, and cottages; and the Pyrenees, with their clefts and shadows, and scattered woods, rising on the left. Of Lourdes, I need add nothing to what I have already observed on my way to St Sauveur. I left it for Pau the next morning; and having now descended from the mountains, and the weather being insufferably hot, I hired a caleche for my journey.

The banks of the Gave, along which the road lies all the way from Lourdes to Pau, are of the most picturesque description. We are no longer among mountains, but among wooded hills, generally clothed to the summit; and the green beauty of the fields that lay along the river-side, reminded

me of the Semmenthall in Switzerland. Passing near the Lac de Lourdes, which I had already visited, I reached *St Pe*. *St Pe* was founded in 1032, by William Duke of Gascony, because he had recovered his health in a journey which he made in these parts; and at the same time he founded and endowed a monastery of Benedictines, which he dedicated to God and St Peter; and so the town obtained the name of *St Pe*. The Duke of Gascony filled the convent with rich offerings, which have long since been better employed. *St Pe* contains about three thousand inhabitants; and, besides the labours of agriculture, which are limited by the quantity of forest that lies in the vicinity, they occupy themselves in the manufactory of combs and of calico, and also find employment in the iron mines of *Loubie*. The situation of *St Pe* is beautiful. Soon after passing *St Pe*, we leave the department of the High Pyrenees, and enter the Low Pyrenees.

Another league brought us to *Betharam*, a place of much interest to the devotees of the neighbourhood, owing to its Mount Calvary. Here, after I had breakfasted, I walked up this hill by a zig-zag path, at every corner of which is a *station*, or little chapel, in which the most grotesque and ludicrous groups in wood represent the different circumstances in the passion of our Saviour. This was not the season of pilgrimage; but I was informed, that, in the month of September, a vast concourse of devotees come hither, to warm their devotion, and purchase holy trinkets. The sale of these is, however, never suspended. A long table is placed at the foot of the ascent, covered with rosaries, crosses, rings and amulets, all blessed at some shrine; and, as the woman who sold them assured me, some of

them even blessed by his Holiness himself. But the walk to the summit of this mount does not require any adventitious attraction ; it is pleasant and shady, and the view from the platform is itself worth the ascent. At this place, where there are so many helps to morality, I was robbed of some trifles, the first time I ever suffered the smallest depredation in France ; and I think it only just to record here, my belief in the great honesty of the French people, who cannot be charged with that disposition towards petty theft, which so disgraces the people of most other countries. This superior honesty may be partly owing to a natural virtue ; but I suspect that the difference in morals, and especially in the prevalence of robbery, is, in most cases, to be attributed chiefly to the difference in the condition of the people. This sufficiently explains the difference between France and England, in a comparison of the quantity of crime in the two countries ; for, in the former country, and especially in the south, where the necessaries of life are so much more easily obtained than in England, there is small comparative temptation towards depredations upon the property of others. However, an exception was found at *St Pe*. I left a small basket containing some trifling articles in the caleche, which stood at the door of the auberge while I breakfasted ; and when I examined the basket, I found that all that was worth stealing had been abstracted—among other things, a purse with some silver, and a quantity of copper which I had placed there, because it was too heavy to carry in any other way. The *commissaire* said he could recover the property for me ; but the articles were not of sufficient value to make it worth while to delay my journey on their account.

Between Betharam and Pau, the country is beautiful, and entirely changes its character. The mountains are all left behind. We are traversing the rich vales of Bearn ; every inch of land is cultivated ; and the road is a constant succession of villages and houses. The principal produce of this country is fruit, wine, and Indian corn, all of which grow in great perfection. It is from this district that the prunes so much prized in England are grown and prepared ; and every description of fruit that is produced in the lower parts of Bearn is excellent of its kind. Here, too, we find the vine, not as it is found in the other parts of France—an insignificant shrub covering the acclivities, and possessing not much greater beauty than a potato-field ; but trained from tree to tree, as in some parts of Italy and in the Tyrol. The vine is then the most beautiful of plants, with its interlacing twigs, and broad leaves, and rich clusters. Along great part of the road, rows of trees are planted ; and the vine, trained all the way along from tree to tree, forms the most beautiful of all fences. This district, excepting the valleys of the Pyrenees, is certainly the most beautiful part of France ; and although we are no longer among the Pyrenees, they are seen bounding the horizon on the south, and not at so great a distance as to deprive us of the effect of their shadows and inequalities. It was Sunday as I approached Pau ; and I saw, therefore, to the greatest advantage, the peasantry of those parts dressed in their holiday clothes, and engaged in those rural pastimes which are permitted on that day by the faith which they profess. I reached Pau before dinner, and alighted at the *Hôtel de la Porte*, the best in the town.

CHAPTER XIX.

PAU.

Environs of Pau—Pau as a Residence—The Chateau of Henri Quatre—The King's Cradle—Journey from Pau to Bourdeaux—French Accommodation—First-rate and inferior Inns.

PAU has always enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most interesting cities of the South of France; and altogether, I think, it deserves its reputation. It lies in one of the most beautiful and most abundant countries in Europe, in one of the finest climates; and the city itself is clean, airy, and abounds in every convenience, and in most luxuries. As for the environs of Pau; they are certainly beautiful. The Gave serpentines through the charming undulating country that surrounds the town. Grain, meadows, and vine, diversify the scenery; and innumerable country-houses are everywhere scattered around. I was particularly delighted with the number and extraordinary beauty of the weeping-willows, which ornament a beautiful slope that lies to the south of the city, and which hang also above the river. Nothing can exceed the beauty of some of the promenades in the neighbourhood of Pau. Some lie along the side of the Gave, others along the bank of the smaller river Rees; and within the town there is a large and shad-

ed platform; which commands a magnificent view over the surrounding country. Pau is a great resort for strangers, particularly English; and with the exception of Bayonne, upon whose advantages I have already expatiated, Pau I think the most desirable of any of the towns which are selected by foreigners as a residence. There are abundance of excellent houses to be obtained at a very moderate expense; and the markets are both abundant and cheap. Meat seldom exceeds 3½d. per lib.; fowls are not more than 1s. 3d. per pair; fish from the rivers are very abundant; and fruit and vegetables are nowhere to be found in greater variety or perfection. Excellent wine is about 3d. per bottle. There are generally fifty or sixty English families in Pau and its neighbourhood, and the number, I understand, is upon the increase.

The chief interest of Pau arises from its having been the birth-place of Henry IV., and from the castle, which is still to be seen nearly in the condition in which he left it. The castle of *Henri Quatre* is of more ancient date than the town. The Princes of Bearn, in former times, had their residence at Morlaas; but being obliged to make frequent head against the Saracens, who were then accustomed to make fierce inroads from Spain, they resolved upon building a chateau, that might serve at once for observation and pleasure; and to this the chateau of *Henri Quatre* owes its origin. Its name was originally *Paou*, a Bernese word for *stake*; owing to stakes having been driven in to mark the spot upon which the castle was to be erected; and this word gave the name of Pau to the city which was founded in the neighbourhood, about

the middle of the tenth century. The site of the castle is finely chosen. From the towers of the castle, and even from the windows, a ravishing prospect is disclosed. The whole province of Bearn—certainly one of the most fertile in the world—lies like a map below; and the majestic range of the Pyrenees is the back-ground of this rich picture. When the atmosphere is clear, the Breche de Roland can be discovered from the summit.

I was not long in Pau before paying a visit to the castle, the birth-place of that monarch.

“ Qui fut de ses sujets le vainqueur et le Pere.”

Every thing remains as of old. The ancient portraits are there—the old furniture; and even the cradle of the King is seen in the chamber where he was born. The monarch alone is wanting: His statue, which stands in the vestibule, is meant to supply his place. The cradle of the King is of tortoiseshell; and during the Revolution it narrowly escaped destruction. It was resolved, at the time of the Revolution, by the infuriated madmen who imitated the example of the Parisians, to burn this relic, as a public *fête*. But, fortunately, an inhabitant of the town, *M. de Beauregard*, was in possession of a cradle of the same material, and not unlike that preserved in the castle. This gentleman communicated with the porter of the chateau; and having secretly introduced his own cradle into the castle, it was afterwards brought out as the true cradle, and was burnt in the square by the infuriated populace; and thus the cradle of *Henri Quatre* was preserved.

But although this relic has been preserved, the

castle itself suffered greatly during the time of the Revolution. It was at that time used as military quarters; and the sculpture which once embellished the walls of the interior is so much mutilated and destroyed—partly perhaps intentionally, and partly by the effects of time—that the subjects of it are no longer discernible. In other respects, the castle has been repaired, and the repairs have amounted to upwards of 700,000 francs. At a short distance from the town, ascending the Gave, and turning towards the mountains, are the ruins of the chateau of Corraze, the outer walls and one of the towers of which are yet standing. There, the early childhood of Henry IV. was passed, under the care of the Baroness de Moissens, his governess. That was a fine wish of this noble-minded King, expressed in these words:—"Je veux, que le moindre paysan mette une poule dans son pot le Dimanche."

The inhabitants of Pau have not to travel so far as the *Hautes Pyrénées* to benefit by medicinal springs. *Les eaux bonnes* and *les eaux chaudes* are both within eight leagues of Pau; and thither, accordingly, many inhabitants repair during "the season." But the English generally take the longer journey to Bagnères de Bigorre, which is more fashionable. *Les eaux bonnes* and *les eaux chaudes* have long been known. In 1591, the sister of Henry IV. visited them; and previous to this time, M. de Thou, who measured the altitude of the Pyrenees, had visited them, and drank twenty-five glasses of water every day.

Having satisfied my curiosity at Pau, I left it *en diligence* for Bourdeaux. Most of this journey being performed during the night, I cannot enter much

into detail ; but I do not greatly err in saying, that the road from Pau to Bourdeaux lies through a rich country ; and that the banks of the Garonne, which we travelled along, afford those agreeable and *riante* views, which might be expected from the magnitude of its stream, and from the southern latitude of the country through which it flows. I was greatly surprised, however, in this very fertile and abundant country, to find so great a scant of provisions in the inns. Some accident had happened to the diligence from Bourdeaux to Pau ; and horses not being in readiness for us at the usual stations, we were obliged to dine, sup and breakfast, at inns where we were not expected. It was impossible to avoid contrasting the condition of these inns with the inns of England on any of our great roads. Travelling upon any of our great roads, one could find no difficulty in obtaining a comfortable dinner at any respectable inn ; but, in this journey to Bourdeaux, we were half starved ; and a few eggs, and one or two ill-fed fowls, were all that could be procured for a very numerous company ; and when the diligence stopped to breakfast at a town of some considerable extent, neither coffee nor milk could be obtained at the inn ; and I was obliged to run over half the town before being able to procure those articles, which, in France, are considered the chief necessities of life. I arrived in Bourdeaux about mid-day, and established myself in an excellent apartment in the *Hotel de l'Europe*—the best among the many good hotels in the city. I always go to the best hotel. There is nothing gained to economy, and a great deal lost to comfort, by going to an inferior house. All that is required on the part of the eco-

nomical traveller who goes to the first hotel, is to ask the price of his apartment. It is in this that the chief difference in expense consists ; for great establishments have apartments of all *grades*.

CHAPTER XX.

BOURDEAUX.

Bordeaux little Visited—Historical Sketch—Climate and Air of Bordeaux—The Quay and Bridge—Table of the Comparative Dimensions of Bridges—The Theatre—The New Hospital—Churches—Learned Societies—Public Instruction—Antiquities—Situation and Environs—Condition of the Peasantry—The Inhabitants of the Landes—Society in Bordeaux—The Chateau de Montesquieu.

BOURDEAUX is less visited by the traveller than any other great city in Europe, excepting the Spanish cities; and the reason of this it is not difficult to explain. I do not speak of mercantile men, who visit Bordeaux upon business; but of travellers, who make a *voyage d'agrément*. Bordeaux is not on the road either to Vienna, or Switzerland, or Italy. If one goes to Bordeaux, it must be to see Bordeaux, and nothing else; for to include Bordeaux in a tour to any other country, would be a *detour* of many hundred miles. And yet I know very few cities in Europe more magnificent than this maritime capital of France; and to the English it possesses a peculiar interest, owing to its connection with that article which has become one of the chief luxuries of our English population. I trust, therefore, that a more detailed account of Bordeaux, than I am

generally in the habit of giving of cities, may not be considered unacceptable.

It is not ascertained at what epoch Bourdeaux was founded. Some historians have fixed the date in the days of Tarquin ;—others have supposed that it was founded by the Phœnicians, four centuries before the vulgar era. Something, I believe, is to be said in favour of each of these opinions ; but the best-founded conjecture is considered to be that which places the foundation of the city shortly after the invasion and conquest of the Gauls by Julius Cæsar. Like every other great city, its beginnings were small ; and, indeed, although often partially rebuilt and improved, its present splendour is to be dated only as far back as the reign of Louis XV. In its early years, Bourdeaux was successively subject to the Visigoths, the Franks, the Saracens, and the Normans—the Kings of France—the Kings of Aquitania—the Dukes of Guienne and Gascony—and, at length, passed under the sovereignty of Henry of Plantagenet, Duke of Normandy, and Count of Anjou, presumptive heir to the English crown ; and, after long protracted wars, Bourdeaux, and the whole of Guienne, conquered by Charles VII., were finally annexed to the French crown.

The etymology of the ancient name *Burdigala*, or, according to Strabo, *Burdecala*, has not been explained. The modern word Bourdeaux admits of an easy explanation ; for it is almost literally *bord des eaux*, or *bordé d'eaux*, which is truth ; but this affords no explanation of the ancient *Burdigala*, or *Burdecala*. Bourdeaux is, in fact, surrounded by waters. On the east the Garonne flows ; on the west and south, three streams, called the *Devèse*, *Peugue*, and *Bègles*, are found ; and on the north

are the rivalets called the *Bourde* and the *Jalle*. And, besides all these running-streams, there are many large marshes at no great distance from the city.

So situated, it may be supposed that Bourdeaux cannot be a healthy city. The winds which blow the most frequently are, west, south-west, and north-west; and these, blowing over the ocean and the Landes, must necessarily be charged with humidity. Accordingly, the atmosphere of Bourdeaux is most commonly moist and mild. During the winters, which are generally rainy, the thermometer seldom descends below the fifth or fourth degree of Reaumur. In summer, it ranges from twenty to twenty-five of Reaumur. This humid atmosphere, and high temperature during the summer, together with the vicinity of the marshes, is productive of frequent epidemics, and of various other maladies; among which the most frequent are, colds and coughs, intermittent fevers, rheumatism, and particularly those diseases which the French call *Phthisie tuberculeuse des adultes, et Phthisie pituiteuse des vieillards*. In the year 1826, there were born 1887 males, and 1890 females; in all, 3777 births. In the same year, there were married 882 persons, and 3277 persons died.

The stranger who, for the first time, leaves his hotel, to walk through the streets of Bourdeaux, is surprised with its magnificence. The spacious streets, and handsome buildings that line them, and the splendour of many of the public buildings, are scarcely to be equalled in any other city; and I have no hesitation in affirming, that the quay or port of Bourdeaux present a *coup d'œil* more splendid and imposing than any thing that is to be seen either in London or Paris. The quay, of course, follows the

curve of the river, and is considerably more than three miles in length. The whole of this vast curve is composed of an unbroken crescent of lofty, irregular, and generally handsome buildings, and is diversified by many fine towers and spires that rise behind it. The quay itself is broad; and the river, which flows beneath, is between six and seven hundred yards in breadth. It may easily be believed, then, that viewing this scene from any opposite point from which the eye may embrace the whole extent of this magnificent arch, one cannot hesitate in according to it a decided superiority over any *coup d'œil* presented to us, in either the French or in the English metropolis.

The streets of Bourdeaux are so crowded, there is so much bustle and traffic, and the inhabitants have so much of a business-air, that, in walking the streets, one is strongly reminded of London. Few loungers are to be seen. Every one walks as if he had some errand; and waggons, carts, coaches, and even private carriages, are more frequent than in any provincial city or town that I can at this moment recollect, with the exception, perhaps, of Liverpool. I spent the whole of the first day I was in Bourdeaux on the Quay, and on the bridge called *Le Pont de Bourdeaux*. This is undoubtedly a magnificent structure; and the *Bordelais* are justly proud of a monument which, in its own *genre*, has no rival in Europe. A bridge over the Garonne at Bourdeaux was long contemplated before it was begun. It was first proposed by the Marechal de Richelieu; but it was not until the return of Louis XVIII. to the throne that the work was commenced. The chief difficulties which opposed the construction of the bridge, were the depth of the water, the force

of the currents, and, above all, the instability of the bed of the river. The general depth of the river is from eighteen to thirty feet; and the flow of the tide adds eighteen feet to this depth. The current, with an ebbing tide, flows at the rate of no less than nine feet per second—upwards of six miles per hour; and the bed of the river is a loose sand, and far from a level surface.

Countries are generally proud of the length of their bridges. The English are proud of Waterloo Bridge; the Prussians, of the bridge over the Elbe; the French, of the Pont de Bourdeaux; and it is rather a wound to national vanity, to tell an Englishman that there is a longer than Waterloo Bridge; or a Frenchman, that the Pont de Bourdeaux is not the longest in the world. For my own part, I was certainly national enough to believe, that the length and breadth of Waterloo Bridge exceeded that of any other; and I did feel some little disappointment when I discovered my error. But it is an error; and I am therefore bound to rectify it. The following will show at once the comparative dimensions of the most remarkable bridges in Europe. The measurements I state in French *metres* and hundred parts, as I obtained them from a French work.

BOURDEAUX

Names of Bridges.	Length of Bridges between the Piers.	Length of Bridges between the Piers.	Number of Arches.	Diameter of Arches.	Thickness of Piers.
Bridge of Bordeaux over the Garonne - - -	486 met. 68 c.	14 met. 86 c.	17	26 met. 49 c.	4 met. 21 c.
Waterloo Bridge - -	377	12	8	...	6 9
Bridge of Tours over the Loire	434	14	18	24	4 87
Pont de la Guillotière across the Rhone - -	570	...	18	Very unequal.	Unequal.
Bridge of Dresden across the Elbe - - -	441	10	18	10	10 ...

From this Table, then, it appears, that the Pont de Bordeaux is one hundred and nine yards longer than Waterloo Bridge; and that the Pont de la Guillotière is ninety-four yards longer than the Pont de Bordeaux. In breadth, the Pont de Bordeaux and the elegance of a bridge depending chiefly on the most beautiful, though inferior to

But wherever the preference may be due, the bridge of Bourdeaux is a beautiful structure, and not only an ornament, but a most essential convenience to the city. This convenience is brought very forcibly before the notice of the traveller who journeys from Bourdeaux to Paris; for, after passing along the Pont de Bourdeaux at the rate at which a French diligence travels, he arrives at the Dordogne, across which there is no bridge; and although he is ferried across by a very convenient machine, the delay and discomfort of a ferry are very strongly contrasted with the convenience of a bridge.

I believe the construction of this bridge is singular, and to architects interesting. There are arched galleries between the top of the arches and the level of the bridge, through which one is able to walk from one end to the other. The whole interior is a continuation of arches; and there is, besides, an aqueduct, by which the waters which rise in the heights on the right bank of the river are conveyed to the city. The view of the quay, from about the centre of the bridge, is superb. This is the best position from which it can be viewed, excepting, perhaps, the heights that rise about a mile from the right bank of the river. I have seldom returned from a walk more gratified than from this promenade, upon the quay and the bridge of Bourdeaux.

The same evening I went to the theatre, called *Le Grand Theatre*—a name it well deserves, for it is a great work in every sense of the word. There is no theatre in any other city so magnificent as the great theatre of Bourdeaux, whether its dimensions be regarded, or the beauty of its architecture. This edifice was erected in the reign of Louis XVI. Three years only were employed in its construction,

and the expense amounted to about L. 170,000 Sterling. The façade is a magnificent colonnade, in the Corinthian Order. Pilastres of the same Order ornament the sides. Every thing about this building is in unison with its splendid exterior. Its staircase, light and aërial, and adorned with Ionic columns—its interior, both vast and beautiful, ornamented by columns of the Composite Order—its cupola, its galleries, its saloons, its cafés—all are beautiful and harmonious. There is a contrivance by which the floor of the pit is made level with the stage at pleasure; by means of which contrivance, the building serves both as a theatre and a ball-room. But beautiful as this theatre is, the people of Bourdeaux do not support it. It is often almost deserted, and is never well filled. This is certainly surprising, considering the known partiality of the French for theatrical entertainments, and in a city so wealthy as Bourdeaux. On the night when I was present, at a representation of a tragedy, the boxes were nearly empty, and the pit was not much more than half full; and although the performance was highly respectable, the audience appeared to pay very little attention to it. But the *ballet* which followed the play was much more honoured. Every one gave his serious attention to it; and the interest excited, was shown in the applause also which it received. Even if there was no representation, the theatre of Bourdeaux would be worth visiting, owing to the magnificence of its interior.

But the theatre of Bourdeaux is not the only building in this city that is superior to any edifice dedicated to the same purpose in any other city. The New Hospital is also upon a scale of magnificence

and comfort beyond what is to be found in any other town in Europe. I dedicated the second of my days at Bourdeaux to a visit to this hospital, and was equally surprised at its extent, and delighted with the admirable arrangements that pervade every part of it. There is nothing that this hospital does not contain. It includes seven hundred and ten beds for sick persons, and eighteen chambers for the accommodation of persons who pay for the attentions which they receive. It contains baths, bake-houses, courts, an apothecary's shop, water-reservoirs, gardens, and accommodation for medical men. There are also in the hospital thirty-four reservoirs for water, as a provision against fire, containing fourteen hundred and ten hogsheds. I need scarcely add, that, in the cleanliness of every department, the hospital is perfect; and that, in the smallest minutiae, every thing is found that can contribute either to health or to comfort. The Bordelais are justly proud of this noble institution.

There are many fine churches in Bourdeaux, particularly the church of *St André*, whose towers, in the Gothic style, are truly beautiful. The church of *St Michael*, also, is well worthy of a visit: But descriptions of churches are tedious, and I always avoid them if possible.

Bourdeaux possesses many societies for the encouragement of science and literature, particularly the Royal Academy, the Linnæan Society, the Royal Medical Society, and the *Musée de la Ville de Bourdeaux*, which includes the Library, the Cabinet of Natural History, and the Gallery of Pictures. The Library had its origin at the time of the destruction of the convents, when the libraries which belonged to them were removed, and united

into one. It contains about a hundred thousand volumes, and many rare works and manuscripts. Among the latter is the first French translation of Livy, made by order of King John, and is beautifully illuminated. There is also a copy of Montaigne's *Essays*, printed in Paris in the year 1588, the margins covered with corrections and notes by the author. This was intended by Montaigne as the basis of a new edition of his works, to be published under his own eye; and this intention was carried into effect, after his death, by Naigeon, who, with the assistance of this copy, published his edition in four volumes 8vo, with all the additions and corrections which Montaigne proposed to have added.

The Cabinet of Natural History is not without its attractions. The conchologist especially will find there a most interesting display. The Gallery of Pictures contains, as yet, little to attract the amateur.

Public instruction in Bourdeaux is upon the very best footing. The most important establishment for education is the Royal College of Bourdeaux, in which the following branches of knowledge are taught, gratuitously—the Latin, Greek, and French Languages, Natural and Moral Philosophy, Rhetoric, Natural History, Geography, Chronology, Mythology, Ancient and Modern History, Writing, Arithmetic, and Drawing. The Living Languages, Music, Drawing, and Fencing, are also taught to such of the pupils as pay for instruction in them. Books, paper, &c. are all furnished to the scholars by the College; and along with mental improvement, bodily health is not neglected. There is an Infirmary attached to the College, where the best

medical advice, and all requisite attentions, are provided.

Besides this College, Bourdeaux possesses also a Royal Medical Academy, a School of Botany, with a Garden attached to it, a Royal Institution (gratuitous) for the Deaf and Dumb, in which these unfortunates are educated, maintained, and taught whatever trade may suit their inclinations; a Gratuitous School of Design and Painting; a Commercial School, and, particularly, an Establishment for the Improvement of Agriculture, called *Ferme Experimentale*. A company of persons, zealous for the adoption of the best system of husbandry, formed themselves into a Society, and, in 1823, obtained a royal charter. Produce of every kind, the culture of forest and fruit-trees, and the breeding of cattle, all enter the views of the Society; and parcels of land are lent to individuals who may be desirous of trying any thing novel, upon their own charges.

I could enumerate many other Societies existing in Bourdeaux, having for their object the improvement of man's intellectual and moral condition; but enumerations of this kind are tedious, and convey little information, and less entertainment.

The antiquarian will find in Bourdeaux some remains of antiquity. Among others, there are the ruins of an amphitheatre, of which, however, little remains excepting the gate; the remains of the Palace of the ancient Dukes of Aquitania; some vestiges of a temple of Diana; of a fountain; of another temple, and of the ancient port. But it requires the mania of antiquarianism fully to enjoy these vestiges of other days.

The situation of Bourdeaux is very remarkable. Let a stranger sail down the Garonne, and so arrive

in Bourdeaux, or let him descend the heights that lie between the Dordogne and Bourdeaux, and he would say, in either case, that Bourdeaux was situated in the midst of fertility and beauty. But let him arrive in this city from the west, having traversed the *Landes*; or let him disembark near the mouth of the *Gironde*, and travel up its banks, and he will feel astonishment that a city so great and magnificent as Bourdeaux should be placed in the midst of barrenness. I know of no city whose vicinity combines, in so narrow limits, the utmost fertility and beauty, and the most cheerless barrenness. The banks of the Garonne, above Bourdeaux, are as beautiful, and more striking, than the banks of the Loire; and the heights that lie to the north-east of Bourdeaux are also beautifully broken into hill and dale, and charmingly diversified by the variety of their productions; while, on the other hand, the *Landes* present a vast and cheerless desert; and the *Dunes* of the Gironde a wide district of sand-hills and lagunes, the most dismal of all kinds of scenery. The districts around Bourdeaux may be thus summed up—Numerous vineyards, less or more precious—stony hills—stripes of the utmost fertility lying along the rivers—dangerous and unhealthy marshes—seas of naked sand—tracts of stunted pine, and arid deserts, overflowed in winter, and burnt up in summer, strewn with heath, and to which the horizon is the only boundary;—these are the *Landes*.

The condition of the peasantry of the department is, in general, only *mediocre*. The labourer in the wine-districts, in particular, may be called poor. The vineyards of Bourdeaux are the pro-

struction qui la prépare ; sans la force physique qui sert à son développement. . . . Des vêtements grossiers, toujours mal assortis à la température du climat, les accablent pendant l'été sans les préserver du froid pendant l'hiver. . . . Conduits par des usages, prévenus contre les innovations, guidées par un intérêt sans calcul, peu accessibles aux affections de la nature ; ils semblent réserver leur sensibilité pour les animaux qui forment leur unique richesse. . . . Une nature sévère, et dont l'aspect ne varie jamais ; un retour constant des mêmes occupations ; un excès de misère tel qu'il émousse jusqu'au sentiment du malaise, paralysent leur intelligence, et les rendent incapables de ces pensées énergétiques qui donnent à l'homme la force nécessaire pour se roidir contre le malheur et échapper aux conditions fâcheuses de son existence." There is doubtless much truth in this picture. At the same time, although, in comparison with the inhabitant of more favoured districts, the sum of enjoyment which falls to the share of the shepherd of the *Landes* may be few, yet the accustomed usages of his class probably content him. He is miserable, no doubt, in one sense ; but he is not himself aware of his own misery. He has more than enough to satisfy the wants of nature ; for the inhabitant of the *Landes* is not poor. He is not accustomed to consume any foreign produce ; and, by the breeding of cattle, he even amasses some fortune. I now regret, that I did not devote some time to an excursion through the *Landes*, and to some inquiry into the condition of the inhabitants ; but I have perhaps a sufficient excuse in the heats of summer, under which the *Landes* were then burnt up.

.. The middle and highest classes of the inhabitants of Bordeaux are occupied entirely by commerce ; but

society is, like that in every other town of such extent as Bordeaux, divided into *coteries*. The higher class of merchants consider themselves as far above the second class, as the *exclusives* of a metropolis feel themselves superior to the highest class of merchants. There is less society in Bordeaux, than might be expected in so large a town. The *grades* keep distinct, excepting at the time of the Carnival, when reserve is in some degree thrown off. In Bordeaux, as in Paris, dinner-parties are rare, excepting among the few English merchants. Every *coterie* has its *soirées*, and the gentlemen have their *cafés* and their clubs.

I went, as is expected of every stranger who visits Bordeaux, to see the *Chateau de Montesquieu*. It is situated about four leagues from Bordeaux, in a fine fertile country. It is a huge and very inelegant building, surrounded by a fosse; and a long avenue of oaks leads to the gate. In the chamber, which was used as a study by this great man, all the furniture has been preserved with religious care. An unadorned bed, a few easy chairs of a Gothic form, and some family-portraits, are only seen. The room is wainscoted; and it appears, from the rubbed appearance of the left side of the fire-place, as if Montesquieu had been accustomed to meditate upon his work with his foot resting against the wall. This is a little matter; but there is some interest even in trifles like these. The library is interesting. Upon the back of many of his books Montesquieu has written their names. From the window of the study there is a charming view over the surrounding country. He had found pleasure in this retreat; for he says, "Je puis dire que la Brède (the name of the chateau) est un des lieux aussi agréables qu'il y ait

en France : au chateau près, la nature s'y trouve en robe de chambre, et pour ainsi dire au lever du lit. " I spent a pleasant day at the Chateau de Montesquieu ; for the weather was charming, the party was agreeable, and I had the prospect before me of an excellent dinner, at the house of *Monsieur Guestier*, one of the principal wine-exporters. A prospect like this adds a wonderful zest to a pleasure-excursion.

Besides the *Chateau de la Brède*, there are several other chateaux worthy of a visit. I may mention particularly, the Chateau de *Thouars*, once the residence of Charles IX. ; the Chateau de Villandrat, where Clement V. was born, and which, not on account of its being the birth-place of a Pope, but because of its situation, and the solitude and silence of its ruins, is worth visiting. There is also the fine *Chateau d'Epernon* ; the *Chateau de Lafitte* ; and the *Chateau-Margaux*, dear, by its very name, to the lover of claret. This reminds me, that I have an important duty to fulfil ; for, however interesting Bordeaux may be as a splendid city, and on account of the many fine monuments which it contains, it is doubly interesting from its connection with the claret-trade ; and I hasten, therefore, to present the reader with a somewhat detailed account of the wines of Bordeaux.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WINES OF BOURDEAUX.

Classification of the Wines of Bourdeaux—Produce—Qualities of Grapes—First Growths—Medoc and its Wines—Chateau-Margaux, Lafitte, Latour, Haut-Brion—Produce and Value of these Vineyards—Classification of the four first Growths of Claret—St Estilion—Export of these Wines—Errors respecting the Manufacture of Claret—Inferior Wines exported as Clarets—Other Wines of France.

THE general classification of the red wines of Bourdeaux, although perhaps upon the whole correct, is nevertheless founded only on opinion, which follows change of taste and change of fashion. The classification can never be said to be perfectly, or unalterably established; for, within the last hundred years, taste and opinion in the quality of the wines of Bourdeaux, have suffered material changes. Within this period, the wines of Medoc, now greatly the most esteemed, held but a secondary place in public opinion; so much so, that those proprietors who owned vineyards both in *Medoc* and *Bourg*, never sold the produce of the latter of these—the most esteemed—without imposing upon the purchaser the condition of taking off his hand a part of the produce of the former vineyard, then considered far inferior.

The quality of wines depends upon many causes. Some of these are natural causes ; such as, the soil, the exposure of the vineyard, the nature and age of the vine. Others are accidental ; such as, atmospheric influence, which too often frustrates the hopes of the cultivator ; a culture less or more careful ; the difference in the process of fermentation ; and the greater or smaller degree of care in afterwards disposing of the liquor. These latter causes influencing the quality of wine, may of course lead to a change of opinion by their continued operation ; but in classifying the wines, it is supposed that the vine has not been injured by any untoward atmospheric change ; that the culture has been conducted with the utmost care ; and that, in short, nothing has been neglected that may afford the highest probability of a successful produce. The classification is perhaps, therefore, as perfect as it was possible to make it.

The whole produce of the department is estimated at 250,000 tons. From this quantity, a fifth part may be deducted for drawing, evaporation, &c. The expense of culture is estimated over head at from 45,000,000 to 46,000,000 of francs, (£1,800,000 Sterling), which, estimating the quantity of land under vineyard, is 110 francs per 448 square yards ; and this portion of land is calculated to produce two hogsheads and forty-six hundred parts of a hogshead.

A few words respecting the different grapes from which the Bourdeaux wines are produced, cannot be out of place.

These are *le Carmenet*, *le Carmenère*, *le Malbec*, *le Petit et le Gros Verdot*, *le Merlot*, and *le Muscadet*. These are the finest species ; and it is from these that the wines of Medoc are produced.

The *Carmenet* has a smooth, hairless leaf, little indented, the fruit middle-sized, round nearly, and of a bright black.

The *Carmenère* grows in long clusters, and the grape is large, and also bright-coloured.

The *Malbeck* also grows in long clusters, the fruit oval, and very black, the stalk reddish, and the leaf smooth.

The *Petit et Gros Verdot* grow in short clusters; are of a vermilion colour; have a dusky-coloured leaf, and very many tendrils. These grapes are precisely the same; only the one is larger than the other.

The *Merlot* is chiefly remarkable for its velvety black skin, and the thickness of its stalk. The name of this grape is taken from the word *Merle* (black-bird), because this bird is particularly fond of that grape.

These are the best grapes; but there are many others from which an inferior wine is produced. I shall merely name them. *Le Maucin*, *le Teinturier*, *la Peloville*, *le Petit Chalosse Noir*, *la Persillade*. It must be understood, that the names of these grapes are not the same in all the different districts where they are cultivated.

The nature of the soil, I need scarcely say, influences the quality of the same grape. The *Verdot*, so productive in the plains, does not repay the labour of cultivation upon the heights. It is worthy of remark, too, that the grape which tastes the most agreeably does not produce the best wine. The grapes last mentioned are all more agreeable to the palate than those which produce the wines of Medon. In no other part of France, has the cultivation of the vine been carried to so great perfection as in the wines of Bordeaux. Within the last five years,

many improvements have been made ; and the Academy of Bordeaux has offered prizes for certain trials, which have in some instances proved successful.

The vines which produce the first growths are situated on the borders of the *Landes* ; the other vines are cultivated on the heights, called *l'Entre-deux-Meres*, and upon the plains which border the Garonne and the Dordogne. The first growths of Medoc, which technical expression means the best qualities of claret, are *Chateaux-Margaux*, *Lafitte*, and *Latour*. After these, come the second, third, and fourth growths ; and, lastly, the *Vin de Paysans*, so called, because the vineyards are the property, not of the great proprietors, but of the peasantry. Many of these latter vines might probably equal the third and fourth growths of Medoc, if more pains were bestowed upon their cultivation and preparation. These wines are consumed in the country, and are not sought after for exportation. The good faith of the peasant, in maintaining the purity of his wine, it is said, is not to be depended upon ; but the exporter ought to possess so perfect a knowledge of the quality of the different vineyards, as to make it impossible that any deception should be practised upon him. But to return to the first growths of Medoc, which in England are denominated *Clarets*.

Medoc is that portion of the department which lies between the *Gironde* and the Gulf of Gascony. It is in fact a tongue of land surrounded by water. Medoc is about forty-five miles long, by ten miles broad, and is generally a plain, excepting near the banks of the rivers, where some heights lie, upon which the best wine is grown. All that part of the land which produces the first growths, is a light soil, pretty

thickly strewn with stones about an inch or two in diameter. About two feet below the surface, a redish earth is found, dry, compact, and mixed with stones. The whole of the territory of Medoc is as varied in its quality as in its produce. The fields of one proprietor produce the choicest wine, while those adjoining are scarcely worth the labour of cultivation; and even in the same field there are bad and good spots, and veins of unproductive land run through the most esteemed vineyards. No reason can be given for the difference in the quality of the wine produced in different spots. There may be no apparent difference in the soil, none in the exposure, none in the vine, none in the treatment. One vine may come up as luxuriantly, or more luxuriantly, than another beside it, and bear similar clusters; but one may, notwithstanding, be converted into first growths, while the other will scarcely rise above the rank of *Vin du Pays*.

The culture of the vines of Medoc differs from that of the vines in other parts of the department. The shrub is low, and is supported upon a stake, which is there called *Carasson*. Pine laths, from 8 to 10 feet in length, are fixed laterally, and form a continued line of espaliers about a foot and a half high. Generally speaking, the wines of Medoc are estimated to produce half a ton per 448 square yards.

I have said, that the three first growths of the wines of Medoc, are *Chateau-Margaux*, *Lafite*, and *Latour*. These names are familiar to every claret-drinker. All these wines grow on gentle acclivities, on the left bank of the Garonne; some nearer, and some farther from the sea. *Haut*

Brion, also, although not a wine of Medoc, is considered to rank with the first growths of claret.

1. The farm of *Chateau-Margaux* contains, altogether, about 800 acres; of which quantity about 350 are occupied by the vineyards. *Lafitte*, which is twenty-five miles nearer the sea, contains 220 acres. The vineyards of *Chateau-Margaux* are not continuous, but are intermixed with other vineyards, which are less valuable by more than one-third. The farm of *Latour* is less extensive, and produces less than the other two first growths. The wine called *Haut Brion* is also a first growth, and ranks, at least has hitherto ranked, with the first growths of Medoc; but I was informed that it has lately declined in public estimation, and consequently in demand.

2. The produce of the vineyards of *Chateau-Margaux* amounts to about one hundred and fifty tons—four hogsheads to the ton.

3. The produce of the *Lafitte* vineyard amounts to about one hundred and twenty tons. This vineyard is rather more productive than the *Chateau-Margaux*, which is considerably larger.

4. The produce of the *Latour* vineyard may be taken at about one hundred and twenty tons also.

Of *Haut Brion*, the vineyards produce from sixty to eighty tons.

The price of these first growths may be stated to be, upon an average of ten years, from 32*l.* to 63*l.*; and there is a difference of 4*l.* between every two growths; i. e. a first growth is 4*l.* higher in price than a second growth, and a second growth 4*l.* higher than a third growth, &c. This rule is invariable, whatever the prices may be; because the classification

into first, second, third and fourth growths, continues always the same.

From this statement, which may be considered perfectly authentic, since it was received by me from the house of *Guestier, Barton & Co.* at Bordeaux, it will be seen that the whole produce of the first growths of claret, *Chateau-Margaux, Lafitte, Latour, and Haut Brion*, is no more than eighteen hundred hogsheads; from which I leave the reader to infer, how much of the claret drank in England is first growth. But although the first growths are limited in quantity, there is no want of the inferior growths; for the whole amount of the produce of Medoc of all growths, is estimated at no less than thirty-two thousand tons. Now that the policy of the Government has equalized the duties upon wines, it is reasonable to imagine, that the importation of clarets will be greatly increased; and perhaps it is not too uncharitable to suppose, that second growths will be passed as first growths, third growths as second growths, fourth growths as third growths, and so on. I think, therefore, I may not be communicating a piece of information altogether without its utility, if I present here the recognised classification of clarets of the first four growths, together with their estimated produce.

FIRST GROWTHS.

Chateau Margaux	-	from 140 to 160 tons.
Chateau Lafitte	- -	120 - —
Chateau Latour	- -	120 - —
Haut Brion	- - -	60 - 80

These are the four first qualities, and are known

under these names; but it must be recollected, that the second, third and fourth growths, are also produced from the same estate as that which produces the Chateau-Margaux and the Lafitte; so that a wine being the produce of Margaux, is no proof that it is wine of a first quality.

SECOND GROWTHS.

Brane Mouton - - - from 120 to 140 tons.

N.—This wine is produced on the same estate as the Lafitte.

Rauzan - - - from 75 to 95

N.—This wine is produced at Margaux.

Lascombes, also from Margaux,	from 25 to 35
Durefont, also from Margaux,	18 - 24
Gorse - - - - -	40 - 50
Leoville - - - - -	145 - 180

N.—This is the best of the class of St Julien, a wine well known in England, and of which there are second, third, and fourth growths.

Gruau, also a St Julien - 120 to 150

THIRD GROWTHS.

Pickon—Longueville from 100 to 120

N.—This wine is produced on the same estate as the Latour.

Cos-Destournel - - -	60 - 70
Bergeron (a St Julien) -	35 - 45

Brues Arbouet (St Julien)	100 to 120 tons
Kirwan - - -	60 - 70
Chateau de Candale - -	20 - 25
Malescet (of Margaux)	10 - 15
De Loyac (of Margaux)	10 - 15

FOURTH GROWTHS.

Giscours - - -	from 40 to 60
St Pierre (St Julien)	50 - 70
Duluc (St Julien)	80 - 90
Mandavit	60 - 90
<div> <div> <div>These three are produced on the Lafitte estate.</div> <div> <div>Canet</div> <div>Dinac</div> <div>Lacalonie</div> </div> </div> </div>	
<div> <div>Of Margaux.</div> <div> <div>Ferrière</div> <div>Tronquoy</div> <div>Ducasse</div> <div>Poujet</div> <div>Determe</div> <div>Boyd</div> </div> </div>	
	150 - 200
	70 - 80
	25 - 35
	10 - 15
	80 - 100
	80 - 90
	20 - 25
	18 - 20
	40 - 50

It appears, therefore, that the amount of the first growth is 450 tons; of the second growth, 602 tons; of the third growth, 326 tons; and of the fourth growth 823 tons, taking the mean produce. It will also be seen, that the wines of St Julien form a considerable part of this produce, and are distributed over all the three latter growths. The name of St Julien, therefore, is an imperfect index by which to judge of the quality of the wine.

The wine of St Emilion, a well-known wine in England, and generally considered a claret, is not a

wine of Medoc, and ranks in quality with the fourth growths above enumerated. The wines called St Emilion are of no fewer than twelve kinds; and it is computed, that there is exported from Bourdeaux no less than two thousand five hundred tons under the denomination of St Emilion. It is probable, therefore, that the greater proportion of the clarets drank in England are the different wines of St Emilion. St Emilion may be easily distinguished from the wines of Medoc, by the absence of the *bouquet*, and also by its more *heady* taste.

In good seasons, nine-tenth parts of all the first growths are exported to England; the rest to Holland and the Northern ports. In indifferent seasons, these are exported to Holland chiefly; and, in bad seasons, they are consumed in France. The first growths are not exported to England in any other than in good years, because it is more important to maintain the character of these wines in England, than, by throwing bad wine into the market as first growths, to realize a passing advantage. This distribution of the first growths according to the season is so well understood, that the proprietor of a second growth (*la Rose*) hoists, upon a tower that overlooks his estate, an English flag in good years, a Dutch flag in middling years, and a French flag in bad years. The *récolte* is always made between the 1st and 30th of September; and the wine is usually kept three or four years before it is sent to England. Until this time has elapsed, the first growths of the wines of Medoc are not considered fit for exportation.*

* Choice claret is one of the wine-drinker's chief luxuries; and to give the reader some idea of its cost, we subjoin the

Some of the wines of Bourdeaux are improved by a voyage; but not the first growths of claret. These, when exported to America or India, are prepared for the voyage, by the addition of the wines of Queyries and Mont-Frenand. But the best clarets are drunk

following accurate information regarding the expenses attending the importation of *genuine first-growth wine* into this country, and the price at which the wine-merchant can, with a fair profit, afford to sell it to his consumers. This information is from a valuable little treatise on the Wines of Bourdeaux, by M. Pagnierre, a retired wine-broker resident in that city:—

Average price charged, by the first houses at Bour-			
deaux p. hogshead, for first-growth wine of a			
prime vintage	.	.	L.50 0 0
Insurance and freight	.	.	1 8 6
Landing charges	.	.	0 2 6
Duty at 7s. 3d. per gallon	.	.	16 13 6
Bottles, corks, wax, &c.	.	.	4 19 0
			<hr/>
			L.73 3 6
Interest, expense of premises, &c. to time of			
sale, 8½ per cent.	.	.	6 4 4
			<hr/>
			L.79 7 10

This sum (equal to about L.3, 10s. 6d. per doz.) is, then, what the wine actually costs the importer before he can bring it to market; but, as he must have a profit on his business, he should get something more than this, even when the wine is sold immediately; and if he keeps it, to acquire age, he must, besides, be paid for his risk, and the locking up of his capital, as well as all the other charges affecting his business.

If what is here stated be just—and we think it cannot be proved to be otherwise—it must be a mere delusion in any person in this country to suppose, he can get first-growth wine of a fine vintage below the rate current among respectable merchants. It is true, that, at this moment, we may purchase at Bourdeaux from some shipping houses, warranted *Chateaux Margaux* vintage 1825, at 1000 francs per hogshead; but as

in the greatest perfection in countries the least distant from their native soil. Other wines of Bordeaux—of which I shall immediately say a few words—intended solely for export to distant countries, are improved by the voyage, and acquire a greater delicacy and lightness; but these never equal the wines of Medoc.

It is an error to suppose, that the first growths of claret, imported for the English market, are compound wines. Generally speaking, the best clarets are pure wines. It is only inferior wines that are mixed, in order to give them strength and colour. But I have said already, that, unless in the best seasons, first growths are not imported into England as first growths; and these are never mixed with any other wine. With respect to the belief that clarets are brandied, this is not generally the case; and when brandy is added to the wines of Medoc, it is added in very small quantities. Some proprietors put one hogshead of brandy to twenty tons of wine—an eightieth part. Whether brandy be, or be not added to clarets, depends entirely upon the order received by the exporter: but it may be taken as an invariable rule, that, if an order from England be sent to any of the exporters of the first growths, merely requesting first, second, third, or fourth growths, without any other direction, the wine is, in that case, sent in its pure state, without the addition of any brandy. I have nothing more to add of the

it is perfectly well known, that the whole produce of that estate was sold immediately after the vintage at very nearly that price, and that, after nearly three years keeping, 1000 francs is a fair price for good third-growth wine, we may judge what degree of confidence can be had in such warranters and their warranty.

first growths of the wines of Medoc. But to these I have to add the *Haut Brion*, which is generally understood to rank with the second and third growths of the wines of Medoc. This is a red *Vin de Graves*; it has less *bouquet* than the wines of Medoc; it has somewhat more colour, and more body; and, after being kept six or eight years in wood, is scarcely to be distinguished from the other first growths. But *Haut Brion* has somewhat declined in public opinion. One or other of the accidental causes which influence the quality of wines, has probably sent into the market, as a first or second growth, a wine that ought, for the reputation of the vineyard, to have been consumed at home. Complaints have been made by consumers to the home merchants: less has in consequence been ordered; and when the demand begins in this way to fall off, the vineyards are apt to be neglected. The demand being less, the price is not high enough to repay the cares of cultivation; and the wine continues to decline in estimation, until it falls altogether into a secondary rank. There are various qualities of *Haut Brion*. The first growth is but a very small part of the produce of the vineyard.

St Emilion, I have already mentioned, as a wine largely imported into England, under the generic name of Claret; but for which, the consumer ought to pay a much lower price than for the first or second growths of the wines of Medoc. But there is also another wine which finds its way, and is now likely to find its way still more largely into the English market, as a claret. This is the wine of *Bourg*, called *Bourgais*. The produce of the vineyards of Bourg is large, amounting to no less than eight hundred tons; and this produce will no doubt go

far towards supplying the increasing demand for French wines in England.

But the wines which I have mentioned form but a very small part of the wines of Bourdeaux. The other wines are, the *Vins de Côtes*, and the *Vins de Palus*. The former of these are cultivated upon the heights which lie upon the right bank of the Garonne, and are considered rather in the light of good *vin ordinaire*, than as *vins fins*, for export. A great proportion of these wines is exported to Holland and the Baltic; but some hundreds of hogsheads are also entered for England. The wines of *Palus* are grown still more extensively. The vineyards which produce these, lie upon the fertile low lands that are found on the banks of the Garonne and the Dordogne. This is not the kind of soil best suited to the vine, which finds a stony and rocky soil more congenial than rich land. The wines of *Palus* are exported in large quantities to distant countries, and require both age and a voyage. The produce of these vineyards is very great. The *vins de Côtes*, and the *vins de Palus*, together, reach 16,000 tons; about one-third part of which quantity is exported to foreign countries. The price of these wines ranges from 200 to 400 francs, but the average may be stated at 250 francs.

This notice upon the wines of Bourdeaux has been somewhat extended; but at a time when the new scale of duties will not only lead to a demand, but probably even to a taste, for the wines of France, the sketch I have given may not be unacceptable. Most persons are desirous of being thought to know something of wines; and yet, this knowledge cannot be otherwise than very limited. To be a connoisseur in wines, and to have a knowledge of wines, are

two things very different. The former is to be acquired by experience alone; the latter only by inquiry; and, for my part, I cannot but think, that it adds something to the zest of a glass of *Chateau-Margaux*, to know a little of its history. Although not, perhaps, perfectly in place here, yet as I am upon the subject of wines, and for the reason also which I have already given why there may be, at present, more interest upon the subject than usual, I will add a very slight notice respecting the wines of France in general.

Four districts in France partake the reputation of producing the most renowned and most valuable wines—Burgundy, the *Bordelais*, Dauphiny, and Champagne; and all these four classes of wines differ essentially in their character. The wines of Burgundy are the most esteemed in France and in Germany; the wines of Bordeaux are most esteemed in England. All these wines are divided into classes; and the following is the classification of Burgundy.

FIRST CLASS OF BURGUNDY—ALL FROM THE
CÔTE D'OR.

La Romanée Conti.	Le Musigni.
Le Chambertin.	Le Clos du Tart.
Le Richebourg.	Les Bonnes-Mares.
Le Clos Vaugeot.	Le Clos la Roche.
La Romanée de St Vivant.	Les Véroilles.
La Tache.	Le Clos Morjot.
Le Clos St George's.	Le Clos St Jean.
	La Perrière.

N.—Another St George's. The St George best known, is a wine of Provence.

Le Clos de Préméau.

Most of these wines grow in very small quantities. The first growths, indeed, are rarely met with, excepting at royal, or highly illustrious tables.

SECOND CLASS OF BURGUNDIES.

Corton.	Savigny.
Vosne.	Meursault (from the Côté d'Or.)
Nuits.	Olivotes.
Volnay.	Pitoy.
Pomard.	Perrière.
Beaune.	Préaux.
Chambolle.	La Chainette.
Morey.	Mignenne.
	Chenas.

The first six of these are the Burgundies most commonly met with; and these second growths, it is said, bear exportation better than the first growths. Hitherto, but a limited quantity of Burgundy has been exported into England; partly because, from the longer inland carriage, it is more expensive than Bordeaux—partly because it has been thought to bear transport worse—and partly because the taste of the French inclining more in favour of Burgundy than the wines of Bordeaux, there is a larger demand for it at home. There can be little doubt, however, that if the removal of the duties shall tempt the proprietors of Burgundies to try the English market, the demand for claret will suffer a considerable diminution.

The French look upon it almost as a heresy, to deny to Burgundy the pre-eminence in wines; and accordingly, the ancient title of the Dukes of Burgundy was *Princes des Bons Vins*. The *Romanée Conti*, which stands at the head of the list of

first-growths, has scarcely, if ever, found its way into England. The vineyard from which it is produced does not exceed seven English acres in extent. The *Clos Vaugeot* was at one time the rival of the *Romanée Conti*, and as much as twelve francs per bottle has been obtained for it by the grower; but it is now looked upon as inferior to several of the other first growths.

The only first growth of the wine of Dauphiny known in England, is *Hermitage*—of which there are four kinds, scarcely differing in quality—*Méal*, *Greffien*, *Bessac*, *Beaume en Rauoulé*. The quantity of these wines is extremely small; but, as I have mentioned in another part of this volume, the adjoining vineyards contribute towards the demand.

The second growths of the wine of Dauphiny are *Tain l'Etoile*, *Drome*. *St Peray*, an excellent white wine, is also a wine of Dauphiny.

Champagne admits the simple classification of river wines and mountain wines; *Vins de la Rivière de Marne*, and *vins de la Montagne de Reims*. The former are white, the latter red. *Sillery* is the most in favour among the wines of Champagne, and takes its name from the property of the Marquis of Sillery, where the vineyards lie. Among the red Champagnes, *St Thierry* is the most esteemed, and is said to unite the aroma of the Burgundy with the lightness of Champagne. The soil of the Champagne vineyards is an upper stratum of marl, and a substratum of chalk. Champagne of the best quality will preserve its excellence twenty years, provided it be kept in a proper temperature, which in the cellars of Epernay, is always maintained at 54°.

The following is the process of the manufacture

of white sparkling Champagne. The grapes are picked with great care, the shrivelled or unripe being rejected. They are gathered early in the morning, when the dew is upon them ; and it is a curious fact, that if the weather be hazy during the time of the vintage, the produce of the fermentation is increased. The grapes are then pressed. The wine that is produced by this first operation is called *vin d'elite*. When the edges of the *must* have been cut and turned into the middle, a second pressing takes place, from which is produced the *vin de taille*. The liquor is collected in vats, from which it is removed the following day into puncheons which have been sulphured. There the *must* remains till towards the end of December, by which time it has become clear. It is then raked and fined with isinglass, and six weeks afterwards, it is raked and fined a second time. In the month of March it is bottled. Six weeks after it is put in bottle, it becomes brisk ; and so powerful is the fermentation, that considerable loss is sustained by the bursting of bottles. The loss upon the various operations, occasions a total loss of about 25 per cent. The chief difference between the manufacturing of white and pink Champagne consists in the grapes for the latter being first slightly trodden, and the fermentation being allowed to commence before they are pressed, in order that the solution of the colouring matter may be facilitated.

“ It is well known,” says a popular writer upon wines, “ that the briskness of wine is the produce of an unfinished fermentation. This quality is secured by bottling at the proper season, before fermentation is exhausted ; and if in danger of excess, it is restrained or diminished by racking, or decanting, or sulphuring. But it happens not unfrequently,

that it fails altogether, either from accident in the management, or a bad season, from faults in the fruit, or fermentation too far, or a weak wine exhausting itself unexpectedly. In this case, the remedy is to introduce sugar into the bottles, as well as into the casks. In the latter case, the fermentation is renewed, and the wine becomes good; but by introducing sugar into the bottles, much bad wine is produced. The sugar does not reproduce fermentation, but disengages the carbonic acid of the wine. The solid sugar is corked up in the bottle, so that the disengaged gas is retained under the pressure of the cork, ready to fly out whenever that is removed.

The *Lyonnais* produces the well-known wine known in England under the name of *Côté-Rôti*. Of this wine I have spoken in that chapter of this volume which contains the Descent of the Rhone.

Three other districts are also celebrated for their wine;—the neighbourhood of Avignon, which produces *Côteau Brûlé*; *Bearn*, which produces *Aurançon* and *Gan*; and *Roussillon*, which produces *Bagnols* and *Cosperon*.

The following note upon the general wine trade of France, (which I extract from "the Wine-drinker's Manual," taken from French and English State Papers), will not be an unfit conclusion to this chapter :—

The land now under wine-culture is estimated at 1,728,000 hectares, (3,499,200 acres), yielding 40,000,000 hectolitres (800,000,000 gallons), and giving a value of 600,000,000 francs (24,000,000*l.*)

The general duties yield a total produce of 100 millions, (L.4,000,000); the local or municipal duties, 20,000,000 francs, (L.800,000); amounting, together, to a charge on the entire produce of more

than 20 per cent. According to M. Dupin, the expense of levying the indirect duties amounts to the exorbitant sum of 20,800,000 francs, on a revenue of 138 millions; while, in England, the expense of collecting similar duties does not exceed 7 millions in 138.

The duties to which the wines, white or red, are subject in various countries, are as follow:—

In Sweden, 400 francs the pipe; in Norway, 200 francs; in Prussia, 520 francs; in Russia, 750 francs; in England (previous to the alteration of duties), 1200 francs; in the United States, 189 francs, 90 centimes.

Previous to 1789, the annual exportation of wines from Bourdeaux amounted to about 100,000 pipes. But the trade has greatly diminished since that period. The following is the amount of the annual exportations since 1819, as stated in a petition of the wine-growers to the Chamber of Deputies, in the spring of 1828.

	PIPES.
1820 . .	61,110
1821 . .	62,224
1822 . .	39,955
1823 . .	51,529
1824 . .	39,625
1825 . .	46,314
1826 . .	48,464
1827 . .	54,492

The documents laid before the Chambers by the Ministry, state the average value of the three years, 1787-8-9, at 32,000,000 francs, wine; and

17,000,000 francs, brandy : the mean value of the exportation for 1825-6-7, at 48,000,000 francs in wine, and 20,000,000 francs in brandy. In France, great complaints have, therefore, been made within the last two years of the languishing and depressed state of the wine-trade ; and the investigation of its actual condition has occupied much of the time and attention of the French government. A question has been raised, whether the high duties imposed on French wines in foreign countries, have brought about this stagnation and want of demand now experienced ? And it has been shown, that, with the exception of England, the foreign tariffs cannot have contributed much to this effect. The remedy suggested, and, indeed, the only probable one, is the reduction of the internal duties. The wine-growers suffer grievously, not only from the pressure of the government taxes, or *droits généraux*, but also from the duty which wine pays on entering the barrier of a town, and from which no drawback is allowed on its exit. These town-dues are very arbitrary, and in some places so excessive, that it is by no means uncommon to find French wines dearer at home than in other European countries. The *octroi* of Paris is 21 francs (17s. 6d.) per hectolitre, although the quarter part of the wine consumed is not worth more than 15 francs (12s. 6d.) the hectolitre ; and it is a strange anomaly, that those who wish to get wine at a moderate price, cannot do it without stepping outside of one of the barriers of Paris.

We have stated six hundred millions of francs to be the value of the annual produce of wine in France. Of this, one hundred millions are exacted by the *droits généraux*, and twenty millions more by the

octroi, making a total taxation of one-fifth part of the whole. The proprietors of the vineyards have repeatedly petitioned for liberation from these restrictions; and in every case where relief has been granted, the increase of consumption has surpassed expectation. At Bordeaux, where the duty is one-half less than in Paris, twice as much wine is consumed, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, as in the French metropolis."

The consumption of French wines in France has very naturally increased with the increase of natural wealth. In 1821, the quantity retailed, and, of course, chiefly consumed by the lower classes, scarcely amounted to 12,900,000 hectolitres (25 gallons per hectolitre); in 1826, it exceeded 14,400,000. The quantity sold wholesale exhibits a still more strongly marked produce; in 1818, it was 2,665,948 hectolitres; in 1826, it amounted to 3,973,486.

The quantity of French wine imported into the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in the year ending January 1829, amounted to 475,374 gallons; the amount of duty paid reached L.172,000, 12s. 6d.; and the quantity remaining in bond was 510,816 gallons.

It is a pity that we have no popular treatise on wines, containing all that it might be interesting to know about the most esteemed wines of France, Spain, Portugal, and Germany. The work of Mr Henderson, besides being too expensive, is more a history of wines than a treatise upon their points of interest. The information that would be desirable could not be obtained, unless in the different countries where the wines are produced; and so extensive a journey, and inquiries so multitudinous, can-

not be expected to be undertaken for such a purpose. There is therefore little or no likelihood of the world being put in possession of such a treatise as I have supposed might be acceptable.

CHAPTER XXII.

ITINERARY OF THE LOIRE.

Nantes and its Environs—Journey to Saumur—State of the French Peasantry—Ancennis and its charming Scenery—Scenery of Bretagne—Ingrande—Angers—The Castle and its History—Environs—A Grape Diet—Saumur—The Castle of Fontevrauld, and its History.

MY limits will not permit me to detail my journey from Bourdeaux to Nantes, and also from Nantes up the Loire to Orleans; and as the latter part of this route is the more interesting, I shall take the liberty of transporting the reader at once from Bourdeaux to Nantes, there to commence an itinerary of the Loire, which will occupy the remainder of this volume. No part of France is so celebrated for natural beauty, as well as for the interest of the cities and towns which lie along the route, as the country bordering the Loire; and, in order that I might be able to devote some pages to a sketch of this route, I have curtailed considerably my description of Bourdeaux and its environs. I left Bourdeaux *en diligence*, and arrived in due time at Nantes.

Nantes, even to one arriving in it from Bourdeaux, is a noble city; and its situation can scarcely be excelled. It stands upon the slopes and summit

of a gentle hill, half encircled by the Loire, which is broad, clear, and tolerably rapid ; and its beauty is greatly increased by several islets which dot the river exactly opposite to the town, and which are covered with pretty country-houses and gardens. The Loire is extremely shallow, where it flows past Nantes ; which, although rather adding to its beauty than otherwise, from the greater rapidity and clearness created by the shallows, is very detrimental to its commerce. No vessel of burden can ascend the river to the city, but is obliged to unload its cargo nine leagues distant ; and the cargo is brought up the river in boats. There is a magnificent quay along the river-side ; but I saw little appearance of trade.

Nantes was the ancient residence of the Dukes of Bretagne ; and, upon a hill to the east of the city, stands the castle of these Princes. This castle was built in the beginning of the eleventh century ; but the Duke of Mercœur, who, during the wars of the League in the sixteenth century, made himself sovereign of this province, made many additions to it. The castle is still in excellent preservation ; for, although it must have yielded to the influence of nine hundred years, the repairs which have from time to time become necessary, have been made in the original style of the building, so that there cannot exist a more perfect specimen of the architecture of these times, than is seen in the Castle of Nantes. I spent one whole day in this castle and in its precincts, and was pleased with all that I saw. The recollections awakened in the contemplation of feudal castles, are more stirring, and to me more agreeable, than those which are forced upon us amid the ruins of monasteries and abbeys. It is true, that the in-

habitants of these castles were generally robbers—that their lives were rude and lawless—and that the scenes which their walls have witnessed, have most generally been scenes of rapine and bloodshed. But in all this, and in the vices which clung to the feudal lords and their followers, there is something more stirring—even more noble than in the vices that, within a convent's walls, are forced to call in the aid of hypocrisy. In the chapel of this castle, Anne, Duchess of Bretagne, gave her hand to Louis XII. in the year 1499, by which marriage this province was secured to the French crown. Almost every chamber has its story—among others, I saw the chamber in which the Cardinal de Retz was confined, and from which he escaped by means of a rope, which lowered him into a boat on the Loire. The view from the summit of the castle is fine and extensive, commanding a great part of the province of Bretagne, the fine reach of the Loire above, and its descent towards the sea.

In the *Eglise des Carmes*, there is a splendid monument raised by the filial duty of Anne of Bretagne, Queen of France, to the memory of her father Francis the Second, the last Duke of Bretagne. The monument is the work of Michael Columb, and does great honour to his genius. The heart of this dutiful daughter is deposited in this vault in a gold box. There is a curious inscription on the tomb. It states, that Francis, not being blessed with issue by his first wife, and despairing, after seven years of wedded life, of having his wishes realized, made a vow to the Virgin, that if her power or intercession should procure a child for him, he would dedicate to her an image of gold as heavy as himself. So magnificent an offering in reversion had its influence

upon the Virgin, who blessed his prayer; and the Duke did not neglect the performance of his vows. But sometime afterwards, he forgot his obligations to his benefactor—he had need of money, and melted down the image.

Nantes is a very ancient city. It is the *Civitas Namnetum* of Cæsar, and was a town of considerable consequence under the Roman Prefects. Several Roman inscriptions have, from time to time, been found; and there is another ancient record that arrests the passer by. It is a stone fixed in a wall, marking the spot where, in the reign of Charles the Seventh, Gilles, Marechal de Retz, was burnt. A story that nobody can credit is told respecting this affair. It is said, that the crimes for which this man suffered death were of a nature too horrible to be named; and that the trial of the Marechal is yet preserved sealed, in the archives of the city.

The environs of Nantes are remarkably pleasant, particularly the banks of a little stream called the Erdne. Fine oak and chestnut woods shade its margin; and gardens and pretty country-houses are thickly scattered around. There are also two ancient chateaux on the same route, within a league of Nantes; one of them called the Chateau de la Verriere, formerly a stronghold of the Huguenots; the other, once the residence of Peter Landais, the favourite of Francis the Second. On this side of the town, there is a considerable quantity of land in vineyard; but the wine produced from it is thin, sour, and consequently bad.

I must not omit to mention, that the Duchy of Bretagne was the birth-place of Abélard, whose amours and misfortunes have given so much scope for the genius of the poet and the novelist. He was

begin in a little village called *Le Palet*, situated about four leagues from Nantes.

At Nantes, I again, and for the last time in this journey, resumed my pedestrian character; and left that city, to walk up the Loire, one beautiful morning about six o'clock. The itinerary of the Loire, to the traveller who commences his journey from Nantes, begins delightfully; and, after the two hundred miles of diligence-travelling from Bourdeaux, I felt as if I were almost beginning a new existence. Softness and beauty are the character of the scenery, which is chiefly a union of green meadows and wooded hills, generally clothed to the summit, and many of them adorned by the ruins of castles. I breakfasted at a little village, situated upon a gentle hill. I ought to remember the name of the village; for I still recollect the flavour of some raspberries and delicious cream, which formed an item in the breakfast, and the pleasant smile and beautiful teeth, and neat *coiffure* of *Mademoiselle*, the daughter of the house, who waits upon travellers; but I have forgotten the name both of the village and of the *auberge*; so that no other traveller can divide with me the pleasure of these recollections.

All the way from Nantes to Oudon the country is populous. This is not the district of large proprietors;—an orchard and a bit of meadowland form an estate; and the cottage of the proprietor peeps out from among his forest-trees. This is a fine state of things; and, with a tolerably intimate knowledge, and distinct recollection of the lower orders in France, I am inclined to assert, that, upon the whole, the peasantry of France are the happiest peasantry of any country in Europe. Throughout the greater part of

the state affairs. He receives, indeed, with good will the blessings of political freedom when they are tendered to him; and congratulates himself upon being *un Français*; but such matters do not occupy his mind; and if the question were, whether he should attend a political meeting, or a *fête du village*, he would stick a nosegay in his breast, and a ribbon in his hat, and seek the village-green.

I found an appetite for dinner sooner than an auberge wherein to indulge it; but, in this route, the want of an auberge need not prevent the traveler from satisfying his hunger. Bread, cheese, eggs, fruit and milk, may be had in every cottage; and in every cottage he is welcome to these luxuries.

The whole of my walk this evening was beautiful in the extreme. Although the river flowed close to the road, or at least at but a very small distance from it, it was only visible glancing between the trees and through the hedges; for a thick belt of wood, chiefly fruit-trees, bordered its bank, and covered the narrow meadows that lay between it and the road. Broken wooded heights lay on the other side; and shady paths, that reminded me of the English lanes, led from the river up the hills, or into the little valleys, or hollows that lay among them.

The approach to *Ancennes* is delightful. It is the perfection of forest scenery. And here, as in our Sherwood, has many a story and ballad been laid, and many a feat of archery been done; and here too, fairy circles have been traced, and the merry elves, "though rarely seen by mortal eye," have frisked it "in the cold moon's gleamy glance." There is no walk like a forest walk, especially near sunset; for there is no

sight in nature more beautiful than the slaunting sunbeams pouring among the crowded trunks of the dark trees, partially gilding the foliage, and chequering the velvet beneath with the broad masses of light and shade. Sometimes an alley, open to the west, admitted a rich blaze of light that streamed through the forest ; sometimes I passed out of the shade into an open glade, that seemed clothed in a garment of light ; and sometimes I skirted the denser masses of wood,

Where not a wandering ray
Could thro' the leafy labyrinth find its way.

All this was impressive and delightful. I met not a single traveller, nor heard any sound, until some village-sounds announced that I was approaching Ancennis, which I soon after reached ; and, looking about for the sign of an auberge, I saw two adjoining each other ; one, a pig ; the other, a bow and arrow. It is a pleasant speculation to consider what kind of inn one may chance to find at the end of a journey ; and there is always something agreeable in having a choice of more than one. The " Pig " was the larger auberge ; but the " Bow and Arrow " looked the cleaner ; and I walked into it. I could not have chosen better. Fried bacon, eggs, and an omelet, bread, and as good wine as one generally finds in the French inns, were all set before me with the most marvellous expedition. It is a great misfortune if a traveller in France, especially a foot-traveller, whose day's journey often conducts him to the smaller inns, should happen to dislike omelet. It may be difficult to believe that any such person exists ; but I have seen and travelled with

persons so unfortunate ; and when I have been enjoying an excellent meal, they have been obliged to content themselves with the purer pleasure of sympathizing in my good fortune. Everywhere in France, even in the poorest auberge, an omelet is to be obtained ; either *omelette sucré*, *omelette gras*, or *omelette au fines herbes*. What a choice is there ! One might very well begin with an *omelette gras*, make a remove of the *omelette au fines herbes*, and finish with an *omelette sucré* by way of dessert.

: *Ancennis* is a charming retreat : nowhere could a studious man spend a month or two more agreeably. It is very quiet, very secluded, and is surrounded by all the varieties of forest scenery. The *Loire*, too, sweeps near it, broad and silvery ; and the people seem simple and obliging. Let me add the recommendation of cheapness ; for an admirable supper, a clean good bed, and a draught of most delicious milk next morning—not to mention kind attentions, civil words, and a world of smiles—I paid only two francs. Let the reader recollect, that all these excellent things are to be had at the sign of the Bow and Arrow. After supper, it wanted still an hour of darkness ; and I was leaving the inn to stroll about the village and its neighbourhood, when a little girl about nine years of age, the daughter of the aubergiste, offered to be my cicerone and conduct Monsieur to the *bosquet*. I saw many pretty spots that almost tempted me to interrupt my journey by a few weeks' dreaming at *Ancennis* ; and was led by the little girl to the promised *bosquet*, which was a labyrinth of trees, with many seats among the branches, where little games at hide and seek are played by the

ture in a scene where softness is her chief characteristic, and the *maisons de plaisance* which are so numerous upon its banks ; the remains of chateaux, and religious houses, which so often and so beautifully break the outline of the wooded hills, add greatly to the perfection of this union. How much is the picturesque beauty of many countries indebted to the monks of former times ! The loveliest spots are adorned by the ruins of their habitations. Shelter from the winds ; sunny slopes for their gardens, or vineyards ; a river for fish, and a forest for game, were all considered in the choice of a site. We have no occasion to travel in order to become acquainted with the discernment of the monks in their selection of fitting spots for their abbeys. At home, we have no want of examples : Tintern, Jarvis Abbey, Furness, Fountains Abbey, Melrose, Dryburgh, and many others in England and in Scotland, attest the good taste of the friars, and the dark ages.

I left Ingrande early, and, passing through a fertile and varied country, I reached Angers about mid-day. The situation of *Angers* is not so striking as some others of the cities that lie upon the Loire ; it is placed in a fertile plain, rich in all the productions of Anjou—certainly one of the most fertile provinces of France. The city is divided by the little river Mayenne, into the *haute* and the *basse* town. In 1214, our King John built the walls of Angers, and they are to this day almost entire. A little later, the castle of Angers was built. It is nearly in ruins, and is a fine object, situated upon a great rock overhanging the river. It must formerly have been a place of great strength, for the walls are very massive ; and the fosses, which are cut out of the rock, are wide and deep. This castle, built by *St Louis*, was for-

merly the residence of the Kings of Sicily, as Dukes of Anjou.

I spent the evening of my arrival in the castle; and the next morning I dedicated to the cathedral; which, more from the recollections it awakens, than from its own intrinsic merits, is viewed with great interest. In this cathedral is the monument of the celebrated Margaret, daughter of *René*, King of Sicily, and wife of our Henry the Sixth. There is some romance in the history of this princess. Taken prisoner in the battle of Tewkesbury, she was sent a prisoner to the tower; and was subsequently ransomed by Louis XI., who, however, had views very different from those prompted by generosity, in his seemingly friendly interposition. Margaret was tenderly beloved by her father; and when the crafty King made the renunciation of Anjou and part of Lorraine the price of her delivery, *René* hesitated not to complete the transference of these provinces. Subsequently to this time, she resided at *Aix*, in Provence, under the protection of her father; and at his death, she retired to *Vannes*, where she found an asylum in the house of a gentleman named *Vignole*, who had formerly served her father, and had received benefits from him. It was while Margaret resided here in retirement, that she was visited by Henry Earl of Richmond, afterwards the conqueror at Bosworth field; and her instigations and advice fixed him in his determination to attempt the overthrow of the house of York. But Margaret did not live to witness the success of his enterprise.

Angers, in its general appearance, is mean. There is nothing attractive in it, excepting its cathedral and its castle. I never saw so great an assemblage of wretched houses in so small a compass. Every street

is a street of shopkeepers; but where the purchasers live, I cannot understand. Walls and fortifications are a sad hinderance to the beauty of a town, by limiting its extent; but where there is a sufficiency of ground beyond the walls, and numerous fine situations, it is folly to confine a city within its ancient limits. *Angers* would be a cheaper place of residence than either *Tours* or *Blois*; but it is better to live in an agreeable town, and to pay an additional penny for a pound of meat. I found the markets of *Angers* well supplied, and the price of provisions remarkably low. Beef and mutton were 3d. per lib. Bread, 1½d. per lib. A pair of fowls may be purchased for 1s. 2d.; and a turkey costs no more than 3s. Fruit and vegetables are also remarkably cheap. There is a pleasant wine, too, which sells at about 2½d. per bottle, called *Champigny*. House-rent is also extremely moderate; but few of the houses are agreeably situated for a residence. For 10l. per annum, a very commodious house may be obtained. But notwithstanding these advantages, I should not select *Angers* as a residence; and although its neighbourhood be fertile and *riante*, I saw no villas. The neighbourhood of *Angers*, however, has many pretty cottages standing in the midst of their gardens, whose fences are generally half composed of vines; and these also usually cover the cottage-walls with their fantastic wreaths, bright leaves, and tempting clusters.

There are some Roman remains in *Angers*, particularly vestiges of an aqueduct; but these are only interesting to the antiquarian. *Angers* has need of an aqueduct still; for the water of the *Mayenne*, that flows through the town, is not fit for use.

Previous to the Revolution, Angers possessed a very celebrated University, which was founded so far back as the year 1246. Its academy of *Belles Lettres* was also renowned; and its riding-school was so famous, that Peter, the Great was a pupil in it. Angers suffered greatly in the wars of *La Vendée*; and the inhabitants sustained many privations in the siege which it was obliged to maintain.

A severe and sudden storm hindered my departure on the morning of the second day, as I had intended; and when, towards the afternoon, the storm ceased, it was too late to set out, and I devoted the evening to a walk into the adjoining country. It is mostly a country of vineyards; and the inhabitants are, therefore, almost all *vignerons*. I rested in several of their cottages, and found them all comfortable; and the inmates appeared, and I have no doubt were, all happy. Most of them were at supper, which consisted of bread and fruit and wine. It was not the season of vintage; but then, and after that time, grapes may be said to be the staple article of subsistence. I believe every one is agreed, that a grape diet is wholesome. The inhabitants of the wine-countries have generally the appearance of health. It is not unusual for the physicians in some parts of France, and particularly, I believe, in the eastern provinces, to recommend a grape diet wholly in many cases of debility; and, judging from my own experience, when in hot countries and during the vintage, I have lived almost wholly on grapes, I should think grapes in large quantities form a most wholesome article of diet. I never recollect, at any other period, of enjoying more perfect health, and of possessing so much buoyancy of

feeling, as when, during six weeks, I half breakfasted upon grapes, half dined upon grapes, and supped altogether upon grapes.

I now left *Angers* for *Saumur*, which is thirteen leagues from *Angers*. The weather was too hot to render so long a walk agreeable, and I therefore hired a cabriolet to carry me one-half of the way. Anjou, at least all that part of it which I have had an opportunity of seeing, will not yield in fertility, scarcely in beauty, to any other part of France. Much of it is corn-land; but there is a sufficient admixture of wood and meadow to rescue it entirely from the character of tameness. When my cabriolet left me, I had a delightful walk of about six leagues; and it was nearly sunset when I reached *Saumur*.

Saumur is a pleasant little town, situated on the southern side of the Loire; and it has a very long bridge, whose middle piers rest upon islands. This bridge, in the wars of the sixteenth century, was often fiercely disputed; and the fortifications were formerly of great strength. The castle is a striking object, overlooking the town and the river. The Kings of Sicily, and the Dukes of the house of Valois, used formerly to reside occasionally in this castle. From its towers, there is a truly charming prospect. This place I should greatly prefer as a residence to *Angers*; the town is more airy and lively, the country quite as beautiful, and provisions even a shade cheaper. It struck me, too, that the inhabitants were remarkably good-looking; and this, I think, is not to be altogether overlooked in the selection of a residence. It is almost an intellectual pleasure to look upon a beautiful countenance; at all events, it is pain to look upon the reverse, where

personal acquaintance has not taught us, by habit, to look upon ugliness with indifference. I consider it a decided objection to a residence in Switzerland, so delightful in every other respect, that the women are almost, without exception, so frightful.

The day following my arrival in Saumur, I dedicated to an excursion to the Abbey of *Fontevraud*, the burial-place of our Henry II. and Richard I. It lies five leagues from Saumur, on the limits of *Anjou*, towards *Touraine*. The abbey is situated in a deep valley, among rocky hills; and is so surrounded by wood, that it is scarcely seen until we enter its precincts. The elms that shadow its solitary walls are particularly fine. It was in the year 1096 that this abbey was founded. Henry died at *Chinon*, in its vicinity; and the holy reputation of this abbey was probably the cause why it was selected as his burial-place; and Richard, as it is said, from feelings of contrition on account of his filial disobedience, requested, in his last hours, that he might be laid at his father's feet. Eleanor, the wife of one, and the mother of the other of these princes, was buried in the same tomb; which is farther honoured by being the sepulchre of Jane, Queen of Sicily, daughter of Henry II., and of Elizabeth, the queen of John, of inglorious memory. Bas-reliefs of all these great personages adorn the monument; and the masses of centuries have, doubtless, long ago delivered their souls from purgatory. The Abbey of Fontevraud has had numerous honours rendered to it. Its abbesses have been princesses; and many illustrious personages have inhabited its walls. I lingered long in the precincts of this venerable spot; the shade was so deep, the coolness so agreeable,

and the silence and solitariness of the place so imposing. I gathered some sweet-smelling wall-flower, and thought of that delightful little poem—of Malcolm, I think—"The Wall-flower, the Wall-flower." * A rural dinner in a neighbouring village was an agreeable variety; and a delightful ride (for I had hired a horse) back to Saumur, was a pleasant conclusion to the day's excursion. There was nothing more to detain me in Saumur; and I left it next morning, to journey towards *Tours*.

* The poem will be found in one of the early volumes of the *Literary Souvenir*. It is not by Malcolm, however, but by D. M. Moir, Esq., better known as the *Delta* of Blackwood's Magazine.

Ed. of C. M.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ITINERARY OF THE LOIRE.

Journey to Tours—Condition of the Country—Hints to Travellers—Language and its Castle—Tours—The Cathedral—Promenades—Tours as a Residence—Climate—Plessis les Tours, and its Historic Recollections.

It was a morning of drenching rain when I left Saumur ; but I had sent by a peasant's cart, a portmanteau with sufficient change of clothing, to Planchouvy ; and I felt the rain agreeable rather than otherwise. With the exception of the storm I have mentioned at Angers, but which was almost unaccompanied by rain, the weather had been constantly dry for several weeks ; and rain, in that case, becomes a luxury. All that the traveller requires to attend to, in order that he may preserve himself from catching cold, is to carry his meals along with him ; to breakfast and dine as he walks along ; and not to rest until he reaches his haven. I, of course, followed the advice I give. Bread, cheese, fruit, and a flask of wine, I carried along with me ; and although thoroughly drenched the whole of the way, I enjoyed this day's journey extremely. The weather was warm, and perfectly calm ; and I need scarcely say, that at no time does nature look more lovely than under the pattering of a summer rain.

The very sound is pleasing; and the brighter hue that it throws upon the woods and meadows, may well compensate for the inconvenience of getting wet—supposing this to be felt an inconvenience. Had the weather been fair, I should have stopped at a little village called *Choussay* to breakfast, about four leagues from Saumur; but this I, of course, avoided, and breakfasted from my store, after I had walked out of the village. I noticed some modern chateaux, or at least *maisons de plaisance*, in the neighbourhood, sweetly situated among woods and lawns, and little fertile hills. This is still chiefly a wine country, at least in the neighbourhood of the river; but I saw that the more distant slopes were covered with corn-fields. The wines of the Loire are not, however, famous; they hold no rank among the *vins fins* of France, but are chiefly consumed in the country and in the neighbouring cities. Some of these wines, however, are very agreeable; and a stranger, who obtains refreshment in the cottage of a peasant—the owner of a vineyard—is always treated with some of the wine which he makes for his own use, and which is prepared with more care, and from more picked fruit, than the wine that is drunk in the *vins*. It cannot be disputed, however, that the *vins du pays* of France, excepting, perhaps, in the provinces of *Bearn* and *Roussillon*, is bad, and undeserving of the commendations which the French so liberally bestow upon it. I do not believe, however, that it is unwholesome. I have never, for my own part, found any bad effects from the very free use of the *vins du pays* of France—which I do not drink because I like it, but because its very thinness and softness render it the more refreshing in hot weather.

I reached Planchouvy in good time. It had never ceased raining the whole day, so that I was as wet as ever; and the contents of my portmanteau were a luxury; for although it be a luxury to get wet, it is also a luxury to put off one's wet clothes. It has generally been thought, that if one's clothes get thoroughly wet, and afterwards dry in walking, that cold is likely to ensue. I have never found this. I am as subject to cold as many of my neighbours; but although it has happened to me a hundred times to be wet and dry several times in a day, I do not recollect any instance in which cold has been the result; but I believe, it is laid down by the learned in these matters, that one constitution is no rule for another. At this place, I met two English gentlemen, pedestrians like myself, who were travelling down the banks of the Loire; but one was foot-sore, and the other had twisted his ankle, and they were both laid up in the little auberge at *Planchouvy*, oppressed with *ennui*, cursing pedestrian journeys, and willing to give any price for a caleche, which, however, could not be got. I saw that they were travellers who could not reap sufficient enjoyment from a journey, to repay them for the little inconveniences to which pedestrians are subject; and I advised them by all means to send to Saumur for a caleche, and they followed my advice. We passed a pleasant evening together, and fared well. For the aubergiste had a sucking pig, which, though rather an unusual supper-dish, we made no hesitation in selecting; and having ourselves superintended the cookery, it proved so delicious, that I thought of *Elia* as I imunched the crackling; and a most admirable finish to this treat were a couple of bottles of *Volnay*, which the innkeeper fortunately possessed.

I now began to feel the vicinity to *Tours*, in the expense of travelling. Here, my Lord Anglais was well known, with all his silly pride and ostentation. I had of course to redeem part of the burden left by his former extravagance. All travellers must do this; for though the travelling English are now, for the most part, economical gentlemen, who know the precise value of a franc, still those old charges are kept up, which formerly originated in the silly wastefulness and absurd vanity of the English, who flocked to the Continent after the war. The pig deserved a high charge, and the Burgundy also; but a bed was charged three francs, and a cup of coffee a franc and a half.

I left my supper-companions in bed next morning waiting the arrival of their caleche, and took the road to *Langerais*. The rain had ceased about midnight, and the morning was lovely—how lovely after the gentle rain, and beneath the rays of the new risen sun! The scenery increased in beauty as I passed up the river; or, perhaps, it was the brighter green of the meadows and the vineyards that deceived me. As I walked slowly onward, a countryman overtook me. He was going to work on some gentleman's property about a mile forward, and as we walked along, I questioned him as to his condition. He said he did not see how any man could be happier than himself. He had a wife and three children, and loved them all; and he had enough to give them. His wife, he said, had been the *belle* of the village, and she made as good a wife as if she had never had an admirer. He was employed in field-labour every day till three o'clock, and received twenty-five or thirty sous according to the species of the labour. When he returned home, he looked

and Anne of Bretagne were performed. The castle is in ruins; but these are yet noble, and show its former extent. I passed the greater part of the evening in its solitary precincts, and at sunset descended to the bank of the river, where I wandered till after dusk. The auberge was not tempting, for I had gone to an indifferent house by mistake; however, upon my return I found an omelet and some excellent trout.

Langeais is only seven leagues from Tours,—a pleasant walk to dinner; and I left the former place about my usual hour, and, passing through a succession of delightful scenery, I reached Tours about two o'clock.

Tours is well known as one of the favourite retreats of our absentees; and they certainly show their good taste in the spot they have selected. The situation of Tours can scarcely find a rival. One of the most charming little plains that imagination can conceive, surrounds the town. The river, broad and limpid, sweeps past it; and the city itself would be agreeable, even if its neighbourhood were somewhat less fertile in attractions. Great part of the town is new; and the streets, several of which are spacious, and the houses clean, substantial, and many of them elegant, give to the town an air of ease, pleasure, and abundance, which few other cities in France possess. The beauty of Tours has arisen since the Revolution, and has, indeed, sprang out of it, for great part of it was rebuilt upon an improved plan. One of the gates of the city is called Hugon Gate, derived from the name of an old Count of Tours named Hugo; and historians, both *De Thou* and Davila say, that the party of Huguenots originated in Tours, and de-

rived this name from this gate, which was a term of reproach ; because this old Count Hugo, in the popular legends of the place, was represented as a fiend.

I of course visited the cathedral of Tours, which, in the interior, is not remarkable for its beauty ; and the expectations being somewhat excited by its beautiful towers, one feels consequent disappointment. There is a curious collection of manuscripts attached to the cathedral, which, however, I did not see. I was told it contains a very ancient copy of the Pentateuch ; and also a copy of the Evangelists, not a century later than Constantine. I also visited the church of St Martin, which is large and ugly. St Martin is said to be buried here. His tomb, at all events, is shown ; and in former times it was the custom for the Kings of France to put up prayers beside this tomb before setting out on any perilous expedition ; and the cloak of the saint was used as a banner.

The promenades round Tours are truly charming. Among these, the Elm Avenue is the most conspicuous, and the most shady. And here, on Sunday, all the inhabitants may be seen *en holiday*. The Quay is also a pleasant promenade ; and, being broader and larger than is required for business, there is plenty of room upon it for the lounge. Tours is, indeed, scarcely at all a place of commerce ; but the environs of the city furnish the most agreeable walks, and these, too, are the most frequented. Innumerable little paths lead in every direction through the fields, and among the knolls and copses. These walks are, however, very unsociable, for they are only wide enough for one. But this was explained to me, by a French *demoiselle*, to be

better; "because," said she, "if *Monsieur* who is behind says a gallant thing, we may either hear or not as we please; and in case we blush, nobody sees it." I confessed that the reasoning was irresistible. The neighbourhood of Tours is chequered by villas and monasteries; and among the latter is the well-known monastery of Marmoutier, from which John Duke of Burgundy, surnamed *Sans Peur*, carried off Isabella, Queen of Bavaria.

Tours, fifteen years ago, was as cheap a residence as any other place on the *Loire*; but a great advance in the prices of every thing, and particularly house-rent, has naturally followed the appropriation of Tours by the English. Good villas are not now easy to be found—almost all those which are the most desirable being already occupied. I was told, that, immediately after the war, a large house, with every possible convenience, and a garden of two or three acres, might be had for 20*l.* per annum. I believe this sum may now be more than doubled. Provisions are still moderate in price; and wood is less expensive here than in most other parts of France. There is a good society, both French and English, at Tours. It is one of the places resorted to by those of the French who are in independent circumstances, and yet who cannot afford the expense of a residence in the metropolis; and the number of English now constantly residing in Tours, forms a sufficient circle, exclusive of any other. I should certainly prefer Tours to Lausanne as a residence, supposing them to be upon an equality in expense. The climate of this part of France is greatly superior to that of Switzerland; and the luxuries which depend upon climate, are therefore more easily attainable at Tours. The greater vicinity also of Tours

to a great city, Paris, as well as its greater vicinity to England, are advantages which seem to cast the balance in its favour.

Tours was formerly much celebrated for its silk manufactories ; and as many as three thousand hands were employed in them. The flowered damasks of Tours were considered the most beautiful in the world ; but the manufactories have declined ; and Tours appears, at present, to be almost wholly a city of pleasure.

The second day after my arrival in Tours, I visited the celebrated castle of *Plessis les Tours*, which lies about a mile from the city. This castle was built by that tyrant Louis XI., and he lived there the greater part of his life ; and there also he died. Who is there that does not remember the graphic picture of the death of this monarch, presented to us in the page of Philip de Comines ? The castle of Plessis les Tours is constructed of brick, but is handsome, notwithstanding its materials and its age ; and looks majestic, surrounded as it is by embowering woods. The only part of the castle worth the notice of the stranger, is the chapel, where there is a portrait of the cruel King, dressed in armour. The picture represents him taking off his helmet with his right hand, as he is in the act of saluting the Virgin Mary and the infant. The painter has endeavoured to infuse into his repulsive countenance a look of benignity, and a complacent smile, in which he has certainly succeeded ; but the expression of the execrable tyrant is still to be discovered behind. Some have supposed, that, in the figures of the Virgin and Child, it was intended to represent his Queen, Charlotte of Savoy, and his son, Charles the Eighth ; and this supposition is favoured by the head of the

female being adorned with a diadem, and her habit being regal. It is also pretended, that a resemblance to the King can be discovered in the child.

There are no pleasing recollections awakened in walking through the courts of this castle. It was the lair of a wild beast—the habitation of one of the most detestable of royal tyrants. Still, it vividly recalls many passages in history; and the record of all that has been plotted, said and done, in this pleasure-palace of a man whose heart never knew real pleasure, rises before us, when we feel ourselves within its walls.

I resolved to prolong my stay in this neighbourhood two or three days, that I might visit the Castle of Loches, one of the most celebrated in French history, and which lies nearly nine leagues from Tours. I devoted two days to this excursion; and hired a cabriolet, that I might have more time to bestow upon Loches. The country between Tours and Loches I found scarcely inferior to that which lies along the Loire; it is watered into fertility and beauty by the Cher and the Indre, and by numerous tributary streams. Who was the founder of the Castle of Loches, or at what precise epoch it was built, are alike unknown; but it has evidently been enlarged at various times subsequent to its erection. In the days of tyranny and violence, the Castle of Loches was a frequent state-prison for persons of the highest rank; and Princes, Cardinals and Dukes, have inhabited many of its gloomy chambers. The iron cage in which the Cardinal *De La Balue* was many years confined by Louis XI., is to be seen in one of the apartments. It is not quite eleven feet square. What happiness it is, that the days have

passed utterly away, when monsters like Louis XI. could reign, and live!

One of the most interesting chambers in this castle, is that in which the execrable Ludovico Sforza was imprisoned by Louis XI. during ten years. The chamber is at least 30 feet long, vaulted, and contains one window, through which the sun shines every day for some time about noon. Tradition says, that Sforza formed upon the opposite wall a sun-dial, by which he might mark the hours of captivity. The remains of this dial may yet be traced. There is a multitude of inscriptions and strange characters upon the walls; but these are altogether illegible.

I also visited the vaults below, or dungeons, called *Oubliettes*, well named for places destined for the reception of those who were to be for ever forgotten. These dungeons are entirely without light. They are hollowed out of the earth, and are guarded by doors of iron. Even so lately as the year 1790, State prisoners were confined in the Castle of Loches, though not in these dungeons.

The principal church of Loches is also worth visiting, for it contains the monument of Agnes Soreille, mistress of Charles VII. The bas-relief represents a very beautiful and delicate personage; the figure is symmetrical, and the countenance sweet and feminine. She is represented lying upon a cushion, simply attired, and two lambs lie at her feet; but all this is fast falling into decay. Agnes Soreille was a noble-minded woman; and many traditions are yet to be found expressive of her charms and her high character. I was also conducted to *La Tour de la Belle Agnes*, where it is said Charles used to confine his mistress when he went

to the chase, because he was afraid to trust her elsewhere. Agnes died in the Abbey of Jumieges in Normandy; but her body was brought to Loches at her own express request.

It has been said, that Ludovico Sforza was interred in the chancel of this church; but I believe this is an error. The figure of a warrior in prayer has been usually said to be the portrait of Sforza; but it is now believed to be that of the Duke d'Eprenon.

I had now seen all that was interesting in and about the very interesting city of Tours; and the day after returning from Loches, I left that city for Amboise, a distance of only twenty miles. The beauty of France certainly reposes upon Touraine; and although I have been obliged to speak harshly, though truly, of many other parts of France, I am willing to allow most ample praise to this charming country. Here alone is *La Belle France* to be found; and here have been laid the legends of the Troubadours, and the Fairy-Mythology of France. In no part of France is the climate better than in Touraine. The heats are not oppressive, and they do not continue above six weeks; and although some days of sharp frost occasionally occur in winter, there are no fogs; and spring "comes up that way," in the beginning of March.

It was a delightful country through which I passed towards Amboise. I gathered by the wayside abundance of thyme and lavender; and many of the slopes were covered with the juniper. *Mont Louis* is a strange village. The habitations of the people are excavations out of the chalk-hills; but houses of a better construction are beginning to be erected. There would be a sameness in the descriptions,

were I to detail my journey to Amboise, where I arrived to an early dinner.

Amboise, like all the towns lying upon the Loire, is finely situated ; but the town itself is mean, and poorly built. It has been rendered of some consequence, however, owing to the place it holds in the page of history, as the scene of the Protestant conspiracy in 1560. The castle stands upon a lofty rock, which dips perpendicularly into the Loire, and was formerly considered inaccessible. It is of great antiquity ; and although built long prior to the days of Francis the 1st and Charles VIII., it was altered and enlarged by both of these monarchs. Charles VIII. always resided in this castle ; and he was born there, and died there. There is a place in this castle called the Oratory of Louis XI., the descent to which is by a winding staircase, leading below the foundations of the castle. It is said, that in this dismal place Louis XI. was wont to perform his devotions—a tradition that is not impossible, when we recollect the gloomy character of this execrable king. There is nothing in this dungeon but an image of Christ.

Some remnants are still seen of the cruelties practised by the *Guises* upon the prisoners who came under their power, at the time the conspiracy was discovered. Iron hooks, and remnants of chains, are attached to the walls ; and from these were suspended the bodies of the prisoners.

I walked in the evening to Chateaufort, the castle of the Duke of Cheiseul, which is situated about half a league from Amboise. The site is not particularly well chosen, and the interior presents nothing very remarkable.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ITINERARY OF THE LOIRE.

Journey to Blois—Scenery of the Loire—Chaumont—Blois—The Castle, and its Histories—The Chateau de Chambord—Francis I.—Journey to Orleans—Clery, and Louis XI—Orleans—The Maid of Orleans—the Cathedral—Conclusion.

THE country between Amboise and Blois is generally considered to be the most charming part of the country bordering upon the Loire. But I am not of this opinion. It is, perhaps, the most beautiful; but it is not, in my opinion, the most attractive. I like better the scenery of Bretagne; though, by most persons, it is probable that Touraine may be preferred. In the scenery of the Loire, between Amboise and Blois, all is soft—beauty is its characteristic. There is nothing romantic—nothing wild. The banks of the river are never bold—scarcely elevated. A noble river, gliding in an ample smooth current, flows through a rich and highly cultivated and well-peopled country. The hills are smooth and rounded; fine meadows lie along the river side; tops are scattered over the meadows and the slopes; and cottages, villages, and villas, ornament and give life to this gay and *riante* scene. Almost all the land is the property of the peasant who cultivates

it ; that property is small, but it is enough for his wants.

I breakfasted at the village of Ecures, and then continued my journey to Chousi. All this road is finely shaded by walnut-trees ; and, besides the usual crops of corn and wine, and the meadows that adorn all this country, much Indian corn is grown in this part of Touraine ; and there is no crop more imposing than this—none more beautiful ; and, with the corn and the grass, the bright green of the flax that in little patches grew around the cottages was charmingly blended. I was sorry to see women so much employed in country labour ; for this is a sad destroyer of female beauty. I believe few things have contributed more to maintain the reputation of the female peasantry of England for good looks, than their abstinence from field-labour.

Upon a little promontory of land, about twelve miles before arriving at Blois, is the Castle of Chaumont. It was built in the middle of the fifteenth century by the family of Amboise, and within its walls was born the Cardinal of that name, the upright minister of Louis XII. This castle was presented by Henry II. to his mistress, the Duchess of Valentinois, and by her it was much improved. Upon the death of her protector, the mistress of the castle renounced it in favour of Catherine of Medici, who, in return, presented her with the palace of Chenonceaux-sur-Cher. I reached Blois a little before sunset.

The city of Blois is, from its historic recollections, one of the most remarkable and most interesting cities of France. Its situation is striking and beautiful ; I prefer it even to the situation of Tours. It lies upon the slope of an acclivity that ascends

from the river-side. Upon the opposite bank of the river, connected by a bridge, a handsome suburb is built; and the views on every hand are of the richest and most varied character. The inside of the town does not, however, correspond with the impression made in approaching it. It is ill built; and, in comparison with Tours, has a mean appearance. Within the town there are but few houses of a superior order.

It is the castle of Blois that gives to this city its peculiar claim upon the notice of the traveller. How many events in history start to memory when we enter the courts of this castle! for of how many has it been the witness! Here was born Louis the Twelfth—Louis the Good; here Margaret of Valois was married; here Mary of Medicis was imprisoned; here the Duke of Guise was assassinated; and here Catherine of Medicis expired. It is difficult to analyze or account for the feelings of reverence with which we tread the courts of such places as these. It is certainly not a reverence for crowned heads that engenders the feeling with which we regard their ancient habitations. It is partly the solemnity of antiquity, which, in its even silent interpreters, finds its way to almost every heart; and it is partly the contrast between the decay, and gloom, and stillness, that now prevail, and the “pomp and circumstance” of kingly life, that in other days filled its courts, and blazed from its towers. Vestiges of many monarchs are seen here. On several parts of the walls may be noticed the “salamander” of Francis I.—the “porcupine” of Louis XII.—the “crescent” of Henry II.; for all these Kings were concerned in the erection and adornment of the castle of Blois.

The original castle, of which only the ruins of one great tower now remain, was built by the ancient Counts of Blois, who usually resided there. The castle was sold by the last Count of the House of Chatillon to the Duke of Orleans, brother of Charles VI. of France; and in this way it descended to the line of kings. The south and east fronts were, as it is believed, built by Louis XII., while the northern front was the work of Francis I. These are very different in their architecture. The former is Gothic, gloomy, and dark; the latter more light and graceful, apparently constructed when the Gothic was giving way to a taste for the Greek and Roman styles. It has been remarked, and with justice, that the style of architecture of that part of the castle built by Louis XII., throws no small light upon the manners of that age, and leads us to form a very unfavourable idea of the delicacy and refinement of the days of doughty deeds and chivalrous feeling. The windows are in many places supported by the most grossly indecent figures; and these, standing in the most exposed places in the front of the castle, not only impress us with a strong belief in the want of refinement prevalent in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but also seem to imply a strange contradiction in the character of Anne of Bretagne, whose manners are represented to have been so reserved, and whose morals were so rigid.

In the interior of the castle, the same differences in style are perceptible. Small dark rooms are found in that part which was erected by Louis XII.; while, in the part built by Francis I., the apartments are lofty, light, and spacious. One of the most renowned spots within the castle to which a stranger is first conducted, is the chamber wherein the Duke of

Guise was assassinated, in the year 1588. It was in passing, from the antichamber into another apartment that the Duke met his fate. Henry III., who instigated the assassination, is said to have entered the room where the body lay, and to have exclaimed, "How great a man lies there!" At the western corner of the castle is the tower called the Tower of *Chateau Regnaud*, in which the Cardinal of Guise, brother of the Duke, was imprisoned the same day upon which the other was assassinated. I visited the dungeon where this proud and ambitious prelate passed the night previous to his execution. It is a gloomy chamber, with one small window iron-grated; and in the middle of the apartment is a hole, about the diameter of a man's body, which leads to another dungeon; and, still lower, are two other ranges of these dungeons, one below the other, and communicating also by holes. The Cardinal was murdered in the uppermost of these—the martyr of his wrongheaded presumption and inordinate ambition.

The *Salle des Etats* lies at the eastern extremity of the building. Here the States-General were twice assembled during the distracted reign of Henry III. It is a spacious and lofty hall, but dismantled, and falling into decay. It is said, that in this hall the bodies of the Duke and the Cardinal were burned, the day following their assassination. If this be true, it is difficult to assign a reason for so unusual an act. A fine saying, connected with these events, is reported of the mother of the Guises. She was sent to Amboise by Henry, after the murder of her sons; and as she embarked upon the Loire, she turned towards the castle, and thus addressed the statue of Louis XII., her ancestor,

which stood before the gate : " Ah grand Roi, avez vous fait batir ce chateau, pour y faire mourir les enfans de votre petite fille ! "

The western front of the castle was constructed by the direction of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, son of Henry IV., and brother to Louis XIII. It is a fine specimen of the genius of the architect, but was never completed, owing to the death of his patron ; and partly, also, because the sum required for its completion could not be raised. It is now sadly decayed ; and Gaston, near his last hour, with reference to the ruin of the castle, is reported to have said, " Domus mea, domus desolationis in eternum ! "

Once, the gardens of the Castle of Blois were magnificent, and of vast extent. Henry IV. constructed a superb gallery to divide the upper from the lower gardens ; but it is now only visible in its ruins. The avenue of Catherine de Medicis, however, still remains.

I dedicated a day to an excursion to the Chateau de Chambord, the favourite palace of Francis I. The country between Blois and Chambord is remarkably pleasing ; but as we approach the castle, the scene changes and becomes sombre ; and, in its immediate neighbourhood, all is melancholy, and even dismal, little in accordance with the character of the gay and gallant Francis. The castle is buried in deep woods. Its situation is low and damp ; and a lazy stream, called the Cousson, dark and sedgy, slowly creeps in front of the building. The castle itself is noble. It is in the Gothic style, but full of elegance, surmounted by many turrets, and towers, and minarets, most of which have been touched by the finger of decay ; and, if placed in a command-

ing situation, would be one of the most imposing remains of other days. It is said that, in the construction of this edifice, eighteen hundred workmen were employed during twelve years. When we remark the gloomy character of this building, and call to mind the character of the royal builder, we must not forget the precise date at which it was erected. If Francis had built a palace before the battle of *Pavia*, it would probably have been a different kind of structure; but it was after the captivity of Francis in Spain, that the castle of Chambord was built. The chivalrous King was then an altered man; and independently of his own misfortunes and long imprisonment, the character of all that he had seen in Spain, had doubtless communicated to his mind a tinge of sadness and gloom, which seem to have been the presiding deities in the erection of Chambord.

A curious staircase leads to the upper apartments. It is so contrived, that persons may pass up and down at the same time, without either meeting or seeing each other. The interior of the castle has much of magnificence in it. There are some fine ceilings; and all is in excellent proportion, especially those apartments which were the residence of Marshal Saxe, who lived a great part of his life, and died in this castle. He is said to have resided here in great splendour; and to have maintained a body of 1500 horse. Everyone who visits Chambord is shown the cross-beams that disfigure many of the rooms, and is informed that they were so placed by direction of Catherine of Medicis, who had been told by an astrologer, that her death would be occasioned by the fall of a house, and who thus endeavoured to disappoint the prediction; but nothing is more com-

mon than cross-beams in Gothic rooms ; and therefore, in all probability, the story is but a story. It is said in old books, that two lines of poetry, the production of Francis, are written with a diamond, upon a small glass window in a closet near the chapel ; but they are not now to be seen. The lines were said to have been—

“ Toute femme varie
Mal habil qui s’y fie ! ”—

An expression of pique, no doubt, arising from the caprice of his mistress. So that window-panes are scribbled by the hands of kings, as well as by those of London apprentices.

It was in this castle of Chambord, that Francis entertained his designing and treacherous rival Charles V. in 1540, with all that liberality and magnificence which accorded with the character of the French monarch. The device of Francis, “ the Salamander,” is to be discovered in many parts of the building.

Chambord has been going into decay ever since the death of Marshal Saxe. Several times during the reign of Louis XIV., that monarch visited it, and enjoyed the diversion of hunting in its neighbourhood ; but none of his royal successors have followed his example ; most of them have been worse employed. I spent the greater part of the day in the precincts of this gloomy but magnificent structure. “ C’est un endroit bien triste,” said the man who walked over the castle with me ; and the solemn expression of his face, showed that he had caught the infection of the place. One is more inclined to linger in the precincts of a sad than of a gay spot ; and it was almost dusk before I could leave Chambord to

return to Blois. I shall not speedily forget the day I spent at Chambord.

After such objects as the castle of Blois and Chambord, the traveller looks with comparatively little interest upon the lesser objects which Blois contains. They ought not, however, to be passed over; and in order to admire them, it is only necessary to visit them first. There is a college, a church, and two fine monuments; one commemorating Gaston, Duke of Orleans; the other, a daughter of that prince. There is a building used as a court of justice, as old as the ancient Counts of Blois; and there is an aqueduct, said of course to be a work of the Romans.

Blois and its neighbourhood are colonized by English, as well as Tours. In expenses, I believe Blois has rather the advantage; in society, it is inferior to Tours; and that is just the reason why it is somewhat cheaper as a residence. The environs of Blois are as attractive as the neighbourhood of Tours; and Blois has the advantage of being a day's journey nearer Paris. I left Blois to journey to Orleans, the morning after my return to Chambord.

The country between Blois and Orleans is of the same character as that lying between Amboise and Blois. Beauty and softness are its characteristics, and these are never wanting. I think, however, that the country of the Loire is more interesting, from the historic recollections with which it abounds, and from those records of past days, that so freshly recall these recollections, than from the charm of the scenery. I know that, upon matters of this kind, men's opinions differ according to the complexion of their minds; and no man, in speaking of the merits of a landscape, can do more than record the im-

expected, from the hatred which must ever pursue the memory of this detestable tyrant. The heart of Charles VIII. is preserved in the same tomb.

Clery has lost its character for sanctity. Formerly, it attracted the feet of numerous pilgrims; for *Notre Dame de Clery* was particularly celebrated for the protection which she afforded to travellers by land and sea. Any one who found himself in danger, had only to vow a pilgrimage to Clery. Immediately, though a thousand miles distant, the bell at Clery tolled of its own accord, signifying that the vow was accepted; and by and by, the pilgrim appeared to pay his adorations.

I remained at Clery all night; and next morning stalked to Orleans, where I arrived early.

Orleans is a large, but not a beautiful city; and its environs, although rich and highly cultivated, are less agreeable than the country around Tours or Blois. The city itself contains few good streets; but there is one, spacious and elegant, and terminating in a noble bridge. The great square is also magnificent. In the principal street, stands the monument of the Maid of Orleans, whose history is too well known to render any explanation necessary. The monument represents our Saviour lying on the lap of the Virgin; and Charles VII. and the Maid of Orleans are kneeling before the body. The king's helmet lies on the ground; and the Maid and the Monarch kneel opposite to each other. This monument was erected by command of Charles VII., in commemoration of his victories over the English, and of their expulsion from France. The figures in this monument are in iron. No one can visit Orleans without looking with interest upon this relic. The figure of the Maid of Orleans strongly

resembles her portrait, which is preserved in the Hotel de Ville. It is a full-length portrait, and represents a countenance of much beauty; and in which, also, dignity and melancholy are blended. Her head is covered with a bonnet, from which a white plume depends; and her hair falls over her neck. There is also a necklace, a sort of chain, upon her breast: An embroidered girdle encircles her waist, and she holds a sword in her hand. The memory of the Maid of Orleans is cherished with great veneration by the French; and this is scarcely to be wondered at. It was a critical juncture in which she appeared. She was young, beautiful, and unknown—her exertions were successful—and her sentence was unjust and barbarous. In all this there was a tinge of the marvellous; and we cannot therefore feel surprise, that relics and mementos of this extraordinary woman should be preserved in that city where her enterprise was projected.

The cathedral of Orleans is a fine structure; it was begun in the year 1287, but it was three centuries later before it was finished. Part of it was subsequently destroyed by the Huguenots; but it was rebuilt by command of Henry IV. There is some good workmanship upon the altars and pannels, which are of oak, from the hand of *Baptiste Tati*, an Italian master. Louis XV. built the two western towers, which are in the most gorgeous taste. I ascended to the summit, and found myself well repaid for the labour of the ascent. The *Orleanais* is a beautiful country to look down upon; but it is too level to possess the same interest to the traveller who journeys through it, as *Bretagne* or *Touraine*. *La Source*, a villa at no great distance from Orleans, is interesting to Englishmen, as having been

since the residence of Henry St John, Lord Bolingbroke, who here lived in retirement during the greater part of his exile. The spot has received its name from a little hollow, in which a fine fountain gushes out of the earth. The character of the place, I believe, has been greatly altered since it was the abode of Lord Bolingbroke. French taste has given to it an *appreté* air; and pert improvements have destroyed the sanctity of the spot.

I conclude this short sketch of the country, bordering upon the Loire, with this advice, that no English tourist shall leave Paris without taking his seat in the *coupé* or the *banquette* of the diligence for Orleans; and, travelling down the bank of the Loire as far as Nantes, either *en caleche*, *à cheval*, or *à pied*, as his strength or his fancy may suggest. From Nantes, he may reach St Malo in two days; and in three days more he may be in Portsmouth, having seen Jersey and Guernsey by the way. This is better than joining the colony at Tours. I have travelled some little in my day; and I never yet saw the place over-seas where I could say, here I will live and die. My steps have been arrested by beautiful spots—by savage spots—by great and luxurious cities;—a week, a month, I could spend in many—a year in some, and spend it happily; but not life—not all my days. This may be prejudice; I believe it is; but it is the only prejudice I have no wish to part with. I know of no pleasure that will compare with going abroad, excepting one—returning home. I pity English colonists wherever I find them—whether at Tours, or Pau, or Lausanne, or Brussels, or Nice, or Florence. They all talk of

the delightful climate, and delicious wines, and cheap living, and excellent society; and yet, I believe, there may be but two or one among them all whose words come from the heart—but two or one among them all, who, if they dared to appear poor, would not turn their backs upon the climate, and wines, and society of foreign lands, and seek the shores of England. Travelling is a charming recreation; but, after all, England—to an Englishman—is the only country to live in.

THE END.

